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Science and the Faith of the Modern

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A BOOK was published in this country two years ago bearing the striking title "Science Remaking the World." Fourteen well-known scholars contributed chapters on subjects ranging all the way from electrons to evolution, from industries to food, medicine, and public health, all showing how man is gaining control over his environment. But science is remaking the world in much more fundamental ways than in these practical and material respects. It is remaking not only the outer world in which we live, but also the inner world of our thoughts and ideals. It has brought about the greatest intellectual revolution in human history, a revolution that concerns the origin, nature, and destiny of man himself —and thoughtful men everywhere are inquiring what the results are likely to be.

Many distinguished authors, scientists, philosophers, and theologians have attempted recently to analyze present tendencies and to forecast the future, with results that range all the way from ecstatic visions of optimists to the dismal lucubrations of pessimists. Apostles of sweetness and light and eternal progress have been more than matched by the "Gloomy Dean"; Haldane and Thomson have been answered by Russell and Schiller. Ancient mythologies have been revived in the titles of modern Sibylline Books that set forth the future of mankind as symbolized by Dædalus, Icarus, Tantalus, and Prometheus.

Many advocates of the old philosophy and theology of supernaturalism and tradition attribute the present disturbed state of the world to science, which they say has been undermining the old foundations of the social order, and they call upon all men everywhere to repent and to return to the old faith. On the other hand, many advocates of science and the new knowledge maintain that for persons of mature minds, the old, naïve faith of childhood and of the childhood age of the race is gone, and gone forever, and that the only hope for the progress of mankind lies in more knowledge, newer and better faith, and not in a return to old beliefs.

Let us briefly compare some aspects of the old faith and the new knowledge and then inquire what is the duty of forward-looking men in this age of intellectual, social, and religious unrest.

I. The old cosmogony, philosophy, and theology sought comfort, satisfaction, and inspiration rather than unwelcome truth. It magnified man by making him the climax and goal of all creation. It placed the earth, man's home, at the centre of the universe. The sun, moon, and stars were created to give light to the earth. All things were made to minister to man's welfare. Man himself was created in the image of God, perfect and immortal. By his first disobedience he fell from his high estate and

"Brought death into the world and all our woe."

But the promise was given that ultimately evil should perish and good should triumph. The great Drama of Humanity

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ran from Paradise Lost to Paradise Regained, from initial perfection to final perfection.

In this old philosophy and theology supernaturalism was universal; there was no proper conception of nature and of natural law. The earth was peopled not only with godlike men but also with manlike gods, angels, spirits, witches, demons. Some supernatural being was responsible for every phenomenon. The movements of sun and stars, the return of the seasons, wind and rain, lightning and rainbow, volcanoes and earthquakes, plagues and pestilences, were willed by some supernatural being. All nature was the expression of wills, big or little, good or bad.

The old ethics was based primarily on the will of God, supernaturally revealed in code or book, and to this certain rules were added from time to time by Church or State under divine guidance. Right was what God approved, wrong was what He forbade, and if ever doubts arose with regard to these there were not lacking those who would interpret the will of God. Man himself was a free moral agent. No bonds of heredity or necessity rested on his mind or soul. He was the architect of his own character, the arbiter of his own destiny. All good was the result of good will, all evil of evil will, and good would be rewarded and evil punished either in this life or in an eternal life of bliss or torment.

There was enormous satisfaction in this view of the universe and of man. It not only glorified man, explained evil, and promised redemption, but it was a great stimulus to efforts for betterment and a source of high ideals and aspirations, and undoubtedly its commands and sanctions worked powerfully to preserve the ethical code. Furthermore, there was admirable directness and positiveness in the old ethics regarding right and wrong, truth and error, freedom and responsibility, rewards and punishments. There was no hazy middle ground between these, no relativity of truth or right or duty to confuse the mind. Things were absolutely true or false, completely right or wrong. This old faith with its specific commandments was especially well suited to immature minds. In the childhood of the individual and of the race there is need of authority and obedience before it is possible to appeal to reason. Childhood is predominantly the age of obedience, adolescence of imitation and example, maturity of reason and judgment. The results of permitting children to grow up as their nature and judgments dictate are perilous for the children and annoying to the neighbors. One such harassed neighbor asked the mother of some children of nature how she expected them to become civilized, and she said, "Oh, we are relying on the germ-plasm"; upon which the unscientific neighbor eagerly asked: "Where do you get it?"

Heredity, or the germ-plasm, determines only the capacities and potentialities of any organism. In every individual there are many capacities that remain undeveloped because of the lack of stimuli suitable to call them forth. These inherited potentialities are both good and bad, social and antisocial, and it is the purpose of education to develop the former and to suppress the latter. In the heredity of every human being there are many alternative personalities. Education is chiefly habit formation, and good education consists in the formation of good habits of body, mind, and morals. It is the duty of parents and teachers to guide children in this respect, to replace unreason by reason, selfishness by unselfishness, and antisocial habits by social ones. To trust to germ-plasm is to forget that heredity furnishes capacities for evil as well as for good, and to disregard the universal experience of mankind.

Society is compelled to repress many of the primordial reactions and instincts of the natural man. Our whole culture rests upon the suppression of antisocial impulses and the cultivation of social and moral reactions. If such reactions are to be built into character and become "second nature," they must be cultivated early, preferably in the home, and ethical teaching must be clear-cut and authoritative. The old ethics, when wisely inculcated, was admirably suited to this purpose. It did develop men and women of high moral character, and to a large extent it forms the foundation of our present social systems.

II. Contrast with this older philosophy, theology, and ethics the newer revelations of science. The man of scientific

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mind seeks truth rather than comfort or satisfaction. He would follow evidence wherever it leads, confident that even unwelcome truth is better than cherished error, that the permanent welfare of the human race depends upon "the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men," and that truth alone can make us free. Science is not an esoteric cult and scientific methods are not mysterious or magical processes. Huxley once defined science as trained and organized common sense, and scientific methods of inquiry are only the careful and accurate methods that are used by intelligent people everywhere in the affairs of every-day life. These methods consist in observation, comparison, analysis, and generalization. Every sensible person uses these methods in his business or profession, and in his judgments of men, policies, and institutions. It is only in its greater accuracy that the scientific method differs from those in universal use. It is true that no scientific observation, comparison, analysis, or generalization is ever complete or perfect; it is true that in science, as well as in all affairs of life, we deal with probabilities of a higher or lower order rather than with certainties; it is true that all generalizations are theories rather than facts and that all scientific knowledge is relative and not absolute. But in spite of these limitations, no other method of inquiry has been found as reliable as the scientific method.

It would seem incredible, were it not an actual fact, that any one should object to the use of such methods of inquiry regarding the origin and nature of man, society, government, ethics, religion, the Bible, or anything else; but, alas! there are thousands, if not millions, of people in this country, some of them educated and intelligent with respect to things with which they have had experience, who refuse to apply common-sense methods of inquiry to such subjects, who characterize those who do this as atheists, blasphemers, dishonest scoundrels, and who denounce science and scientists for laying impious hands on sacred things which must never be studied by the methods of common sense.

To those who refuse to apply scientific methods of inquiry to the study of man and society, cosmogony and theology, ethics and religion, but who base their whole conception of these upon ancient traditions or unreasoning emotions, science has no message; they neither understand the language nor appreciate the methods of science. But to the increasing number of those who recognize that man, society, and human institutions are proper subjects of scientific investigation, and who also realize that neither authority, tradition, nor prejudice is a safe guide in the search for truth, the question may well arise as to what effect the scientific study of these subjects will have on human ideals, aspirations, and conduct. Accordingly, these remarks are addressed to those only who accept the methods and results of science in their application to man but who are concerned that mankind shall grow not only wiser but also better as the ages pass.

The methods and results of science have shaken to their foundations the old cosmogony and philosophy. It is now universally recognized that the earth is not the centre of the universe, but a mere dot in a mediocre solar system whirling through immeasurable space. Man is only one of some millions of species of living things on the earth, and although in mind and soul he is the paragon of animals, it is becoming increasingly certain that the traditional views regarding his supernatural creation and divine perfection are no longer tenable. On the contrary, the sciences of geology, biology, psychology, sociology, and anthropology are furnishing an ever-increasing amount of evidence that the body, mind, and society of man are products of evolution. The old philosophy of universal supernaturalism is giving place to a philosophy of universal naturalism; everything that has been scientifically analyzed is found to be natural—that is, orderly, lawful, causal—and many men of science claim that "nature is everything that is." Belief in an anthropomorphic God, a big man in the skies who made us little men in His own image, established society, ethics, and religion by His commands, and governs the world as a human autocrat, is rapidly yielding place to more idealistic conceptions.

It appears probable that the universe

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and man are subject to immutable natural laws; that causality is universal in the living as well as in the lifeless world; that the entire man, body, mind, and soul, develops from a germ and is the product of heredity and environment; that will itself is no exception to universal causality, since it is merely a link in the chain of cause and effect, being itself the effect of preceding causes and the cause of succeeding effects; that freedom is the result of intelligence acting as cause; that intelligence is the capacity of consciously profiting by experience; that instincts and emotions are causally related to body functions; that society, ethics, and even religion are based primarily on instincts, emotions, reaction patterns, and ductless glands.

Some of these conclusions are tentative and may be modified by further research, but there can be no doubt as to the general trend of the scientific study of man and his activities. These conclusions, or others of a similar nature, are now accepted by most of the recent investigators in human biology, psychology, and sociology. The application of science and the scientific method of observation and experiment to human behavior has revealed much concerning the physiology of mind as well as the hidden springs of action, the unconscious complexes that determine our constitutional hopes and fears, our prevailing loves and hates, our delusions and failures, and "the sin which doth so easily beset us." Recent studies indicate that there is also a physiology of ethics, and that our conceptions of right and wrong, of good and bad, are associated with particular body functions, reaction patterns, and instincts. In short, man himself, in all of his manifold complexities and activities, is a part of Nature.

These studies and conclusions have raised serious apprehensions on the part of many friends of science and violent opposition on the part of some adherents of the old order, who hold that the guesses of "science falsely so called" are destroying the foundations of religion, ethics, and all that is most valuable in human life. On the other hand, many Christian scientists who have been convinced by the evidence of the essential truth of these new discoveries, are equally certain that truth and goodness and beauty, faith and hope and love, reverence and aspirations and ideals are just as real and as desirable as they ever were, and that religion and ethics remain secure whether the old traditions stand or not.

There can be no doubt that science has given us grander conceptions of the universe than were ever dreamed of in former times. Contrast the old cosmogony with the revelations of modern astronomy, physics, and geology; the old conception of the creation of the universe in six literal days with our present conceptions of the immensity and eternity of natural processes; the old views of the special creation by a supernatural Workman of every one of a million different species of animals and plants, beasts of prey and their victims, parasites and pests, with the scientific view that animals and plants and the universe itself are the results of an immensely long process of evolution!

Even in its revelations concerning man, science is giving us not only truer but also grander views than the old ones. There is sublimity in the conception of man as the climax of vast ages of evolution, as the highest and best product of this eternal process, as the promise of something better still to be. The evolution of man from lower forms of life is not degrading but inspiring. Nature and human history love to proclaim the fact that a humble origin does not preclude a glorious destiny. "The real dignity of man consists not in his origin, but in what he is and in what he may become."

So far as the substitution of natural law for chance or caprice is concerned it has been a great gain not only in our conceptions of the world but also with regard to our inmost selves, for it means order instead of chaos, understanding in place of confusion. If all our activities are the results of natural causation, it means that the will is not absolutely free, but practical people have always known that freedom is relative and not absolute; that we are partly free and partly bound. We know that we are able to inhibit many reactions, instincts, and forms of behavior and to choose between alternatives that are offered. But this does not mean that such freedom is uncaused activity; on the contrary, science shows that it is the re-

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sult of internal causes, such as physiological states, conflicting stimuli, the remembered results of past experience or education, all of which are themselves the results of preceding causes. Conscious will is not "a little deity encapsuled in the brain" but intelligence acting as cause, while intelligence in turn is the capacity of consciously profiting by experience.

But however we may explain that which we call *freedom*, it is plain that for practical purposes it exists, though in varying degrees in different persons or in the same person at different times, and that it entails a corresponding degree of *responsibility*. The universality of natural law does not destroy ethics nor the basis of ethics; on the contrary, it places morality upon a natural, causal, understandable basis. Furthermore, it leads to a more rational view of human behavior and to a more sympathetic attitude toward the criminal or the offender. As long as men regarded non-ethical conduct as the result of absolutely free will, or of an evil spirit within man, it was logical enough to exorcise the demon by torture and in general to "make the punishment fit the crime" rather than make it fit the criminal. But an understanding of the fact that non-ethical conduct is causal rather than capricious and is the result of natural rather than supernatural causation leads society to look for and to correct these causes rather than to seek vengeance or retribution. Indeed, the only justification for punishment of any kind is the correction of the offender or the protection of society; there is no longer any place in civilized society or in a rational theology for retributive or expiatory punishment.

A study of human history and prehistory shows that there has been a wonderful development of ethics and of religion. There is no satisfactory evidence that these were handed down from heaven in perfect form, but there is abundant evidence that they, in common with all other things, have been evolving and that this process has not yet come to an end. Much of the ethics and religion of the Old Testament was condemned by Christ and would not be tolerated in civilized society to-day. Some of the ethical codes and religious practices current to-day will probably be considered barbarous in times to come.

Variations and mutations are the materials of the evolutionary process and they occur in all possible directions; some of them are progressive, many are retrogressive, but only those that are fit survive. The present is apparently a period of great social, ethical, and religious mutation, and many of these are certainly retrogressive; but let us hope that the decent instincts and the common sense of mankind will see to it that these retrogressive mutations do not survive.

Whatever the ultimate basis of ethics may be, whether divine commands, intuitions and instincts, utility or pleasure, the content remains essentially the same: however much codes and practices may change, our ideals and instincts remain much the same from age to age. Whether written on tables of stone or on the tables of our hearts, the "cardinal virtues" are still virtues and the "deadly sins" are still sins. The deepest instincts of human nature cry out for justice, truth, beauty, sympathy. Ethics that is based on pleasures of the highest and most enduring sort, on pleasures of the rational mind, the better instincts, refined senses, is not different from the ethics of the divine command to "lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." These are "the enduring satisfactions of life." The new ethics of science does not essentially differ in content from the old ethics of revelation, and the commandments of a God within are no less binding than those of a God without.

Nevertheless, the decline of faith in the supernatural origin of man and of ethics, the decreasing fear of hell or hope of heaven, and the increased freedom of thought and action brought about by science and education have led, in some instances, to a general weakening of the ethical code. When increasing freedom carries with it an increasing sense of responsibility and duty it never endangers progress, but when liberty degenerates into license it marks the beginning of social and moral decay. Freedom is one of the principal goals of human endeavor, but the best use man can make of his freedom is to place limitations upon it. We can be safely freed from external re-

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straints only in so far as we replace these by internal inhibitions.

Partly as a result of this increased freedom from the old restraints, but largely as one of the terrible aftermaths of the World War, lawlessness, immorality, and selfishness seem to be more than usually evident throughout the world to-day. The war gave social sanction to murder, arson, and theft; it unchained the wild beasts in men that long had been restrained; it glorified acts which in times of peace would have been abhorred; and it is no wonder that we are now reaping the whirlwind. Grafters in high office and bandits in high-powered cars are preying on society. Lawlessness and selfishness are wide-spread. Social solidarity has diminished; races and nations are suspicious or antagonistic; many political parties, churches, labor-unions, social classes are split up into warring factions. Jealousy, suspicion, intolerance, hate, and war are preached from some pulpits and from many platforms and presses. The war that we fondly hoped was to end wars, has apparently only ended peace.

The new freedom which recently has come to women, and which is in the main a progressive change, has led to some bizarre views in these later days. Some of its radical advocates are demanding that it shall mean freedom from all sex distinctions and restraints, except such as are purely personal and voluntary—freedom from marriage and reproduction and the care of children; abolition of the family with its cares and responsibilities; state subsidies for such women as are willing to be mothers and state infantoria for the rearing of all children. Less extreme and therefore more dangerous tendencies are seen in the acceptance of pleasure as the sole basis of ethics and the interpretation of the ethics of pleasure as the satisfaction of animal appetites for food, drink, and sex. The reaction from undue sex repression has led to the opposite extreme of sex exploitation. Obscene literature and plays are not only tolerated but justified and patronized by many leaders of public opinion. In several universities student publications have been suppressed recently by the authorities because of indecency or blasphemy. Free love, trial marriage, easy divorce are widely preached and practised. We vigorously condemn and forbid polygamy in Utah but easily condone worse practices nearer home. The question of the old catechism, "What is the chief end of man?" is now answered by multitudes of people: "To glorify pleasure and enjoy it while it lasts." They say frankly: "I have but one life to live and I propose to get the most pleasure possible out of it. Why should I think of social progress or of posterity? What has posterity done for me? Let us eat, drink, and be merry—for to-morrow we die." Yes, persons who live as mere animals die as the beast dieth; they deserve no immortality on earth or anywhere else. Whether we believe in religion or not, our better instincts revolt against such ethics. We are more than brutes and cannot be satisfied with the pleasures of brutes. We may not accept the old ethics of supernaturalism and tradition, but we cannot adopt the ethics of pigs and hyenas.

III. What is the remedy for this condition? Fundamentalists think that science in general, biology in particular, and the theory of human evolution most of all are responsible. They would, therefore, prescribe by law that the latter may not be taught in tax-supported institutions. But if state legislatures are to decide that evolution shall not be taught, they should also eliminate the teaching of all subjects which furnish evidences of the truth of evolution; they should forbid the teaching of morphology, physiology, ecology, paleontology, genetics, comparative medicine, comparative psychology, and sociology. Indeed, there are few subjects that are now studied and taught by comparative and genetic methods that should not be banned. If the farmers of Tennessee and Kentucky can decide what may be taught in biology, they can also decide what may be taught in mathematics, as indeed one sufferer from interminable decimals proposed when he introduced a bill to fix by law the ratio of the circumference to the diameter of a circle at exactly 3.

I have been assured by persons who are very orthodox in faith but very heterodox in spelling and grammar, that "Evolution is all rot"; that it is "leprocy" (sic); that "the heads of evolutionists are full

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of mud" (their own, of course, being full of "monkey"); and that "God hath chosen the fools of this world to confound the wise," leaving it in doubt as to who is which. Mr. Bryan's characterization of scientists as "dishonest scoundrels" shows the same unrestrained emotionalism as the antivivisectionists show when they call animal experimenters "inhuman fiends." Antievolution, antivivisection, antivaccination, and antiscience are all the outgrowths of extreme emotionalism, recklessness in handling facts, and an utter ignorance of the value of scientific evidence.

Fundamentalism, if logical, would demand the abolition of the teaching of all science and scientific methods, for science in general and not merely the theory of evolution is responsible for the loss of faith in the old traditions. It is folly to attempt to promote education and science and at the same time to forbid the teaching of the principal methods and results of science. The only sensible course would be to abolish altogether the teaching of science and scientific methods and to return to ecclesiasticism. The Church once told scientists what they could think and teach, and now state legislatures propose to do it. Such methods of resisting change have always failed in the past and are foredoomed to failure now.

The real problem that confronts us, and it is a great problem, is how to adjust religion to science, faith to knowledge, ideality to reality, for adjustment in the reverse direction will never happen. Facts cannot be eliminated by ideals and it is too late in the history of the world to attempt to refute the findings of science by sentimental objections or supposed theological difficulties. If science makes mistakes, science must furnish the cure; it can never be done by church councils, state legislatures, nor even by popular vote.

The only possible remedy for the present deplorable condition is not less but more and better science and education; science that recognizes that the search for truth is not the whole of life, that both scientific reality and religious ideality are necessary to normal, happy, useful living. We must keep our feet on the ground of fact and science, but lift our heads into the atmosphere of ideals. "To the solid ground of Nature trusts the mind that builds for aye." Education from the earliest years must teach love rather than hate, human brotherhood rather than war, service rather than selfishness; it must develop good habits of body and mind; it must instil reverence, not only for truth but also for beauty and righteousness.

"Where there is no vision, the people perish." Man cannot live by bread alone; he must have ideals and aspirations, faith and hope and love. In short, he must have a religion. The world never needed a religion of high ideals and aspirations more than it needs it now. But the old religion of literalism and of slavish regard to the authority of church or book, while well suited to some minds, cannot serve the needs of those who have breathed the air of science. Must all such be deprived of the benefits of a religion which they need and be forced into a false position of antagonism to religion as a whole because they cannot accept all the literalism, infantilism, and incidentalism of so-called fundamentalism? The fundamentalists, rather than the scientists, are helping to make this an irreligious age.

IV. Science has destroyed many old traditions but it has not destroyed the foundations of ethics or religion. In some respects it has contributed greatly to these foundations:

1. The universality of natural law has not destroyed faith in God, though it has modified many primitive conceptions of deity. This is a universe of ends as well as of means, of teleology as well as of mechanism. Mechanism is universal but so also is finalism. It is incredible that the system and order of nature, the evolution of matter and worlds and life, of man and consciousness and spiritual ideals are all the results of chance. The greatest exponents of evolution, such as Darwin, Huxley, Asa Gray, and Weismann, have maintained that there is evidence of some governance and plan in Nature. This is the fundamental article of all religious faith. If there is no purpose in the universe, or in evolution, or in man, then indeed there is no God and no good. But if there is purpose in nature and in human life, it is only the imperfection of our mental vision that

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leads us sometimes to cry in despair: "Vanitas vanitatum, all is vanity." No one can furnish scientific proof of the existence or nature of God, but atheism leads to pessimism and despair, while theism leads to faith and hope. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

2. Science leaves us faith in the worth and dignity of man. In spite of weakness and imperfection, man is the highest product of a billion years of evolution. We are still children in the morning of time, but we are attaining reason, freedom, spirituality. The ethics of mankind is not the ethics of the jungle or the barnyard. In the new dispensation men will no longer be restrained from evil by fear of hell or hope of heaven, but by their decent instincts and their high ideals. When love of truth, beauty, goodness, of wife, children, humanity, dies in us our doom will be sealed. But it will not die in all men; the long-past course of progressive evolution proves that it will live on, somewhere and somehow.

3. Science leaves us hope for the future. Present conditions often seem desperate; pessimists tell us that society is disintegrating, that there will never be a League of Nations, that wars will never cease, that the human race is degenerating, and that our civilization is going the way of ancient Egypt, Assyria, Greece, and Rome. But though nations have risen and fallen, and cultures have waxed and waned, the major movements of human history have been forward. After civilization had once been attained, it never completely disappeared from the earth. The torch of culture was handed on from Egypt to Greece and from Greece to Rome, and from all of these to us. One often hears of lost arts and civilizations of the past, but the best elements of any culture are immortal.

The test of biological variations and mutations is whether they lead to increasing fitness, and the test of all social and moral mutations and revolutions, such as those of to-day, is whether they lead to increasing perfection and progress. The great principle of the survival of the fit has guided evolution from amœba to man, from tropisms and reflexes to intelligence and consciousness, from solitary individuals to social organizations, from instincts to ethics, and this great principle will not be abrogated to-day or to-morrow. It is the "power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness." Man can consciously hasten or hinder this process, but he cannot permanently destroy it. He can refuse to take part in it and can choose to be eliminated, but the past course of evolution for millions of years indicates that somewhere and somehow this process will go on.

The evolutionist is an incorrigible optimist; he reviews a billion years of evolution in the past and looks forward to perhaps another billion years of evolution in the future. He knows that evolution has not always been progressive; that there have been many eddies and back currents, and that the main current has sometimes meandered in many directions; and yet he knows that, on the whole, it has moved forward. Through all the ages evolution has been leading toward the wider intellectual horizons, the broader social outlooks, the more invigorating moral atmosphere of the great sea of truth.

What progress in body, mind, and society; what inventions, institutions, even relations with other worlds, the future may hold in store, it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive. What does it matter if some men refuse to join this great march onward, what does it matter if even our species should become extinct if only it give place to a better species! Our deepest instincts are for growth; the joy of life is progress. Only this would make immortality endurable. Human progress depends upon the increase and diffusion among men of both knowledge and ethics, reality and ideality, science and religion. Now for the first time in the history of life on this planet, a species can consciously and rationally take part in its own evolution. To us the inestimable privilege is given to co-operate in this greatest work of time, to have part in the triumphs of future ages. What other aim is so worthy of high endeavor and great endowment?

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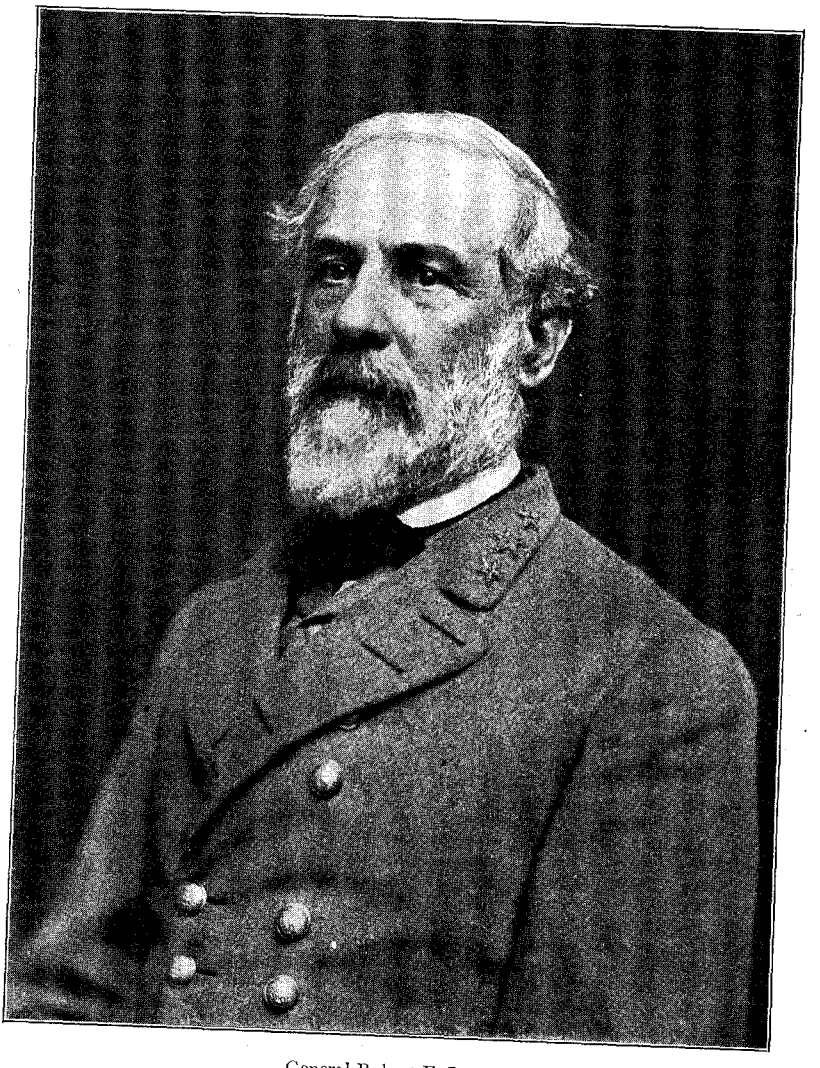

General Robert E. Lee.

Lee and the Ladies

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF ROBERT E. LEE

BY DOUGLAS FREEMAN
Editor of the Richmond (Va.) *News Leader*

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

II

THE outbreak of hostilities cost Lee the buoyancy of spirit that previously had always been his, except for occasional days in the depths. War brought to the front the fundamentally religious temperament of the man. He was as little changed, perhaps, in his attitude toward the ladies as in any other respect. He loved their company still, and he sought it when his duties permitted. There is no prettier picture in the whole colorful album of the war than

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that painted by the brilliant Constance Cary, later the wife of President Davis's secretary, Burton N. Harrison, and mother of the former governor of the Philippines and of Fairfax Harrison, now head of the Southern Railway. Constance Cary was a young girl then, a refugee in Richmond with her mother. One night when General Lee had finished a call on them and had put on his military cape, mother and daughter went out on the porch to say good night to him. As he stood there a moment he turned and, putting an arm around Constance, kissed her smilingly. He had become paternal in appearance then, as in feeling, for his hair was almost white and his strong chin, which had been clean shaven until 1861, was covered with a gray beard.

He frankly delighted in the prerogative of kissing the girls, which prerogative he assumed with age. One day in 1863 a a love-sick youngster, Beverly Danbridge Tucker, now bishop of Southern Virginia, was sitting on the steps of a Richmond house vainly wooing Mary Triplett, then about sixteen and already displaying much of the charm that made her, after the war, one of the most beautiful women of her generation. General Lee rode up, alighted, mounted the steps, and leaned over to kiss Mary. As

Miss Caroline C. Stuart, subsequently the wife of Governor F. W. M. Holliday.
This is reproduced from a painting, and shows her at about the period of the war, when she was eighteen.

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he lifted his tall figure again he turned to young Tucker and, with the glint of a twinkle in his eye, said solemnly: "Wouldn't you like to do that, sir?"

While he was in winter quarters during the war between the States and even during the open campaigning, when he found time for a social letter, he was pleading in

Miss Margaret Stuart, who became Mrs. Robert W. Hunter, probably was General Lee's best-loved young cousin.

This picture, which does her much less than justice, was painted about 1860, when she was twenty-three.

General Lee played the part of fatherly matchmaker to many a pretty girl of his circle. In fact, he had always liked that rôle.

"Tell Miss ——," he had written from Mexico, during the occupation, "she had better dismiss that young divine and marry a soldier. There is some chance of the latter being shot, but it requires a particular dispensation of Providence to rid her of the former."

mock seriousness the cause of some soldier to the lady of his devotion, or else he was exhorting one of the young men of his circle to put faint heart aside for fair lady.

Probably the most charming of all his war letters—certainly the equal of any—are those to Margaret and Caroline Stuart, his cousins, daughters of Doctor and Mrs. Richard Stuart, of "Cedar Grove," in King George County, Va. The girls were tall and dark, young and pretty, Margaret

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twenty-five in 1862 and Carrie eighteen, and they were proud of their kinship to him. They had domesticity and strong religious feeling, as well as character and breeding, and on these accounts doubled their appeal to him. In the winter of 1862–1863 Margaret, whose home was then within the Federal lines, contrived to put into the hands of one of Lee's spies her card and a pair of gauntlets addressed to "Cousin Robert"—one can imagine the thrills she had in planning and doing it. He, of course, did not let this attention pass without his thanks. In fact, he contrived throughout the war to answer in his own hand every letter sending him a present and most personal letters addressed to him on any subject. When a kinsman or, better still, a kinswoman wrote him, he seemed to recognize a special obligation and he would reply promptly, often at length, and invariably with details of family news. He applied most rigidly the strong Virginia law of the clan. He knew his cousins to the third and fourth generation, and when the train stopped or the march of his army brought him near any of the Lees or of the host of the Carters, his mother's people, he always called for a social visit. And if there were girls in the family, attractive of person and of age, he seldom failed to kiss them. At that, it would seem, he did not quite rival his cousin and subordinate, the gallant Colonel Thomas H. Carter, of the artillery. For the tradition is that after the war, when Colonel Carter was at the Springs, he went out one day when the bus arrived from another resort, and as each young woman stepped out he kissed her with much show of affection, and then inquired of her in his gentle voice: "What might your name be, my dear? I think you are a kinswoman of mine."

The correspondence between General Lee and the Stuart girls, as far as it has been preserved, begins in April, 1863, after Margaret had sent him the gloves and when the general was recovering from an illness of some severity. The first letter, which has never been printed, contains so much new biographical data and so perfectly illustrates Lee's epistolary manner with his cousins that it may be quoted in full, lengthy as it is:

Near Fredg. 5 Apl. '63.

Genl. Stuart brought me this morning your letter of yesterday dear Margt. I am much better I think, in fact when the weather becomes so that I can ride out, I shall get well again. I am threatened with a bad cold as I told you, & was threatened the Drs. thought with some malady which must be dreadful if it resembles its name, but which I have forgotten. So they bundled me up on Monday last & brought me over to Mr. Yerby's where I have a comfortable room with Perry to attend me. I have not been so very sick, though have suffered a good deal of pain in my chest back & arms. It came on in paroxysms, was quite sharp & seemed to me to be a mixture of yours and Agnes' diseases, from which I infer they are catching & that I fell a victim while in R. But they have passed off I hope, some fever remains, & I am enjoying the sensation of a complete saturation of my system with quinine. The Drs. are very attentive and kind & have examined my lungs, my heart, circulation, &c & I believe they pronounced me tolerable sound. They have been tapping me all over like an old steam boiler before condemning it. I am about a mile from my camp & my handsome aids ride over with the papers after breakfast which I labour through by 3 p.m. When Mrs. Neal sends me some good soup or something else which is more to my taste than the Drs. pills. I am in need of nothing. I have tea & sugar & all that I want. My brother officers too have been very kind. Some have sent me apples, some butter from the Valley, others turkey, tongue, hams, sweet potatoes &c. so it seems to me I had better remain sick. But I should enjoy your company very much and should much prefer my little Agnes to Perry. I am not however, altogether destitute, Mr. Yerby is very kind & is a perfect Sir Charles Grandison in manner. He has a married son living with him, and the young wife of course has a baby. Then there is Mrs. Neal & a Capt. & Mrs. McIntyre & their two daughters, relatives, refugees from Fredg. The whole family came in one day to see me. The baby & black George besides. They expressed great sympathy for my condition & Mrs. N. thought she could make me a cotton shirt that would ex-

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Miss Norvell Caskie, later Mrs. A. Seddon Jones, a Richmond favorite of General Lee, whose wit, fighting spirit, and brave acceptance of adversity won his admiration.

This picture was taken in 1863, when she was eighteen. Her Scotch father, fearful of losing his only child to some Confederate soldier, refused to permit her to wear evening dress.

tract all the pain out of me. But the Drs. lacked confidence & I was wanting in faith so the scheme fell through. Thank Mr. & Mrs. Caskie for their kind invitation. My thoughts have reverted very often to their pleasant house, & I have imagined how comfortable I should be in the *sick room* with Miss Nannie & Norvell running in to inquire my wants. But then I thought they might not run in as often as they did when it was previously occupied & that would be dreadfully mortifying. I shall therefore have to remain where I am as long as I can attend

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to my duty. When I cannot I must then give it up to others. But I think I shall be well soon & in the meantime must suffer, & I do not see how you can relieve me. Soldiers you know are born to suffer & they cannot escape it. I am still confined to my room. I am very glad to hear you are better & trust you will go on to improve. We had a terrible storm last night which continued this morng. It caught Fitzhugh's brigade in the march I fear, & I apprehend both men & horses suffered last night, as they were probably without tents &c. I thought the last fine weather might bring Mr. Hooker over, as he has been so anxious, but he stands fast yet awhile. I am glad Mary is well, but grieve for our poor people who have been so plundered. There is a just God in Heaven who will make all things right in time. To Him we must trust & for that we must wait.

Remember me very kindly to all with you. Give much love to Agnes—believe me

Always yours,
R. E. LEE.

In July, after Gettysburg, he wrote in acknowledgment of further letters from Margaret, and quite candidly described the defeat of his hopes at Gettysburg. One would hardly look for such a confession in a letter from a commanding general to a youthful cousin, yet here it is:

"I knew that crossing the Potomac would draw them [the enemy] off & if we could only have been strong enough, we should have detained them. But God willed otherwise & I fear we shall soon have them all back. The army did all it could. I fear I required of it impossibilities. But it responded to the call nobly and cheerfully & though it did not win a victory it conquered a success. We must now prepare for harder blows and harder work. But my trust is in Him who favours the weak & relieves the oppressed & my hourly prayer is that He will fight for us once again."

From these he passed to lighter thoughts:

"Tell Ada [a twenty-one-year-old sister of Margaret] if she will join the army I will give my consent, but Carrie need not think of that other one. I shall let no one have you Maggie till the war is over. I have one in reserve for you." Meaning one of his sons—Custis, doubtless. He concluded simply: "I must now bid you goodbye. May God guide and protect you all is the earnest prayer of your affectionate cousin."

The following September Margaret and Caroline paid him a visit near his headquarters. He was much pleased.

"My dear daughters," he wrote on September 8, in an unpublished letter, "I could not leave camp last evg. in time to see you before you went to the surprize. I knew it would be too much of a surprize to you to meet me there, so I had to forego the pleasure of seeing you altogether. How are you this morng? I hope well & bright. Tell me what you wish to do. If you want to go anywhere I will send up the wagon. I have two horses & bridles but no saddles as yet. Will not blankets do? If you are not comfortable I can get you a room at Mrs. Fry's I am told, which is a nice house, or at some other place I am sure. But I have always a tent for you, you would make an ungainly camp very bright & cheerful & we would hail your presence as the advent of angels. I send you a letter from Charlotte, which I have answered this morng. Write to her when you have time & cheer up the poor child.

"YOUR FOND FATHER."

"I have not seen you all day," he wrote them on the 10th, "I hope this has not made you as sad as it has me. I would have gone to you this afternoon, but heard you went to ride with some of the young men." He would be busy the next morning, he went on, but later in the day he would review Hill's corps. If they wished to be present, he would send a wagon for them. "Let me know your wishes, I have kept a basket of grapes for you all day. I send a letter for Carrie which came tonight. It looks as if it came from the signal officer. Rob did not like it's appearance and is taking refuge in sleep, in hope to smother his sorrow. Good night, May good angels guard you and bright visions cheer you." This was addressed to "My beautiful daughters," and was signed "very truly and affectionately your father."

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The "Rob" of the letter obviously was Robert E. Lee, Jr., the general's youngest son, whom it pleased Lee to represent as the rival of the unnamed signal officer. The Misses Stuart accepted the invitation—what girls could decline to be of the reviewing party of the commanding officer? But unfortunately their note came so late that General Lee was doubtful whether the team would reach them in time.

"Your numerous beaux, the 'Stonewall band,' I fear kept you up too late last night," he banteringly told them. "Ask Mr. Hiden to close his doors at ten o'clock. That is the proper time for you to retire your bright eyes from the soldiers' gaze. I hope you will have a pleasant visit this morning, and an agreeable ride this evening with the Major and the Major Gen'l. Poor Custis and Rob."

For the older son was now declared a suitor for Margaret's hand as Robert was for Carrie's, and all without the consent of any parties to the quadruple contract. No casualties to Cupid resulted from the review or the ride. The next day came word that they were leaving on the morrow. Had not Robert informed him? He answered regretfully in this new letter:

CAMP 11th Sept. '63.

No you precious children Rob did not tell me you were to go tomorrow. What is the necessity now that Ada is married? I think you had better stay with me altogether. Poor little Ada. I fear some one will serve both of you so some of these days if you leave me. Could not be allowed even to wait for her sisters. I cannot eat the wedding cake in any pleasure.

If you must go tomorrow I shall be very sorry, but you must let me know & I will make all the arrangements & send some one with you. I hope you are not tired of your old papa already. He is never tired of thinking of you & is always hoping to see you. I fear you have had a sad time with him.

I have directed the wagon to report to you. Keep it as long as you wish & always tell the driver the hour you wish it.

Truly & Affy.

R. E. LEE.

Sweet Meta & Carrie.

When he bade them farewell, it was not with thought of them alone. He sat down and wrote their mother this letter:

CAMP, ORANGE C. H.
12 Sept. '63.

MY DEAR COUSIN JULIA—

I cannot express the pleasure I have experienced in the society of your sweet daughters. They have furnished the only sunshine, save the occasional glimpse I have had of my own family, that has shone on my path during the war.

But my dear Cousin I commiserate you deeply. I see that you will lose them all. Ada has already gone & the rest will soon follow. They will not last till the end of the war. What will you & their poor father do? I suppose the Randolphs will take them all. I do not wish to alarm but merely prepare you for the fate that inevitably awaits you. They have been so surrounded here with Genls. Cols. and Majors that I have scarcely seen them. But then I have had the hope of going so constantly before me & that has been a great comfort to me.

Wishing you all great happiness, with much love to Mrs. Ada

I am truly and affy. yours

R. E. LEE.

Mrs. R. H. Stuart.

Could the girls' visit have been more gallantly ended? He reverted to it two months later in a frankly intimate letter to Caroline:

CAMP RAPIDAN
21 Nov. '63.

I am very much obliged to you dear Carrie for the manufacture of the drawers. Your handiwork will impart to them I am sure additional warmth. I examined them anxiously to see if I could discover any impression of your sweet self, but could not. I fear you did not look at them during your work. They fit very well. You know anything you can get in suits for camp. I wish you had come up with Custis. I want to see you very much and so does Genl. E. Johnson. I hope all were well at Cedar Grove when you heard. Remember me to them all when you write. Also to Miss Rosalie & Ada.

With much affection

I am very truly yours

R. E. LEE.

Miss Carrie Stuart.

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Christmas Day, fresh from a visit to Richmond, Lee described to Margaret the doings of Carrie and of Ada, who had married Colonel William W. Randolph. Lee wrote that Caroline was "so surrounded by her little beaux that little could be got from her. But there was one tall one with her, a signal man of that voracious family of Randolphs, whom I threatened with 'Castle Thunder' [Richmond prison for army misdemeanors]. I did not see her look at Rob once. But you know he is to take her home on certain conditions. I hope your mother has given her consent and that the cakes are baking. I also saw happy Mrs. Ada. Her face was luminous with content and she looked as if she thought there was but one person in the world. . . . Custis says he cannot be married now till six months after the ratification of peace—the day on which all the public dues are payable. So you will have to visit, Maggie."

Robert apparently accompanied Carrie home. She took with her a coat of General Lee's that needed repairs, and when she sent it to him, restored to use as a backslider to the fold, she got a letter that combined thanks for her kindness with a friendly scolding for her treatment of Robert. "He is now . . . nearly hopeless. He says although your kind mother made him 500 cakes, it produced not the least effect upon you. What more he can offer you he is at a loss to conceive."

Margaret by this time had taken Caroline's place in Richmond, had the nameless signal officer in succession to her younger sister, and was attracting men with three stars and a wreath on their uniform collars—among them a renowned general of division. Lee duly reported all this to Carrie:

"I was very glad to see your sweet sister Margaret in Richmond. She was of course attended by the signal corps. As soon as Genl. Edward Johnson drives back Meade's army I am going to let him go to Cleydall—not before."

The next day he wrote Margaret, apropos a letter she had mailed and he had never received. "Are you sure you wrote it?" he quizzed. "Perhaps it was to some other old general in this army. . . . I can tell you for your satisfaction that General Johnson is well [and] that General Early has just returned from a visit home, and is handsomer than ever. He looks high in his new garments, and the black plume in his beaver gives him the air of a gay cavalier."

The point of this was that General Early, slyly put forward by his chief as a gay cavalier seeking the aristocratic hand of the prayerful Margaret, was one of the homeliest, hardest-swearing tobacco-chewers of the whole Army of Northern Virginia.

Margaret's letter duly arrived. "The superscription of this missent epistle," wrote General Lee in immediate acknowledgment, "reminds me strongly of the chirography of General Edward Johnson. The suspicions of the postmasters at least have been excited from its being turned out of its way to me. Its arrival with your note is somewhat of a suggestive coincidence. I think I ought to send it to your mother."

All this was written a little more than a month before General Grant opened the offensive of May, 1864, that was to continue, an unbroken battle, until the end of April, 1865. Although Lee wrote with as much gentle humor as he ever displayed, he foresaw what was coming and seemed to realize that he was about to be cut off from her. "I shall have no hope of seeing you," he said, "after you cross the Rappahannock," from Richmond.

"When you reach home," he wrote Margaret wistfully on April 28, "I shall be unable to communicate with you, for I dislike to send letters within reach of the enemy, as they might serve if captured to bring distress on others. But I shall think of you always & you must sometimes cast your thoughts upon the army of N. Va., and never forget it in your pious prayers. It is preparing for a great struggle but I pray & trust that the Great God, Mighty to deliver, will spread over it His almighty arm and drive its enemies before it!

"You must give much love to your father mother & sweet Carrie. May you & they be blessed in your home, your labours, & your prayers."

The correspondence ends in the drumfire of the Wilderness campaign.

Ada's young husband was killed.

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Carrie married a good soldier, who subsequently became governor of Virginia, F. W. M. Holliday. The gentle Margaret, when the war was over, became the bride of Major R. W. Hunter, a staff officer of distinction. She died young; the major lived to old age, a *raconteur* much loved and everywhere welcomed in Virginia.

As the charming Stuart sisters were left beyond the battle-lines, General Lee drew nearer to Richmond and to other friends, among them Norvell Caskie, who had become one of the closest friends his daughters had made after they had removed to Richmond. She was the only one of the four children of James Kerr Caskie to survive childhood. Her father, a wealthy tobacconist, had married Ellen Gwathmey, a granddaughter of Howell Lewis, General Washington's nephew. Mrs. Caskie was connected with Mrs. Lee through Lorenzo Lewis, Mrs. Caskie's cousin, who was a son of Nellie Custis, Mrs. Lee's great-aunt. The families had been acquainted before the war and were brought intimately together when General Lee sent his wife to the Hot Springs in the late summer of 1861. Knowing that Mr. Caskie was at the Springs, General Lee wrote him asking that he would give Mrs. Lee his "protection"—a request that humorously illustrated how feeble was the "protection" Southern women then had, apart from that on the battle-line, for Mr. Caskie himself was a crippled invalid. But he welcomed Mrs. Lee, of course, showed her such courtesies as he could, and, when she left the Springs and went on a brief visit to Shirley, he and Mrs. Caskie invited Mrs. Lee and her daughters to make their home with them in the ample Caskie residence at Eleventh and Clay streets in Richmond. The Lees accepted and stayed there for some months—for Richmond was dismally crowded—until Custis Lee's messmates gallantly surrendered to them quarters in the house No. 707 East Franklin. General Lee's daughters, Mildred in particular, during this visit grew to be Norvell Caskie's warm friends. Norvell had been sixteen when hostilities began, and though she had considered herself old enough to become engaged to a young soldier in 1861, after the infectious fashion of the day, her father kept her as much of a child as he could. He would not permit her to wear evening dress until the last year of the war, and he insisted that she appear in such high neck and long sleeves as are shown in the war-time photograph of her reproduced on page 463. Her mother was an invalid and she consequently had to do the honors of the Caskie home. They were not simple honors, either, despite the fact that Mr. Caskie's Scotch blood and culture made him despise ostentation. The most interesting people in Richmond frequented the parlors. While the Lee girls were there, soldiers were added by the company. One Sunday more than twenty cavaliers came to call. The next Sunday all except two of the twenty were dead or wounded. Most of the Seven Days' Battles had been fought meantime. To entertain so large a circle, Norvell was busy, but her father's wish was that she remain as much in the background as she could and that General Lee's daughters be considered the hostesses. In this setting General Lee met her whenever his duties permitted him to be in Richmond. He became interested in her, and naturally enough, because she was a beautiful and most unusual girl. She was saved from the typical state of mind of an only child by the sickness that hung over the Caskie family. She was a nurse from childhood, familiar with suffering. The times and her stout-hearted ancestry gave her a fighting spirit which General Lee did not fail to see and admire. With it was a cheer that adversity could not destroy and a wit that circumstance never dulled. These qualities, too, appealed to General Lee. In his letters to her father, who generously transacted all his business for him, he always had a message for Norvell, and sometimes from camp he would write her direct. The family still cherishes, among other treasures, an envelope addressed in General Lee's handwriting and franked by him:

Miss M. Norvell Caskie
Honble Jas. K Caskie,
Clay & 11th Sts.
Richmond,
Virginia

This letter itself has gone, but the temper of the times in which it was written

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may be judged readily enough. The envelope General Lee used was one he had "turned," for in the shortage of stationery in the South most envelopes had to serve twice. On that face of the envelope that had been used before he had addressed it to Norvell, the paper bears the superscription:

Very important
Gen R. E. Lee
Comd G
at a gallop

From some field of frenzy, perhaps, he had turned aside and with his amazing composure had been able to write a kindly letter to his youthful friend.

The days grew too dark for him to write to Margaret, to Norvell, or to any one other than his wife or "Mr. President" or "Mr. Secretary of War." The commander of a thinning army, weaker every day, had neither the time nor the heart for bantering correspondence. After Appomattox, as he rode wearily homeward, he planned to stop overnight at the home of his brother, Charles Carter Lee, in Powhatan. The house already was so crowded with guests that Mrs. Gilliam, a neighbor across the way, was asked if she could receive General Lee. She made ready the best room, happy in the prospect of having him under her roof, but when he arrived she was told in his manner of courteous finality that he could not think of troubling her and that he would camp out, but that he would be grateful if she would entertain an officer who happened to be travelling with his wife. Then he added, as he saw the lady's disappointment, that if it were agreeable to her he would be happy to take breakfast with her the next morning. He bivouacked that night with the officers who still kept his company—it was probably the last time he ever did so—and he appeared at the appointed hour at his hostess's. The anguish of defeat had almost numbed him, and the burden of the maimed, the dead, and the widowed lay on his heart, but even then, while the corpse of his country still twitched, he did not forget his love of youth. After the meal he took the little girl of the family on his knees—she was about ten—and when he had caressed her, asked her if she did not want to go with him to Richmond, where, he told her, he would find a "lot of little sweethearts for her." She still lives, with more than seventy years behind her, and she cherishes that moment in the lap of General Lee as the most precious in her life.

He rode on to Richmond, where the reverent welcome of the people must have eased the anguish of his soul, and then, after a few weeks, he went back to a quiet farm up the James. Two of the few letters he wrote while there were to Mr. Caskie, whom he asked to transfer to his nephew, Louis Marshall, a former soldier in the Federal army, certain stock he held as trustee for his sister, Marshall's mother. In this earlier of the two letters is a message to Norvell, the first, it seems, in which there is any suggestion of a recovery of the old playful spirit he had displayed in teasing his young friends about their sweethearts. The message is brief and the gentleness of its touch somehow discloses a heartache, but it was written nevertheless with a brave spirit and a firm grip on himself. It has never been printed before:

"Mrs. Lee has, no doubt, in her letters informed you of all family affairs. I wrote to you some days since, thanking you for your letter to me, requesting you to present my kindest regards to Mrs. Caskie and Miss Norvell. Tell the latter that Miss Anna Logan was driven over here yesterday in a buggy by Capt. Owens of Louis'— I fear these Louisianians think our Virginia girls belong to them. I met a Capt. Bridges at Belmead the other day, where he has been refreshing himself since the war. None of them shall bear her off, I assure you. I think Agnes is slightly better but her disease is not yet conquered."

He held to this deliberate effort to be cheerful. "Tell Miss Norvell," he wrote Mr. Caskie in a further unpublished letter, dated August 30, regarding the same bank stock:

"Tell Miss Norvell I rode over yesterday"—he was still near Cartersville—"to see Miss Anna Logan—she looked killing, and acted as bad. I took with me four beaux. They pretended to be overcome by the heat of the ride, but I knew from what they were suffering. 'Her

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eyes were dusk as India's sun, & just as warm.' Miss Bettie Brander has fled, so they were spared the darts with which she would have covered them."

This, perhaps, can only be appreciated by those who knew the two young ladies General Lee whimsically represents as potentially the destroyers of the four beaux's happiness.

General Lee by this time had accepted the presidency of Washington College, Lexington, Va., and soon he went there to prepare a home for his wife and daughters to take the place of Arlington, which had been seized and sequestered by the Federal authorities. In September he went to the Rockbridge Baths, where two cousins, Miss Belle Harrison, of "Brandon," and Mrs. Chapman Leigh, greatly cheered him. Miss Belle Harrison, it would seem, was always one of his favorites. A month later and in his chatty letters to the family he was talking of marriages in the neighborhood. "I did not attend the weddings," he wrote, "but have seen the pairs of doves. Both of the brides are remarkable in this county of equestrianism for their good riding and beauty." When word came that one of his daughters wished to go to Richmond to attend the wedding of Miss Sally Warwick, another of his young friends, he gave his consent in a characteristic letter:

". . . if it will promote your pleasure and Sally's happiness, I will say go. You may inform Sally from me, however, that no preparations [for a wedding] are necessary, and if they were no one could help her. She has just got to wade through it as if it was an attack of measles or anything else—naturally. As she would not marry Custis [his oldest son], she may marry whom she chooses. I shall wish her every happiness, just the same, for she knows nobody loves her as much as I do . . . she need not tell me whom she is going to marry. I suppose it is some cross old widower, with a dozen children. She will not be satisfied with her sacrifice with less, and I should think that would be cross sufficient."

All this might have been written ten years before.

In the new house the college provided him, Lee welcomed much company and sought to return some of the hospitality his family had received during five years when they had been homeless. Among his guests were not a few of the girls he admired—his "sweethearts" as he began now to call them. He autographed innumerable small photographs for them and uncomplainingly supplied his daughters with prints for distribution to those friends who importuned them. To his "worrying little Agnes," as he styled her, he wrote in December, 1865, while she was in Richmond:

"I have autographed the photographs and send a gross of the latter and a lock of hair. Present my love to the recipients and thank them for their favours."

He continued to report marriages, and occasionally, as in other days, he attempted to make them.

A marked improvement in his general spirits occurred during 1867, following the release of President Davis from prison and the second marriage of his son, Major-General W. H. F. Lee, whose first wife had died during the war, while "Rooney" was a prisoner in the hands of the Federals. On the young man's insistence, the old general agreed to attend the wedding, which was to be held in Petersburg. He made the journey by way of Richmond and completed the last stage of it in a special car with the wedding party, which included a number of Richmond girls. The trip lay southward over bloody ground from the Confederate capital, past Drewry's Bluff, the Howlett line, and close to the fortifications he had held for nine desperate months against Grant's assaults. Cruel memories crowded on him, of anguish and of death during the siege, and of the women and children who had suffered want and woe in the little city to which he was going with the happy guests. The thoughts weighted him down. He sat silent in the car, obviously depressed, anxious to finish the travel, yet dreading the arrival and reception. He was met as a hero—with a carriage and four white horses—and he was welcomed as a friend by a throng of citizens and former soldiers, who wanted to unhitch the team and pull the carriage to General Mahone's residence, his stopping place. This incident and others in kind had a profound effect on him. After he returned to Lexington he confessed to

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his son what his feeling had been as he "passed well remembered spots and recalled the ravages of the hostile shells."

"But," he went on, "when I saw the cheerfulness with which the people were working to restore their condition, and witnessed the comforts with which they were surrounded, a load of sorrow which had been pressing upon me for years was lifted from my heart."

In this spirit he came on toward the end. The courage of the people was his comfort. He never recovered, of course, from the strain of the war, but from 1867 to his death he found more of happiness than of sorrow in his life, and he was cheerful. In scores of letters that have already appeared in print, chiefly in Captain Lee's "Recollections and Letters of General Lee," he writes to old friends and to new, with humor and unfailing kindliness, of visits and courtships, of betrothals and weddings, of home-building and of births. But when tragedy did befall any of those he loved, he seemed the better able to sympathize because he himself had covered, amid mud and misery, the road from the Wilderness to Appomattox. Norvell Caskie was one of those to whom his heart was opened. Her ailing parents had survived the war. Her father's business had escaped destruction. Her future seemed bright. In the summer of 1868 she went to the Springs as usual, and there she met A. Seddon Jones, of Orange County. He was the son of a planter of prominence, over whose splendid farm on the Rapidan both armies had tramped. He had been a soldier in Lee's army and, like Norvell, had the spirit that met adversity with courage. Socially irresistible and quick of perception, he could honorably aspire to the hand of so splendid a girl. But, like most Virginians of his day, he had only a name and a memory, a farm and a roof—no money. He could not have gone to the spa that summer and probably would not have met Norvell had he not had a very dragging case of typhoid, which had left him in such plight that the family had made sacrifices to give him the treatment the doctor had prescribed. Norvell's interest in the sick, her instinctive impulse to help them, drew her to the young convalescent. His character and personality did the rest. They fell in love. The heart that had sustained the long campaigns of the war capitulated to his sudden assault. They became engaged.

When she returned home it was to find her father manifestly in deep distress and looking very bad. "I hope," he told her, "that you have gotten into no entanglements at the Springs." She laughed off the query, anxious to defer the news of her engagement until he was better: "Don't you think it's time I were entangled, I'm twenty-three." The next day his condition was worse, and soon he was dead. Then it was discovered that he had sustained ruinous losses just before he was taken sick and that what had been a very sizable fortune for the time had been swept away. With this tragedy in the background, the approach of the girl's marriage was not without gloom. General Lee knew all the facts and grieved over the losses of herself and her invalid mother. He rejoiced that love had come to her, but he must have wondered how she would fare on a lonely farm, she who had always lived in a city and always had had about her the most brilliant of the Confederates in a home of rich culture. The letter he wrote her just before her wedding has never been printed previously, but, as faultlessly as anything that ever came from his pen, it shows the inborn tact of Lee, his breeding, and his attitude toward the girls for whom he had affection. Here it is:

MY DEAR MISS NORVELL:

As the day of your nuptials approaches my thoughts revert to you more often and intensely and I recall the manifold kindnesses of your dear father and mother and the affectionate consideration of yourself with increased gratitude and pleasure.

Your future happiness, is therefore I assure you a matter of deep concern to me, and this most important event in your life one of great interest. May it prove as happy as I sincerely wish it; may the blessing of kind heaven accompany you throughout your course on earth, and may a merciful Providence shield you from all evil, and lead you in the end to everlasting joy and peace.

Hoping that you will not forget us, but

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will sometimes give us the pleasure of your company,

I am with true affection,

Your constant friend

R. E. LEE

Miss Norvell Caskie.

As he was in this, so he was to the last. Not long before he died he attended a convention of his church, held in Fredericksburg, the old city on the Rappahannock that had been the scene of his most splendid triumphs as a soldier. While he was in the city, the people insisted on tendering him a reception, at which, as usual, he was soon surrounded by young girls.

"Where do you live?" he asked one of the most charming.

"At old Chatham," she answered, knowing he did not need to be told she meant the quaint Fitzhugh mansion that overlooks Fredericksburg from a lofty hill on the north side of the river.

"Is the oak-tree still standing in the corner of the yard?" he inquired instantly.

"Yes," she replied. "I have played under it from childhood."

"Well," he said softly, "it was under that oak that I courted my wife; and standing yonder on Marye's Height, at the fiercest moment of the battle of Fredericksburg, I yearned to get a sight of that tree. When the smoke cleared a bit, I caught a glimpse of its upper branches." He had to pause and turn away, for his voice was choking as he finished. "And it strengthened me for the day's work."

That was Lee. Not an immodest word did he have, and doubtless not a prideful thought, of a concentration so complete and of a position chosen with so much care that the Federal formed and failed and charged and broke again and still again, and all so futilely that he had turned to Longstreet that December day and had said: "It's a blessing war is so terrible, else we'd come to love it too much." Not a touch of a smile of recollection of the winter of 1862–63, when the victories he had planned and directed seemed to have brought the South so near to independence that every soldier's hope was high and sober generals had laughed and had cheered as "Jeb" Stuart rode over with Sweeney, the banjo-player, and serenaded them merrily. Not a satisfied reference to that noon in May, 1863, when he had risen from the vicinity of Fredericksburg into the inferno of the Wilderness, with its stunted forest and stifling fumes, and had been acclaimed by men who poured out from among the burning trees, black as charcoal-burners and mad with rejoicing that Hooker was routed. Not a mention of that other May of 1864 when, near-by, he had stood off Grant with half the numbers his great adversary commanded, and then had successfully anticipated him when Grant had thought to slip away secretly to the left. Fredericksburg might have meant glory and huzzas and captured flags and presented arms with bloody bayonets. To him Fredericksburg suggested Chatham, and Chatham brought youth and an oak-tree, and Mary Custis under it, and a love that had strengthened him.

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"I Went to College"

BY JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS
Author of "Why Marry?" etc.

IF a young man really wants an education, he can get one anywhere, even at college.

To be sure, few of them nowadays seem very keen to be educated at all. Perhaps that is why so many of them are crowding into our universities. The motive is not educational but social. At college the little sons of new wealth will meet the right sort. For in this land of the free and home of the brave it is undemocratic to acknowledge that we have class distinctions, but a university degree makes a very convenient badge of social status without jeopardizing our theoretical democracy. It stamps the wearer as a college man. He belongs to the American gentry, and is listed in the Social Register.

Whatever may be the motive, they are now storming our academic strongholds in such unprecedented hordes, like the Goths and Vandals of long ago, that some of our older universities have raised their standards, like walls, for their self-protection. It is not only much harder to get in, but far harder to stay in, than it was in the good old days. Our American colleges used to welcome almost anybody. Now they have begun to pick and choose. They are actually changing these comfortable country clubs into institutions of learning, thus spoiling the chief charm of college life and destroying the only real leisure class we ever had.

This is creating considerable dissatisfaction among certain of the loyal alumni who always give three cheers for dear old Alma Mater but seldom anything else. For not only is this new and fatal policy keeping out valuable athletes, but even sons of prominent graduates. One of the questions asked last fall in the "psychological test," which is really an innocent-looking camouflage for rejecting undesirables, was: "*Why do you want to go to college?*" The answer supplied by one young hopeful whose father had been a "big man" in college was: "*To become eligible for the University Club.*" He was not admitted.

At this same ancient seat of learning, which has no ambitions to be big, there were two thousand applications for the freshman class last year, but only six hundred passed through the eye of the needle. Those who do get in find to their dismay, and sometimes to the indignation of their parents, that they are obliged to work almost as hard as if they had to earn their own livings. The worst of it is that the alumni can't do anything about it. The university has got them where it wants them now. If a boy cannot keep up, he can keep out.

Now, in the old days everything was different. Fewer men went to college, and most of those who did had an amiable intention of acquiring an education. Perhaps that is putting it too strongly, but at least they were not averse to the idea. They came with the expectation of being made to work whether they liked it or not. But the joke of it was that in those days it was not necessary to study in order to be a student, and as there were so many more interesting things to do, only a few of them worked hard and every one had a good time.

Thus we see two jokes on two generations. The older generation went to college for an education, but remained to have the time of their lives. The members of the new generation go to college for a good time but get an education—if they remain. It may not be the best kind of an education. It is acquisitive rather than creative, a consumer's culture, not a producer's. Our universities are still in the thrall of "the educational ideals of the idling class and their dependent priests and clerks." But even culture-climbing is better than social climbing, and hard work is better than either.

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It may be bad taste in me to criticise college education, because I was not educated at college. I merely went there. I loved it. With remarkable acumen for one so young, I perceived that the best education was life, and decided that the best life was college life.

A student goes to his professors to be taught, but he learns from his fellow students, as has been well said by Emerson—better said, in fact, but I never learned to quote correctly in college or out.

For example, I was taught to drink and I learned to smoke a pipe; I had already taken a course in cigarettes at an excellent prep school, and had occasionally, even at that early age, elected cigars. You see I was a precocious child and learned quickly.

I am broad-minded enough to admit that such accomplishments can be and often are self-taught elsewhere, at less expense to one's parents, but at home there is not nearly so much encouragement for these forms of self-expression. There is an indefinable something about the Gothic architecture of academic halls which seems more stimulating than the atmosphere behind the barn.

At college I also acquired some lasting knowledge of tennis and other athletics, and became an expert shooter of clay pigeons, having made the gun team in my freshman year. Think of the aid this has been to me all through my life in killing ducks and quail. Invaluable. I also became an amateur editor in my junior year, and began writing as a professional when a senior. Best of all, it was at college that I learned the rare art of loafing, though I have since ceased to practise it consistently.

I learned how to work, too, for I became involved in all kinds of "extracurriculum activities"; and so, as I had very little time left for my classes, which were always rudely interrupting my important interests, I learned to work like the devil at examination time in order to remain in college and enjoy what I was informed were the happiest years of a man's life.

They are not, but I believed it then. Indeed, I liked those four years so well that after getting my bachelor degree I returned for a couple of years of graduate "work," and received an M.A. for it; thus proving that I was a master of arts, though just what arts they were and how I mastered them I have never discovered.

My professed purpose in coming back was to get something out of books. I knew this could be done, for others had managed to do so at college. I would thus make up for wasted opportunities which come but once and float by on the sea of life. But instead of reading a thousand books, I wrote one. It was a collection of stories about college life which has seduced many younger men to come to the same college and enjoy the same life. It is an old book now, but if by chance it is responsible for the presence of any of our modern hard-toiling, worried-faced undergraduates, they doubtless curse me for misrepresenting the facts.

There were only two professors who interested me enough to make me work on their courses. One was Woodrow Wilson and the other, as it happened, was Dean West, the very man with whom, some years later, Wilson had a famous fight. West won out and got his graduate school. Wilson got out and won the presidency of the United States. So each got what he wanted and everything was lovely.

Under Professor Wilson I studied jurisprudence and under Professor West pedagogics. They were both interesting men, inspiring teachers. That must have been why such otherwise unaccountable subjects were elected by a boy who had decided to become a writer, and who already felt that he and Thackeray were the only authors who had ever really understood human nature.

Both these teachers told me that all students, embryonic writers especially, should secure a firm foundation of "broad general culture" by taking the old-fashioned classical course, with plenty of Greek and Latin. But the reason I secured no firm foundation of broad general culture is that I not only took the old-fashioned classical course, but also, even after I had a chance to escape, about midway through college, I elected still more Greek to the bitter end.

It bored me to death and made me hate the Greeks and Romans and all their literary works. Perhaps I got excellent discipline from the drudgery of grammar and

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construing sentences, but the discipline wasn't worth the sacrifice of what might have proved an inspiring, peradventure useful, acquaintance with what I am reliably informed is immortal literature—"the best that has been said and thought." It might come in handy, when writing a play or something, to know the Greek drama. I hear they're good.

I had sense enough to see through the English courses and to snub them as much as the law allowed, but unfortunately I did not snub the classics. Well, I was weak, I was ignorant, and I was led astray in my youth by the evil influences of my professors and parents. So I fell for the classics. Perhaps it was because my father had taken a classical course in college; so had five of my uncles, and on my mother's side there were eight generations of Scotch Covenanter ministers. They all devoutly believed in the study of the classics. Therefore I did too. It ran in the family. But it didn't seem to work out right in my case. If I only hadn't "studied" Greek literature, I might have learned something about it. If I only hadn't gone to college, I might have become educated.

The other day I glanced over a book lying open on a friend's library-table while waiting for her to come in and pour me a cup of tea. It was great stuff. It gave me a thrill I hadn't had in years. I turned back to the title-page, eager to see who in the world the author could be. It was Euripides, translated by Gilbert Murray. At that point my hostess entered and I closed the book. Of course I could have continued when I reached home. I have Murray's translations in my own library, for I do not intend to let my sons miss the pleasure and benefit of great literature by being taught how to disembowel it. But it has remained a closed book to me.

Perhaps mine is an extreme case—a college complex, as it were. All my classmates, well-known bankers, lawyers, and big business men, probably read Greek and Latin every morning in the original on their way down to Wall Street.

But I should hate to convey the idea that I acquired nothing of value out of my college experience. That would not be fair to my college or to myself. I acquired the rudiments of a most excellent business training—while taking my classical course in broad general culture. It came about as a result of athletic training. I was "trying" for the track team. I had a beautiful stride. I ran in almost perfect form and had only one slight defect as a runner. I did not go fast enough.

So after taking a place in the national cross-country championships—I think it was the eighty-fifth place—I felt that I was entitled to retire from active participation in athletics. I deemed it my duty to give the younger fellows a chance, and believed that I could be of greater service by managing athletics.

If I am not mistaken, the title of my high calling was "University Athletic Treasurer." At any rate, it had to do with the finances of all branches of major sport, and required so much time, such expert attention, that subsequently this job became a salaried position.

The thing I liked about it was that I travelled around the country with the teams, and on the campus I carried a japanned tin box and wore what was called the varsity monogram. Only the athletic oligarchy were allowed such ornaments.

I was quite important now, one of the really "big men." To be an editor of the *Lit.* was not exactly a disgrace in the college world, any more than being an author is in the outside world—merely a queer sort of thing to be. But running athletics was something that was really respected and honored, quite as is controlling financial credit of the real world.

But the educational feature of my exalted position lay in the fact that I had to keep books, audit accounts, write and render financial reports, and get all kinds of things done on time by all kinds of people. I had to "handle men," I had to meet unexpected emergencies. And, as I believed that whatsoever your hand finds to do you should do it with all your might, I was complimented by a big business man who was on our graduate advisory committee. He told me that I would make a good business man some day.

It was the greatest compliment he could give any one. No doubt I appreciated it. Only it seems too bad that the only rigorous training received in a whole

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college course should have been utterly wasted upon me. I had no taste, even if I had the talent, to follow up my golden opportunities for getting in with big business men. I wanted to write.

Since that day I have written no more financial reports, and the only books I keep now are those loaned me by loving friends who believe that because I write by day I must want to read by night. Something like inviting the postman to take a walk.

There is no doubt about it, a college course is valuable to a business career. Many of the modern rulers of great business say, invaluable. But for a career in any of the arts, I have my doubts. Those are precious and impressionable years. Perhaps they should be devoted to more penetrating and important experiences, in some environment where a real reverence for fine things is not killed by stupid standardization, and where a natural love of beauty is not so likely to be perverted.

Among writers it is difficult to trace the benefits or injuries of formal education. In fact, I can detect very little difference between those who have had a university training and those who have not, except that the latter are likely to be better informed, better read, and less afraid of new ideas than college graduates.

I doubt if Mr. Howells would have had such keen literary passions if at the age when he was setting type out in Ohio he had been made to detest "required reading" by dodos who can render even loveliness loathsome. If Mark Twain had gone to college he would have missed the Mississippi. The youthful Kipling would have been killed by the "awful orderliness" of Oxford. Wells might have gone in for true scholarship, which means finding out all there is to know about something no one else cares about and telling it in such a way that no one else can understand it. Shaw would have been fired in his freshman year. Still, it might have been hard to ruin those fellows even by college.

After all is said and done, there is only one sure way to discover whether or not a man, even though you may have known him for years, is college bred. It is a perfectly simple test. All you have to do is to ask him. If he says yes, then you know that he is educated. If he says no, then you know that he is not.

Words

BY NATHALIE SEDGWICK COLBY

DRAW over eyes dry-socketed
  Phrase of crape, instead of tears.
Fling the strumpet cloaks of red
  Verse to hide her spoiling wares!

Without one beam of truth, lift high
  Towered forensic palaces,
Where mummers hail the passers-by
  With calls that lure like painted faces.

There was a time when words were things
  Coined from the mint of the first man's heart,
When a sound shaped by his sufferings
  Jagged his savage lips apart.

He was the word that lay ice-curled
  In primal silence; waiting cry—
Wombed in bleak caverns of the world
  To be unnumbed relentlessly.

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Enter Eve

BY VALMA CLARK
Author of "A Woman of No Imagination," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

"'AN Epicure's Ja'unt Through France,'" I soared. "We tour the country, and we eat chicken sauté at Dieppe, and bouillabaisse—a kind of fish-stew—at Nice. We collaborate, Henry——"

"But how," objected Henry, "am I to paint a fish stew?"

Right there a light streamed out of our own room to welcome us, and a little, dark, bitter-looking girl rose up and greeted us: "I thought you were never coming."

"Pardon?"

She was a total stranger to us, yet her manner was that of a cross elder sister waiting up for two prowling young Toms. "*You* are Gus Silvernail, aren't you?"

"No. I'm only Henry—Henry Gallup. *This* is Sliver."

"Oh? Well, I'm Eve Carter."

"Eve . . ." I mumbled, pulling up the name out of some half-forgotten limbo. "Then you're Aunt Zoe's daughter."

"Hm. I had a room over on the Rue Dutot, and I was going to take biology——"

"Biology?" A scientist in the ranks of our improvident Bohemian family was something different.

"Yes. I've taken my degree at Wisconsin, and I wanted to study at the Pasteur Institute. Mother is on tour in 'Down She Comes,' and she promised to send me money every month. I've waited six weeks, and I've cabled her twice, and I haven't had one word from her."

"Your mother must be like my father," I observed politely.

But she had gone back to Henry. "I've waited and w-waited, and I didn't dare register at the Institute; I spent my last c-centime, and to-day the concierge—turned me out. She kept my suitcase and clothes. . . . She wouldn't even let me have a c-clean handkerchief or a f-fresh piqué collar," sobbed Eve. "I came here, and I told the woman——"

"Madame Cochois?"

"—That I was—part of your fam-family——"

Henry was absolutely choked up with feeling. "Handkerchief, Sliver—a *clean* one. We haven't any—piqué collars, but we'll get some. Blow in that."

"If you could just lend me, until my money-order comes through—unless"—she glanced from Henry's old easel and my battered typewriter, past a cracked wash-basin, to a piece of Flemish tapestry and a really good old Persian bowl, bronze with black patina—"unless you're down, too."

"Lord, no, we're up!" Henry reassured her. "Never higher."

"Then you *can* lend me the money—to-night, now?"

"Money?" gulped Henry.

"You are broke!"

"Merely temporarily out of——"

"We're all broke, and what am I going to do?"

"You'll stay here for the present; Sliver and I'll vacate—won't we, Sliver?"

"Camp out on the street? There's the alcove—perhaps she'll let us hang out in the alcove," I suggested sarcastically.

"Well, the alcove. And to-morrow we'll get your duds, and we'll fix you up——"

"But how can you get my suitcase, and how can you fix me up," she scowled pessimistically, "without any money?"

"Our prospects—you haven't heard our delirious prospects!

". . . You see, it was one of those little, musty, dusty art shops, and we bam-

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boozled the old gentleman—De Smet, his name was—into giving my painting the spotlight place in his window. The idea was Sliver's. We bet him twenty francs it would sell for a good price inside of two weeks. Either way—the twenty francs, or the commission—De Smet stood to win, and he couldn't resist it. It was cool of us, for we were flatter than flat, but——"

"The picture sold?"

"No. But a corpulent American, the manufacturer of buttons, on a holiday saw the painting, and, not knowing French, he thought that 'Mlle. Éventail Rose' was the name of a woman, and that my girl—she was just any girl with a fan—was a real person. He obtained my name and address, and he sent for me and asked if I was a portrait-painter. I admitted it; I am—or was to be. He offered me two hundred good round American dollars to paint a portrait—a pretty portrait—of his daughter."

"You agreed."

"Before I saw the daughter. It was a commission which could never have been executed; the daughter resembled her father. But, wait, that's only half of it! Sliver and I were glooming, when we were visited by a plump Jew, who introduced himself as Max Beer, the Paris art editor of *Dress*. You know it?"

Eve nodded.

"Well, he'd seen my painting, too, and he was struck by the detail work of the fan. Sauval had been supplying their covers, wild things in color, but he had graduated to the distinction of an exhibit at the Georges Petit Galleries, and had failed them for the moment. They needed something at once—not later than a week from Thursday."

"So soon?"

"Yes. 'Mlle. Pink Fan' wouldn't do, because fans were at present 'out,'" mimicked Henry. "But tulle scarfs were in, and he advised a 'Mlle. Tulle Scarf.' My fan was—*precise*—and seldom had he seen chiffon painted as I painted it. He promised nothing. But if I retained that excellent manner, reproducing the crisp, light *sheerness* of the tulle—well, it might run me to fifteen hundred francs, and it might even run me to a series of covers, featuring white swan's-down, and—uh—scalloped skirts, and I don't know what all. There's no limit to the future."

"But two hundred dollars is more than fifteen hundred francs."

"Eh? If I wrote home to Athens, New York, that I am earning money painting tulle scarfs——"

"You've turned down the button man?" pressed Eve.

"Haven't broken it to him yet. But did you ever hear of such drunken luck? First the button man mistaking it for a portrait; next the fashion expert being hooked by a fan!"

Eve was unconvinced. "It's a week before you can collect if— You've started 'The Tulle Scarf?'"

"To-day we had to celebrate," Henry explained, "but to-morrow— Look here," and he produced a bundle, and divested it tenderly of its tissue-paper wrappings.

"What—?" Eve's black eyes opened on the little white porcelain figure of Kuan-yin, Goddess of Mercy, whose own eyes were closed in a suave Chinese smile and whose arms were folded, in enigmatic placidity, under the porcelain flow of her robe.

"We celebrated with her. We'd coveted her, and to-day we swaggered out and bought her. She's an antique—probably good—and we got the fellow down to three hundred and fifty francs."

"You paid three hundred and fifty francs for that?"

"Our last," I contributed.

"But——"

"But—Kuan-yin is our luck!" Henry *would* convince her; if she couldn't grasp luck as an abstract principle, she would grasp it as a concrete object.

"If you hitch your luck to a symbol, you smash it sure!" I warned him, horrified. "My father pinned his faith to a Chinese penny, and he lost the Chinese penny, and——"

"But we'll put Kuan-yin out of smashing reach," said Henry, and installed the porcelain goddess on our highest bookshelf. "There! She's our luck—your luck and—my luck," he smiled softly at Eve, "and don't you worry."

But my disagreeable small cousin merely scowled at the figure. She transferred her scowl to Henry; and suddenly I saw that poor, foolish Henry, in that boy-

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ish gesture of hanging his fortune onto so frail a thing, had stirred in her the fierce maternal.

Eve had adopted Henry, and Henry had adopted Eve, and their mutual adoption excluded me.

"I'm—starved," she smiled faintly; "you haven't anything——?"

"My God, she's hungry, and here we stand— The herring-hook, Sliver! Can you bear herring?"

Already Henry was leaning precariously over the window-ledge into the night. He came up triumphantly with a paper bag at the end of a long string.

"What—?" demanded Eve.

"It's the herring. We hang them on a hook under the ledge that dangles them down in the corner of the building, where nobody can see 'em. We used to dangle them directly under the window, but there's a man below—a well-to-do collector of old china—who doesn't buy what he can take, apparently. One day we missed the herring——"

"But why——?"

"The herring-hook," grinned Henry, busy with a skillet, "is our own invention for giving a herring the air."

"But haven't you an ice-box?"

"No, no ice-box."

"But you *ought* to have an ice-box."

"Yes'm."

"How," demanded Eve, "do you keep milk sweet?"

"Canned milk."

"But I can't endure milk out of a can. You really ought to have a little refrig— That hook," said Eve decisively, "won't do."

"I cannot sleep with a herring," I remarked coldly.

"Shut up, Sliver, we'll eat the herring."

"The hook," persisted Eve, "is ridiculous. Who ever heard——?"

"The hook is taboo; from this day forth it doesn't exist."

"We could make a little temporary refrigerator out of a wooden box and packing and old carpets," she suggested eagerly; "they really do work quite well."

"We'll make the refrigerator," promised Henry.

"If you're going to cook it on both sides, you'll have to turn it," was Eve's final shot on the subject of the herring.

Henry turned it.

We set ourselves about Eve's business —fresh milk, ice-box, and baggage—and if you imagine she was grateful to us, you are wrong. We arrived with two heavy suitcases; pressed by Eve, we explained that Henry had simply asked for a room and had been shown Eve's room, and while I had then summoned the concierge to conversation below stairs, he had gathered up the baggage and walked out by the rear entrance. . . . An entirely simple ruse.

But Eve at that point, with one eye on Henry's suavely smiling little Chinese lady, developed an unexpected and mean little conscience, which must be appeased. She couldn't feel right about *doing* the concierge in that way.

But the concierge should be paid from our first funds; besides, she deserved to be done.

Wouldn't it be wise, moreover, to appease the concierge, and so to keep in touch with her mail?

I suggested that she had only to notify the *bureau de poste* of her change of address to receive her mail.

But Henry stepped on me; if Eve felt that way about it, then the concierge must be mollified at once.

He invited M. Lepetit, the connoisseur of china on the floor below us, to come up and have a look at Kuan-yin.

M. Lepetit held Kuan-yin to the light. He perused her soft ivory glaze, and murmured that the rose tinge was lacking. He pronounced her an imitation Tê-hua, but interesting; he might part with one hundred and fifty francs to possess her.

But Eve's smile was too much for me. I told M. Lepetit we would let him know later.

He raised to two hundred francs.

I assured him that he should have first chance at Kuan-yin, in the event that we were driven to part with her.

Then I sat down to it.

I outlined a plan to Henry, and we divided a cane and a monocle between us, and put on the manner of important art connoisseurs, and went down to the Luxembourg Galleries. There we sta-

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tioned ourselves before a Laurent's lady-in-a-pink-dress, which invariably attracts attention, and kept our eyes open for a quarry of means. We found him in the person of a lean, dyspeptic-looking American with his stout wife. The man wore a diamond on his middle finger, and his profile was greedy; the lady pointed a lorgnette, and was in heavy and unskilled pursuit of culture.

We merely compared Laurent's painting unfavorably with the painting of Henry Gallup, a young artist. I had discovered—sh!—in a little second-rate store a really remarkable canvas, "Mlle. Éventail Rose," by this young Gallup; I had learned that the painting might be had for a paltry five hundred francs, and if I was any judge of art at all, it would be worth ten thousand dollars in ten years. As an investment alone—not to mention the fame which attaches itself to a patron of the arts who first recognizes a masterpiece . . .

"Where?" begged Henry.

"Sh-sh!" I would give him the address, but it was *my* find, and he must give me his solemn oath not to purchase. . . .

The lean American unscrewed a fountain pen. Five minutes later he and his wife summoned an auto-taxi.

Henry and I called round at M. de Smet's. Sure enough, "Mlle. Pink Fan" was gone, and De Smet, all respect, poured into Henry's palm four hundred and fifty francs, having subtracted his own commission, and begged Henry for more canvases.

Eve broiled us small, tender steaks—she could cook, that girl!—and went herself to pay the concierge in full. Even she could not object to an honest-to-goodness sale. I began to believe that Kuan-yin, safe on her shelf, had, indeed, brought us luck.

I pass lightly over the sad event which followed. My cousin had anchored herself to us, and there seemed to be no immediate prospect of her removal. On her second day she cut the superfluous tails from all Henry's shirts and neatly turned them into new cuffs, wholly ignoring my frayed state. On the third day she moved Henry's easel into the right light and my typewriter into the wrong light. On the fourth day she eliminated me altogether.

Yes, Henry and Eve were married. I came in late in the afternoon, and found the two tranced before a view of chimneys against the hazed, dusky orange sky which makes a Paris sunset in early November. Their faces, in the glow, when they finally did become aware of me and turn, left me in no doubt of the issue.

They were married, without much ado, on the following morning, and I moved across the hall into a room conveniently vacant. Madame Cochois, to whom we were several weeks in debt, proved unexpectedly accommodating; there was a glint in Eve's eye which madame, shrewd woman that she was, recognized for competence.

I moped alone, while Henry and Eve went out and did the things over Paris which Henry and I had done together. An afternoon at the races, with a bet won and a rainbow holding the Eiffel Tower in a hoop; an evening on the Boulevard St. Michel, with roasted chestnuts out of a newspaper bag and bocks at assorted cafés; adventure and the merry joke everywhere—in the tipsy Frenchman who addressed a moral lecture to the tomes on a book-stall, in the sober Englishman who mistook the café's silver globe, container of slop cloths, for a magic ball which would reveal to him his future. My idea for a story: "A wealthy old wreck of a woman who has nothing left in her life but to dress for the approval of a superior and snobbish young waiter." Henry's idea for a painting: "Its prim, never abandoned ballet dancing is, Sliver—even that dance of the Seduction in Hell. If you could convey that—pretty, conventional dancers in—Hell; crisp, stiff skirts—*prim*, you know. . . ."

It had been Henry and I knocking about together, rowing, pursuing the gleam, striving to capture the light, bright zest of it. Now it was Henry and Eve—confound her!—with me let out.

As for "Mlle. Tulle Scarf," Henry got no further than a feather-light sketch of the painting, with Eve as his model and with a sky-blue tulle scarf, which had practically emptied his pockets, as the chief property.

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"You're not working!" Eve would accuse him.

"I—can't work."

"If you want me to come and sit in that tulle thing some more——"

But no, truth hampered him, Henry explained; he preferred to keep his figures vague and fanciful; the tulle scarf draped about the chair-back was all the model he needed from this stage. "But the tulle scarf will keep," he wound up; "let's go for a walk."

"No," said Eve.

"Hang it all, I won't keep school on my—honeymoon!"

"But this is Sunday; you've got only till Thursday to finish it."

"I'll finish it."

"You're not so good at last-minute spurts," I reminded him gloomily.

"But I'll be good at this last-minute spurt!" boasted Henry brazenly. "It'll be all right, you'll see—with Kuan-yin overlooking the job."

"Kuan-yin!" scoffed Eve. "If you'd hang your faith to yourself, Henry Gallup, instead of to a silly, smug little china doll, we'd both be better off."

"I forgot to tell you," said I, "that Lepetit stopped me on the landing to-day and offered me five hundred francs for her."

"Five hundred francs! I could buy chintz for window-curtains."

"I'll buy you chintz after Thursday," promised Henry, "but we won't part with Kuan-yin, dear."

"No. I've a hunch myself we'd better hold onto her," I admitted.

"Come on out, Eve!"

"No."

But she flipped her dust-cloth over Henry's head, and Henry caught her down into his arms, and I left them. Later I heard them going down the stairs beyond my door.

Still in her hat and coat, with Henry departed on a Métro jaunt to the hotel of the American button-maker to turn down, finally, that gentleman's impossible commission, Eve came restlessly into my room and demanded of me what I was doing.

"Story about a sculptress whose miniature figures are all done as playthings for her dead child," I elucidated.

"Oh."

"It won't sell," I added morosely.

"Why?"

"Because the child is dead."

"Make her alive, then."

"But that ruins it. What have *you* been doing?"

"I?" She untied the package which she had been dangling by its string, and showed me. "A jam jar; I haven't any jam yet, and it *is* an awkward shape, but it was a bargain—only one franc, Sliver!"

"So."

"Imagine it filled with strawberry jam."

"Henry is partial to fig jam."

"Is he? Well, I don't know about fig jam. Sliver," concentrated Eve, "I wanted to ask you—is Henry good at portraits?"

"Good enough to take the Proctor prize on his 'Portrait of a Child'—Professor Conliff's daughter."

"And he might make a success of portrait-painting?"

"He might."

"It seems more—solid."

"Yes."

"Wouldn't one commission lead to another commission?"

"The button-manufacturer might tell his—shoe-manufacturing friend——"

"And before you know it, you'd have a real business going, with a regular income to count on."

"Business?" I chuckled.

"Painting business. Wouldn't you?"

"Perhaps."

"Well, then, I don't think Henry has any right to turn down——"

"Henry doesn't want to do portraits; he wants to play with his imagination."

"Huh. If chasing lucky flukes is keeping him from luckier work——"

"It's an idea; let me jot it down: man of ability sidetracked by the glitter of a little luck. . . . But take your jam jar, for instance. Wouldn't you prefer a jar of standard shape; wouldn't such a jar, even at a—standard price, be more sensible and more economical in the long run?"

"But this was a bargain—and who ever heard of a jam jar of 'standard shape'?" she giggled.

"You see! A bargain! It's the ap-

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peal of the gratuitous, the something for nothing. It's the same thing with Henry. . . ."

But Eve didn't see it—and at that moment Henry appeared. "Hello! Let's go down to the Two Crowns for supper, Eve."

"If Thursday doesn't hatch 'Miss Tulle Scarf' and a check for fifteen hundred francs—well, there's still the button-man's daughter!"

"Yes. . . . All right. You'll join us?" Eve asked me.

"No. I'm only Henry—Henry Gallup. *This* is Sliver."—Page 476.

"Did you see your man?"

"I didn't; he'd gone over to London, with the daughter, and he left word that I might call round again in two weeks, with a fresh canvas tucked under my elbow. But let's go!"

"Have you money?"

"Enough."

"For to-morrow?"

"We'll squeeze through to-morrow."

"And if Thursday doesn't bring anything——?"

From that hour Eve changed her tactics.

"It's pretty damned hard," said Henry, "to see Eve wanting things——"

"What does she want?"

"Well, it was a batik-blouse affair in black and rose, the stunningest colors."

"Sounds more like the kind of frippery that would catch *your* eye."

"I noticed it, and Eve agreed that it was lovely, and there was I with barely a fare home for us in my pocket. It was on

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one of those expensive side streets, the Rue Daunou, and I simply hadn't the crust, Sliver— Eve, of course, wasn't onto the prices."

"She—developed an affection for the garment?"

"She . . . lingered. . . ."

"There's nobody," I muttered, "who knows prices better than Eve."

"What," blazed Henry, "do you mean? Do you mean that Eve would make me feel like—like a tightwad on purpose?"

It was just what I did mean, but I faltered and denied it.

Now Madame Cochois put in a firm plea for her money. Thursday? But she could not wait till Thursday. To-morrow? Well, to-morrow, then. I had previously seen Eve herself in private conference with madame, and I had my suspicions.

But Henry, having risen from his lament over the batik blouse, was unsquelched and confident. And now his luck struck a series of notes, played a little scale, running up in a crescendo to the climax. In the morning came a note from M. de Smet. Henry, at the dealer's urgent insistence, had dug out a couple of old things for De Smet's window, and one of them, a girl in a sun-hat, had actually sold, of itself, for a small sum.

"Luck!" laughed Henry, tossing up the breakfast loaf and catching it. "Luck, unmanœuvred—*now* can you deny it, Eve?"

"Luck's nothing, you can't count on it. You're staying for toast, Sliver?"

"Regular American toast?"

"As near as I can make it from this crust. The butter," she stated, "is rancid; if we had any ice——"

"We'll have ice. By golly, honey, I do believe that Kuan-yin *is* a lucky——"

"Oh, Kuan-yin and—luck! There, you—you've made me burn my finger." Eve, in her practical little blue rubberized apron, was too efficient a housewife to make burned fingers plausible; but with the burned finger, she had Henry; Kuan-yin was forgotten.

But at supper that evening, a special celebration, the suavely smiling little Chinese lady was placed by Henry in the centre of the table and was toasted in our favorite sauterne. It was a merry party which was interrupted by a knock upon the door. "There," said Eve, "that's probably Madame Cochois for her money."

"We can give her something."

"But she'll not be satisfied with less than the whole sum—you'll see," she predicted smugly.

It was Madame Cochois, but her errand was more cheerful. She came, in fact, with Eve's long-due money-order from her mother.

"More luck?" grinned Henry confidently.

Eve scowled, and would have concealed the evidence from us, but there was not a chance for her. Madame Cochois was poured out a glass of our good wine, and she accepted, avoiding Eve's eye, a small palmful of loose change on account.

"You can have your batik blouse now!" Henry rejoiced.

"I—don't want my batik blouse."

"It's good, Sliver?"

"Too good to last," I prophesied darkly.

"Bosh! But I'm getting downright superstitious about that little lady; if anything happened to her, Sliver——"

"I told you not to give your luck a mortal heel."

"What could happen to her?"

"You'd better keep her locked up—I caught old Lepetit hanging about our landing to-day. But, anyhow, your luck breaks to-morrow; it's Thursday, and you can't produce that cover overnight."

"My luck does not break, Sliver, and I can finish the thing—I'll show you. How about a cinema?"

Henry's room, when I rapped on the following morning, was a jumble of tulle scarf and paint-tubes. Henry was trying to work, and Eve was moving him here and there to sweep.

"But, dearest——"

"He can't do it anyhow," Eve told me.

"Take her out, Sliver—take her out for the day."

"I don't want to——"

"Don't you *want* Henry to pull it?"

"But I'm not bothering——"

"Darling, I can't look at you without being bothered," grinned Henry.

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Henry fairly put her out, and I dragged her out. I had her on my hands, and she was not in a pleasant mood. "Well, he can't possibly do it," she consoled herself.

"It's doubtful enough, but with—inspiration and luck."

"I don't believe in——"

"Luck? It's the very flavor of this

Henry himself was a study in blue and white!—and somehow it caught the fragility of tulle scarfs and Paris.

"Do I pass, Sliver?"

"You—you may pass."

"*May?* Good Lord, I've done it! Can you look at that and not admit I've done it? It's popular."

Madame Cochois was poured out a glass of our good wine.—Page 482.

place. Much luck at home in—Athens, New York, shall we say?—would be farfetched, but here in Paris, I could believe in any luck! That luck theme," I pondered; "an essay . . ."

By three o'clock I could no longer detain Eve. Henry was putting the finishing touches to his canvas, and he begged us to wait, not to breathe. . . .

The air was a blend of cigarette-smoke and strong coffee, and Henry looked like a fever. He made a javelin thrust with his brush at a clear space on the wall. "Well, do I pass?"

It was a study in blue and white—

"Yes."

"It's deft."

"Well . . ."

"And, moreover, it's rather good."

"Her skin's blue," I argued critically.

"That's the cream of it. I've got that bluish reflection from the scarf absolutely right; she *is* Mlle. Tulle Scarf. Do you like it, Eve?"

"No, I don't."

"But if Max Beer likes it——"

"He won't," said Eve.

"I think he will," I stated deliberately.

"He'll take it, you'll see."

Eve herself was almost convinced of

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Henry's incredible luck, but she fought it. "She's not a real woman."

"Certainly she's not; she's the spirit of a tulle scarf. But, Lord, I'm tired! Two minutes till I wash up. We'll go out for drinks, and then I'll get hold of Beer, and we'll see— Careful, Eve! For God's sake don't topple it onto that messy palette."

"Lock the door," I reminded Henry. But Eve had forgotten something, and she took the key and went back; she was gone just a minute, and returned with her pointed white face flushed from hurry.

That was how the door came to be wide open when we climbed back an hour later, with Max Beer himself; Eve had carelessly failed to lock it.

I looked quickly for Kuan-yin, found her reassuringly present. No harm done.

But at that instant Henry uttered an exclamation. Beer remained, for a moment longer, by the door, chatting with Eve on the absurd vogue for cheap rococo jewelry.

But I stood with Henry, and saw him lift up the painting from the smeared palette, upon which it had fallen face down, and view with him the wreck. The canvas was a fairly small one, and the palette was a huge one—Henry's sole affectation—so that Mlle. Tulle Scarf was almost completely covered with the daubs of blue and white paint with which Henry had been so lavishly working. The blue complexion was done for; a particularly large blob of white paint had obliterated the face.

"Well . . ." said Henry.

"How——?"

"It must," breathed Eve, who had moved up, "have been the—draft from the door. It was there all right when I——"

"A strong draft," I flung in; "a regular north wind."

"Ah," said Max Beer. "Ah?"

We simply gazed at our man, too done for to speak.

"It looks," Beer groped, "like a snowstorm. It is," he concentrated "a veritable snow flurry. Ah . . .? But I had no idea, Mr. Gallup, that you were a Modern. It is not what I had thought of, but still—it has merit——"

I took one look at Eve's dropped face, and plunged to it. "Merit, Monsieur Beer? That impression of a snow flurry has distinction. It reproduces the blue chill, the mad whirl, the very mood of the flying snow. It—it——"

"I am not saying there is not . . . distinction. . . . I seem to see an arm—a vague woman," he puzzled.

Now Henry came into it. "It is a woman, the—uh—the spirit of the snowstorm."

"Ah! I follow—I seem to catch. . . . It is—good. Port?—the merest taste, Mr. Silvernail. Good port—*old* port, yes? It is, in fact, excellent—excellent," said our art editor, his enthusiasm mounting. "Seldom have I seen such a vivid expression of a mood—so striking, so—er—suggestive. It is in the manner of Sauval himself. It is not what I had in mind for a cover to *Dress*, and yet— In addition to styles, we strive to give our reader the newest in new art, you must understand, Mr. Gallup. Thank you, the least drop, Mr.—Silvernail; good port. Yes, I am not saying that it might not be a plume in the cap of *Dress* to introduce to the public a new, young Modern—a new and undiscovered exponent of the unspeakable, the—er—incomprehensible.

"Yes," glowed Beer, tossing off his third glass of port, "I think we can make use of your painting, Mr. Gallup."

"Touching—uh—monetary considerations?"

"Ah? I think I may venture to promise that it will run you to the fifteen hundred francs of which we originally spoke. We see. You come to my office to-morrow with this masterpiece; I make practically certain that I can promise you—We see about a series, eh? I think," ended M. Beer, "that I can assure you a series."

"I think," parroted Henry weakly as the door closed upon the gentleman, "that I can assure you a . . . series!"

"Thank God for the port," said I; "it was the merest luck."

But Henry was beyond boasting of his luck; he had reached the stage of reverence.

"The picture fell, it was spoiled," Eve gasped.

I translated for her. "It—*may* have

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From a drawing by George Wright.

Henry was putting the finishing touches to his canvas, and he begged us to wait, not to breathe.—Page 483.

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fallen, but it was not spoiled. That was a lucky tumble for Henry. It runs him to francs, and it runs him, I prophesy, to a place with the wild ones in the spring Salon in the near future. Your husband, Eve, has joined the ranks of the Moderns."

"If this is what it takes to be a Modern," Eve said, "then you can't tell me there's anything safe about being one."

"We might finish the port," I moved. "You know there *is* something in that 'Snow Flurry,' Henry; the longer I look at it . . . If you can produce more of them——"

"Can I produce more?" he grinned. "Say——!"

"You mean," stabbed Eve, "that you'd rather go on faking than to build a real success out of real work?"

"Work—do you mean portraits? I wish, honey, you'd stop harping on portraits. So long as I'm bringing home the bacon——"

"It won't last—it's bound to break."

"It won't break . . . unless I lose Kuan-yin. By George, she is lucky; call it superstition, but there's something in the way she smiles down. . . ."

Eve herself failed to scoff at Kuan-yin's powers; she looked up at the porcelain goddess with a glint of fear and with that measuring consideration with which one challenges an equal.

The catastrophe follows quickly. The next day was a day of triumph, marked by the cashing of the check for fifteen hundred francs and a debouch into chintz curtains, batik blouses, and practical hardware. It was the tip-over of the wave, the last high fling of the spray from the crest.

On Saturday afternoon Henry, much shaken, flung into my room and blurted: "She's gone!"

"Who? Eve?" I asked hopefully.

"No, Kuan-yin."

"How——?"

Eve, questioned, knew absolutely nothing beyond the fact that she had left the door open for five minutes while she ran across to the corner *pâtisserie*. I called upon M. Lepetit and felt him out; I even forced my way into his room in his absence and searched, but with no result. I felt certain that M. Lepetit was the thief, but I had no evidence on him.

Henry protested that it was nothing, that he would shortly be in a position to buy a dozen Kuan-yins. But he was not steady in his faith; and when he accidentally smashed Eve's jam jar and twice cut himself with his safety-razor, he was sure that his luck had turned.

There is no use to prolong it. I watched him smearing canvases, but he worked too hard over those smears, he had no conviction for them.

"I told him it was 'A Cloud,' shrugged Henry after Beer's visit, "and he said it looked, veritably, like 'A Disease' to him. It's no go, Sliver."

"But why didn't you name it 'Disease'? Why didn't you give him the suggestion, and why didn't you give him port? You're breaking, old kid; you've got to keep your nerve."

But Henry broke. In the end, he painted the button-maker's solid daughter; he put in solid hours on the portrait, and received a solid sum for it.

Some years later I had a small piece of luck, and I moved back into the old room which Henry and I had shared before Eve came between us, on the very day on which Henry arrived in Paris from his New York studio. Henry has progressed. He is one of the greater portrait-painters who dare to paint the truth. His imagination helps him to catch the spirit of that truth. He did the little Grosvenor boy on his mother's lap just at the age when he had almost outgrown a mother's lap, and the awkwardness was wistful and lovely. He has been exhibited and has taken prizes everywhere, and he covers a page in "Who's Who," and it is not an exaggeration to say that America is proud of him. He was at present on his way to Amsterdam, with a commission to paint the Queen of the Netherlands.

I had been out collecting a supper, and I met Henry at my own doorstep, just as he dropped from the auto-taxi. We went up together, and I told Henry about my idea for a Sunday column in the New York ——, and it seemed that we had never been apart.

"But luck," he sighed, looking out over the chimneys at the new moon in a night-

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From a drawing by George Wright.

"It is, in fact, excellent—excellent."—Page 484.

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blue Paris sky, "is youth—a state of mind."

"Yes. With age, you have to choose between being a free failure or a tied success."

"You're free, Sliver, damn you!"

"And a failure!"

"I'm tied."

"And a success."

"But aren't you glad?" asked old Henry wistfully.

"Yes, I wouldn't change; it's—prospecting, in a way."

"Luck!" grinned Henry. "Do you remember the painting that fell? Did any one else in the world ever have such a stroke of rank, lush luck?" And we laughed together over that old episode.

"Eve? Oh, Eve's well. Eve has—*made* me, Sliver."

"Yes, I'm inclined to think she has."

"Everything I am, I owe to Eve. But if Kuan-yin hadn't gone back on me . . ." he smiled whimsically.

"Or if Eve hadn't—taken you in hand," I muttered, all my old suspicions of her rising again.

"That smell?" sniffed Henry.

"The supper herring," I apologized. "Wait—the herring-hook!" And, laughing with Henry, I leaned out into the night.

"Hello!" I hauled up something hard wrapped in an old weather-stained cloth. We untied it, and were confronted by—Kuan-yin!

"But how—how in Hades——?"

We gaped at the bland porcelain smile.

"How, Sliver?"

I blushed. "I'll be damned if I know," I said unconvincingly.

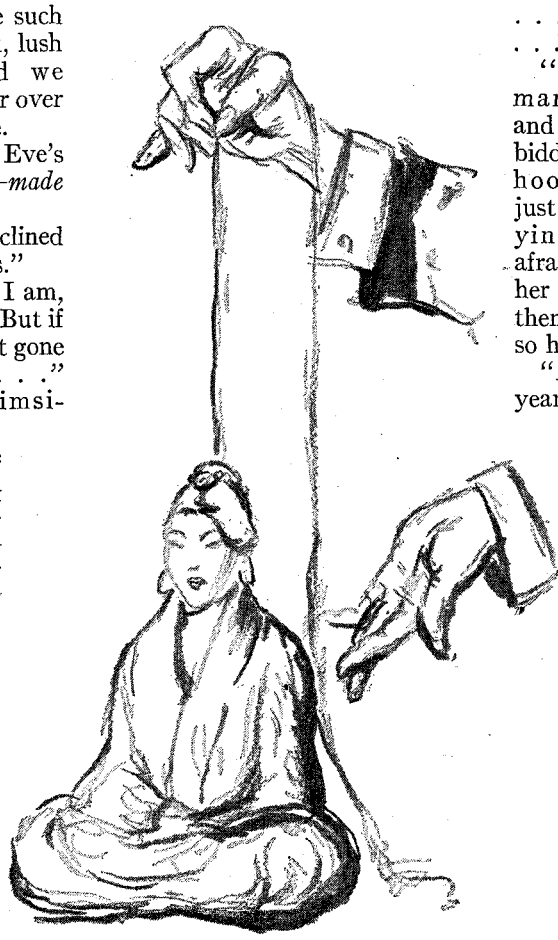
Henry was concentrating upon me; he arrived at last. "Eve. . . . You mean Eve . . . ?"

"There weren't many hiding-places, and you'd been forbidden the—herring-hook. She believed just enough in Kuan-yin's power to be afraid to—get rid of her entirely. And then, when you left so hurriedly——"

"And in all these years no one has discovered the herring-hook."

"Not likely."

"Why," said Henry slowly, "you mean that Eve did—make me."



We gaped at the bland porcelain smile.

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Monkey-Meat

BY JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.
Captain, U. S. Marine Corps, U. S. S. Rochester; Author of "Fix Bayonets!" and "Marines at Blanc Mont"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

[At various times and places in 1918 the Second American Division was subsisted on the French ration, a component part of which was preserved Argentine beef with carrots in it. This was called monkey-meat by the marines of the Fourth Brigade. Men ate it when they were very hungry.]

IN a mangled place called the Wood Northwest of Lucy-le-Bocage two lieutenants of the marine brigade squatted by a hole the size of a coffin and regarded with attention certain cooking operations. The older, and perhaps the dirtier of the two, was intent upon a fire-blackened mess-kit, which was balanced on two stones and two German bayonets over a can of solidified alcohol. In the mess-kit was simmering a grayish and unattractive matter with doubtful yellowish lumps, into which the lieutenant fed, discriminatingly, bits of hard bread and frayed tomatoes from a can.

"Do what you will with it," he observed, "monkey-meat is monkey-meat. It's a great pity that damn Tompkins had to get himself bumped off last night when we came out. He had a way with monkey-meat, the kid did—hell! I never have any luck with orderlies!" He prodded the mess of Argentine beef—the French army's canned meat ration—and stared sombrely. His eyes, a little blood-shot in his sunburned, unshaven face, were sleepy.

The other waited on two canteen cups stilted precariously over a pale lavender flame. The water in them began to boil, and he supplied coffee—the coarse-ground pale coffee of the Frogs—with a spoon that shook a little. He considered: "S'pose I'd better boil the sugar in with it," he decided. "There isn't so much of it, you know. We'll taste it more." And he added the contents of a little muslin sack—heavy beet sugar that looked like sand. His face was pale and somewhat troubled, and his week's beard was straggling and unwholesome. He was not an out-of-doors man—and he was battalion scout officer. A gentleman over-sensitive for the rude business of war, he would continue to function until he broke—and one sensed that he would suffer while about it. . . .

"I don't like monkey-meat. Before this smell"—he waved his spoon petulantly—"got into my nose I never could eat it. But now you can't smell but one thing, and, after all, you've got to eat."

The smell he referred to lay through the wood like a tangible fog that one could feel against the cheek and see. It was the nub-end of June, and many battalions of fighting men had lain in the Wood Northwest of Lucy, going up to the front a little way forward or coming out to stand by in support. It was a lovely place for supports; you could gather here and debouch toward any part of the sector, from Hill 142, on the left, through the Bois de Belleau and Bouresches, to Vaux, where the infantry brigade took on. Many men had lain in the wood, and many men lay in it still. Some of these were buried very casually. Others, in hidden tangles of it, along its approaches, and in the trampled areas beyond it where attack and counter-attack had broken for nearly a month of days and nights, hadn't been buried at all. And always there were more, and the June sun grew hotter as it made toward July.

Troops lay in the wood now; a battalion of the Sixth and two companies of a Fifth Regiment outfit, half of which was still in line on the flank of the Bois de

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Belleau. These companies had come out at dawn, attended by shell-fire; they had plunged into the wood and slept where they halted, unawakened—except the wounded—by the methodical shelling to which the Boche treated the place every day. Now, in the evening, they were awake and hungry. They squatted, each man in his hole, and did what they could about it. A savage-looking lot, in battered helmets and dirty uniforms. But you saw them cleaning their rifles. . . .

The scout officer, with his hand out to lift away the coffee, which was, in his judgment, boiled, heard: "Mr. Braxton? Yeh, he's up thataway, with the lootenant." "Hey, yuh dog-robbin' battalion-runner, you—what's up? Hey?" "Scout officer? Over yonder, him wit' the green blouse—" and a soiled battalion-runner, identified by his red brassard and his air of one laden with vital information, clumped up and saluted sketchily.

"Sir, the major wants to see the battalion scout officer at battalion headquarters. The major said: Right away, sir."

The scout officer swore, inexpertly, for he was not a profane fellow, but with infinite feeling. "Good God, I hope it ain't— If you can keep my coffee hot, Tommie— Be right back as soon as I can. Save my slum. Don't let anything happen to my slum—" The words trailed in the air as he went swiftly off, buckling his pistol-belt. The battalion commander was that kind of an officer.

The lieutenant growled in sympathy: "Somebody's always takin' the joy out of life. Jim, he's hungry as I am, an' that's as hungry as a bitch wolf. That's the trouble with this war stuff; man misses too many meals." He took the cooking from the fire and replaced the lids on the little alcohol cans with care. Canned heat was quite hard to come by; the Boche was much better provided with it; he was indebted for this to a deceased German gentleman, and it was the last he had.

"No tellin' what the old man wants. Glad I ain't a scout officer. This war's hard on Jim—he takes it too serious. I'll wait, though." Absently he drank the tomato juice left in the can. He tried his coffee, and burned his mouth. "Wish I had the man here that invented this aluminum canteen cup! Time the damn cup's cool enough so you won't burn the hide off yo' lip, the coffee's stone cold." Then, later: "Not boiled enough. Jim, he's used to bein' waited on—never make a rustler, he won't. . . .

"Well, he's long in comin'. Old man sent him forward to make a map or something, most prob'ly." He tasted the slum. "That Tompkins! Why the hell he had to stop one—only man I ever knew that could make this monkey-meat taste like anything! And he goes and gets bumped off. Hell. That's the way with these kids. This needs an onion."

He ate half the mess, with scrupulous exactness, and drank his coffee. He put the lid on the mess-kit, and covered Jim's coffee, now getting cold. He smoked a cigarette and talked shop with his platoon sergeant. He gave some very hard words and his last candle-end to a pale private who admitted blistered heels, and then stood over the man while he tallowed his noisome socks. He interviewed his chauchaut gunners, and sent them off to beg new clips from the battalion quartermaster sergeant. It grew into the long French twilight; Boche planes were about, and all the anti-aircraft stuff in the neighborhood was furiously in action. Strolling back to his hole, the lieutenant observed that the pale private had resumed his shoes and was rolling his puttees with a relieved look. At this moment the nose-cap of a 75 came whimpering and hirpling down out of the heavens and gutted the fellow. . . . When that was cleaned up, the lieutenant lay in his hole, weighing the half-empty mess-kit in his hands, and trusted that nothing unseemly had happened to Jim. He thought of going up to battalion to see what was doing—but the major liked for you to stay with your men, unless he sent for you. . . . "Well! Might as well get some sleep. . . ."

Toward dark the Boche began to slam 77s and 150s into the Wood Northwest of Lucy. It became a place of horror, with stark cries in the night, between the rending crashes of the shells. About an hour before midnight the word was passed and the two companies got out and went up across the pestilential wheat-fields and into the Bois de Belleau.

That same afternoon an unassigned colonel had come up to brigade head-

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"Hey, yuh dog-robbin' battalion runner, you—what's up?"—Page 490.

quarters. Wanted to go to Paris, he did, and the brigade commander said that the only way to get there was to bring in a prisoner. One prisoner; seven days' leave. Be glad to get a prisoner. Intelligence had word of a new division or so moved in over there last night; identification not yet positive.

This colonel took steps. He was a man of parts and very desirous of the fleshpots of the Place de l'Opéra. There was an elegant French captain attached to brigade for no very evident reason—just attached—spoke English and knew vintages. Said to be an expert on raids. The colonel put it up to him in such and such a way: would he go? Yes, but certainly. Just a small raid, my colonel? Oh, a very small raid. Now, as to artillery support—a map was broken out.

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Brigade artillery officer—chap the colonel knew out on the Asiatic station—happened in. How about it—just about half as much stuff as you fellows wasted on the Tartar Wall that time—eh? Sure: it could be arranged. Ten minutes' intensive; say, one battery; where you want it? Brigade intelligence took thought: They've got some kind of a strong point out from the ruined airdrome in front of Torcy. Their line is through Torcy; battalion in there. Left of the Bois—see here? Our photos show two big craters—some of the heavy stuff they shot at the railroad the 29th of May, or the 30th, most likely—eh, m'sieur le capitaine? Might look at that, colonel. Best jump-off is from Terry's battalion—about here—he has two companies here. Six hundred yards to go; keep the Bois well away—well starboard, as you leather-necks say; come back the same route. Wheat. Little gully here. Craters just beyond. Main line at least a hundred metres back. Good? Let's call up Terry and see if he'll give you the men. . . . Terry would give him twenty-five men and two chautchauts and not a marine more. Who wanted a raid, anyway? Sending two support companies up to the Bois as soon as it's dark. Looks interestin' on the right. . . . Good! All set. Start your covering fire at 23 hours 15. You jump off at 23 hours 19. Take you six minutes to get over, huh? "All right, colonel, bonne chance!"

Just before dark the colonel and Captain de Stegur were at battalion headquarters. "Whitehead will give you your men, and I'm sending my scout officer along. Needs that sort of thing. Be sure you come back where you went out. Crabbe's to the right of there. You know Crabbe. Shoots quick."

"But, my colonel," represented Captain de Stegur, "one should arrange, one should explain, one should instruct—in effect, one should rehearse——"

"Rehearse hell, sir! I'm due in Paris to-morrow night. Where those marines, major? I'll tell 'em what I want——"

So it was that a wedge of men debouched into the wheat at 23 hours 19 minutes;* it being sufficiently dark.

*11 : 19 P.M.

The battalion scout officer and a disillusioned sergeant, with hash-marks on his sleeve, were the point. The men were echeloned back, right, and left with an automatic rifle on each flank. In the centre marched the colonel, smoking, to the horror of all, a cigar. Smoking was not done up there, after dark. With him was the elegant French captain, who appeared to be very gallantly resigned to it. The story would, he reflected, amaze and delight his mess—if he ever got back with it! These droll Americans! He must remember just what this colonel said: a type, *Nom de Dieu!* If only he had not worn his new uniform—the cloth chosen by his wife, you conceive——

The 75s flew with angry whines that arched across the sky and smote with red and green flames along a line. . . . There was a spatter of rifle-fire toward the right; flares went up over the dark loom of the Bois; a certain violence of machine-gun fire grew up and waxed to great volume, but always to the right. Forward, where the shells were breaking, there was nothing. . . .

The scout officer, leading, had out his canteen and wet his dry mouth. He was acutely conscious of his empty stomach. His mind dwelt yearningly on the mess-kit, freighted nobly with monkey-meat and tomatoes, awaiting him in the dependable Tommy's musette. "Hope to God nothing happens to old Tommy!" The wheat caught at his ankles and he hated war. Lord, how these night operations make a man sweat! He went down a little gully and out of it, the sergeant at his shoulder, breathing on his neck. That crater—he visualized his map—it should be right yonder—two of them. A hundred metres forward the last shells burst, and he saw new dirt. Ahead, a spot darker than the dark; he went up to it. Away on the right a flare soared, and something gleamed dull in the black hole at his feet—a round deep helmet with the pale blur of a face under it; a click, and the shadow of a movement there, and a little flicker; a matter of split seconds; the scout officer had a bayonet in his stomach, almost— Feldritter Kurt Iden, Company 6 of the Margrave of Brandenburg Regiment (this established later by brigade intelligence, on examination of the pay-book of the deceased), being on front-

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The scout officer and the sergeant got him back some way, both filled with admiration at his language. —Page 494.

post with his squad, heard a noise hard on the cessation of the shelling, and put out his neck. Dear God, shoot! Shoot quickly!

The scout officer was conscious of a monstrous surge of temper. He gathered his feet under him, and his hands crooked like claws, and he hurled himself. In the same breath there was a long bright flash right under his arm, and the mad crack of a Springfield. The disillusioned sergeant had estimated the situation, loosed off from the hip at perhaps seven feet, and shot the German through the throat. Too late to stop himself, the scout officer went head first into the crater, his hands locking on something wet and hairy, just the size to fill them; and presently he was at the bottom of the crater, dirt in his mouth and a buzzing in

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his head, strangling something that flopped and gurgled and made remarkable noises under his hands. There were explosions and people stepped hard on his back and legs. He became sane again and realized that whatever it was it was dead. He groped in his puttees for his knife, and cut off its shoulder-straps and a button or two, and looted its bosom of such papers as there were—these being details the complete scout officer must attend to. More explosions, and voices bleating "Kamaraden!"—terribly anxious voices—in his ear.

The disillusioned sergeant, a practical man, had ducked into the crater right behind the scout officer. The raiding-party in his rear had immediately fired their weapons in all directions. A great many rifles on forward stabbed the dark with sharp flame, and some of these were very near. The sergeant tossed a grenade at the nearest; he had toted that Frog citron grenade around for quite a while, somewhat against his judgment; he now reflected that it was good business—"grenades—I hope to spit in yo' mess-kit they are—ask the man that used one—" It was good business, for it fell fair in the other crater, thirty feet away, where the rest of that front-post squad were beginning to react like the brave German men they were. Two of these survived, much shaken, and scuttled into the clever little tunnel that connected them with the Feldritter's crater, emerging with pacific cries at the sergeant's very feet. Being a man not given to excitement, he accepted them alive, the while he dragged the scout officer standing. "We got our prisoners, sir. Le's beat it," he suggested. "Their lines is wakin' up, sir. It's gonna be bad here——"

The colonel, as gallant a man as ever lived, but not fast, barged into them. "Prisoners? Hey? How many? Two? Excellent, by God! Give 'em here, young man!" and he seized the unhappy Boches by their collars and shook them violently. "Thought you'd start something, hey? Thought you'd start something, hey?"

The scout officer now blew his whistle, the sergeant shouted in a voice of brass, and the colonel made the kind of remarks a colonel makes. The French captain, close alongside, delightedly registered further events for narrative. The raiding-party gathered itself—chaut-chaut gunners slamming out a final clip—and they all went back across the wheat. It is related by truthful marines there present that every German in Von Boehn's army fired on them as they went, but no two agree as to the manner of their return. It is, however, established that the colonel, bringing up the rear, halted about half-way over, drew his hitherto virgin pistol, and wheeled around for a parting shot—something in the nature of *un beau geste*. Seeing this, the tall French captain, to his rear and left, drew his pistol and wheeled also, imagining pursuit. The colonel—and to this attest the scout officer and the sergeant—then shot the Frenchman through the—as sea-going marines say—stern sheets.

The scout officer and the sergeant got him back some way, both filled with admiration at his language.

"If I had my time to do over, I'd learn this here Frog *habla*," remarked the sergeant afterward. "I don't know what the bird said, but it sure sounded noble. Ample, I called it. Powerful ample."

By the time they stumbled through the nervous outposts to their own place, the French captain had lapsed into English. "As a wound, you perceive, it is good for a permission. But it is not a wound. It is an indignity! And, besides, my new breeches! *Ah, Dieu de Dieu! Ce sale colonel-ci!* What will my wife say! That one, she chose the cloth herself! *Tonnerre de canon!*"—and he sank into stricken silence.

The raiding-party shook down in their several holes, praising God, and went to sleep. The colonel, with his prisoners, received the compliments of battalion headquarters and departed for brigade. The scout officer observed, to his amazement, that they had been out of their lines less than twenty minutes. "Where's the 49th?" he wanted to know first. "Hell, Jim, they went up to the Bois right after the major sent for you. An' the 17th. We're moving battalion headquarters up there now. Get your people and come along. Attack or something."

After a very full night, the scout officer crawled and scuttled along the last

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tip of the Bois de Belleau, looking for a hole that a battalion-runner told him about. "Seen the lootenant diggin' in just past that last Maxim gun, sir. Right at the nose of the woods where the big rocks is. There's about a dozen dead Heinies layin' by a big tree, all together. Can't miss it, sir." The scout officer had no desire to be moving in the cool of the morning, when all well-regulated people are asleep if possible, and if you moved here the old Boche had a way of sniping at you with 88s—that wicked, flat-trajectory Austrian gun—but he followed an urge that only Tommie could supply. "The damn slum will be cold, but two sardines and a piece of chocolate ain't filling!" He ducked low behind a rock as an 88 ripped by and burst on the shredded stump of a great tree; he tumbled into a shell-crater, atop an infantryman and three bloated Germans long dead; he scrambled out and fell over two lank cadavers in a shallow hole, who raised their heads and cursed him drowsily; and he came at last to a miserable shelter scooped in the lee of a rock. Here two long legs protruded from under a brown German blanket, and here he prodded and shook until the deplorable countenance of his brother officer emerged yawning.

"Say," demanded the scout officer, "you save my slum? Gimme my slum."

"Why, hello, Jim! Why didn't you come back, like you said you was? Where you been? You said you was comin' right back."

"Didn't you save me my monkey-meat? We went on a raid, damn it. I——"

"Raid? Raid? What raid?"

"Oh, we went over to Torcy. Gimme my monkey-meat."

"Well, you see, Jim—the fact is—well, we got moved up here right after you left, and they attacked from in here, an' we came on in after them. Just got to sleep——"

"I haven't had any sleep or any chow or anything—two sardines, by the bright face of God!—" The scout officer pounced upon a frowsy musette bag which the other had used for a pillow and jerked out a fire-blackened mess-kit. He wrenched the lid off and snarled horribly. "Empty, by God!"

His hands fell lax across his knees. He looked sadly over the blasted fields to Torcy, and he said, with the cold bitterness of a man who has tried it all and come to a final conclusion: "War—sure—is—hell."

War—sure—is—hell.

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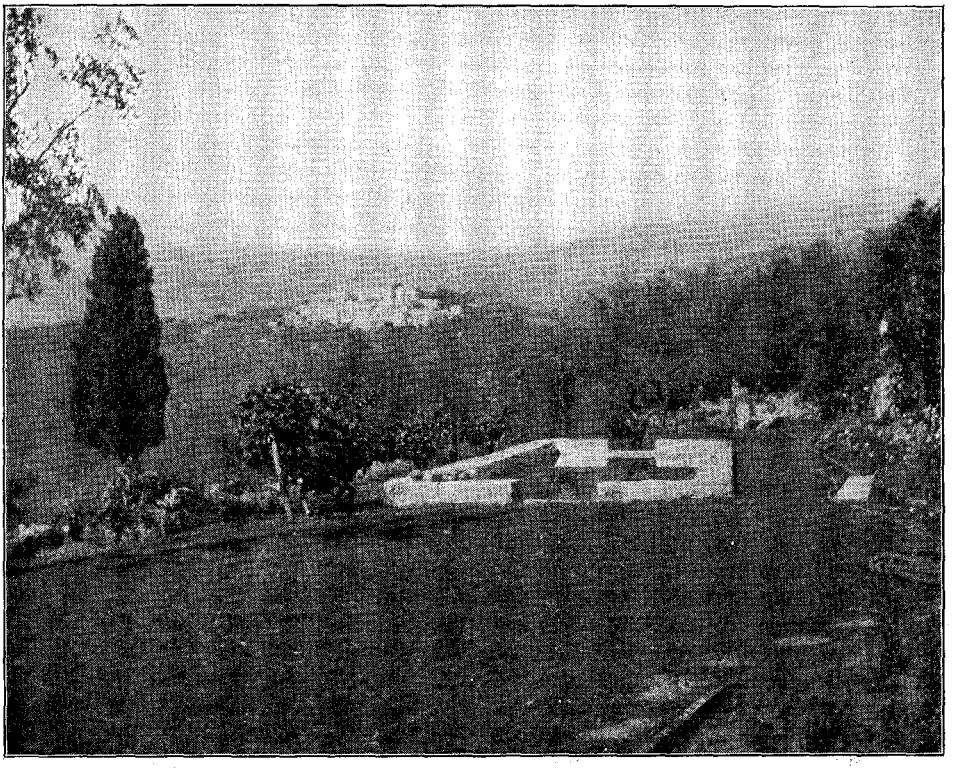

From the Castello

BY CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

ILLUSTRATION FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

My window is a frame for one dark tree;
A sentinel cypress focussing the eye
To fall beyond it, 'gainst a morning sky,
On one small town that nestles quietly
Against the gray-green hillside lovingly;
I hear the church bells; like a gentle sigh
The breeze moves slowly, lingeringly by,
Bringing their fuller meaning back to me.

O little town of dreams, and deep sweet bells,
That clings against a line of lilac light!
What mystery, within, of beauty swells,
Enriching all my being as I gaze,
Knowing, no matter what may come of night—
I shall possess thee now for all my days!

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Memories of Actresses

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

I

ACTORS have always held it as their peculiar misfortune that their work perishes with them and that they can leave behind them only the reputation they achieved in the practice of their profession—a reputation unsupported by tangible evidence. For them there is no possibility of an appeal to posterity in the frail hope of reversing an adverse verdict. Moreover, even when the judgment of their own generation has been favorable, it is likely soon to fade away, having nothing to validate it except the unsubstantial echo of departed popularity. Joseph Jefferson used to say sadly that the comedian—and no doubt the tragedian also—could survive solely in the written report of the impression he made upon his contemporaries. That is to say, he can continue to exist only by virtue of their record of his achievement—his work having ceased to be at the very moment it came into being. If this commemoration shall fail him, then the abundant and superabundant applause he may have fed upon while he was on the stage will avail nothing to preserve him from swift oblivion. The fiery ardor of Edmund Kean still burns brightly in the luminous pages of Hazlitt and of Lewes; and the incomparable versatility of Coquelin is still made manifest for us in the essays of Francisque Sarcey and of Henry James.

Although I yield myself willingly to the contagious enthusiasm of Hazlitt and Lewes, Sarcey and James, I lack their power of recapturing their emotions and I have not their art of delicate discrimination. None the less do I feel that I should be ungrateful for past delights if I shrank from setting down a few of the most outstanding of my countless histrionic reminiscences. For sixty years now I have been an incessant and indefatigable playgoer. In my earlier attempt at an autobiography, "These Many Years," and in one or another of my volumes of essays on the theatre, I have tried to assemble and to classify my recollections of the more important of the actors I have known, on the stage and off, Booth and Irving, Coquelin and Salvini, John T. Raymond and Nat Goodwin; and now I am moved to recall and set in order my reminiscences of certain actresses, who smile back at me as I hold up before them the mirror of memory.

When I had the youthful privilege of beholding Charlotte Cushman, Adelaide Ristori, and Adelaide Neilson I was too immature in judgment and too ignorant of the art of acting to form opinions worthy of record; but none the less do I cherish the immediate impression, even if I can do no more now than testify to the austere power of Miss Cushman as Queen Katherine, to the dignity and pathos of Signora Ristori as Marie Antoinette, and to the fragile charm of Miss Neilson as Juliet. I thrill again as I recall dimly the startling appearance of Charlotte Cushman as Meg Merrilies and the sinister suggestion which Ristori as Lucrezia Borgia insinuated into her "Don Alphonso d'Este, my *third* husband!" Unfortunately, my recollections of these actresses, seen only twice or thrice in my boyhood, are too few and too faint for me to revive them now after half a century; and I must perforce draw upon later recollections, abiding with me more solidly because I was older and better prepared to appreciate and because I had more frequent occasion to accumulate impressions.

II

RISTORI was an Italian who acted in French in Paris and in English in New York, and who conquered her audiences in France and in America in spite of her alien accents. Fechter was a Frenchman

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who had spoken English from his youth up but who was never able to acquire the rhythm of our sharply accented tongue. Modjeska was a Pole who learned English only when she was a mature woman; and her speech always revealed itself as foreign, although some of her ardent admirers accepted this exotic flavor as adding piquancy to her delivery. That an Italian, a Frenchman, and a Pole established themselves on the American stage despite their incomplete mastery of English, may testify to our cosmopolitan hospitality; but it is evidence also of the artistic accomplishment of these polyglot immigrants.

I saw Modjeska during her first engagement in New York, when she was appearing in well worn plays of an approved popularity, the "Lady of the Camellias" and "Adrienne Lecouvreur." She had no difficulty in transmitting the customary emotion of the death scenes of these old-fashioned heroines. She had the gift of compelling tears; she had power and reserve; she could be brilliant without being metallic. What I recall in her performance of that lachrimatory consumptive Camille was her standing by the fireplace in the first act, toasting a dainty slipper, and telling her lover: "You see, I am very expensive"—a firm and delicate stroke. And I saw her later when she took possession of a series of Shakespeare's heroines, always dangerous for one not native to our speech. Of all her Shakespearian impersonations I found Rosalind the most satisfactory in its archness, its womanliness, its coquetry.

She was a consummate artist, with absolute command of all her resources; yet she did not achieve the essential Englishry of Rosalind. She remained continental and not insular. As my friend H. C. Bunner put it aptly, "Modjeska's Rosalind would be perfect—if only we could admit that Rosalind was a pretty French widow." It was exquisite; it had high breeding and playful wit; it had every excellence—but it was exotic; and perhaps it was a little too complicated, a little too lacking in the simplicity which is an undeniable quality of Shakespeare's English girl. At times Modjeska's art was perilously close to artificiality. I do not mean to imply that she was ever stagy or theatrical; she was too completely a mistress of her craft for any overstress of this sort; but she could not quite attain to that concealment of her art which is the ultimate perfection of craftsmanship. It was shrewdly said of Duse that "she sometimes overacts her underacting"; and it can be said of Modjeska that she never felt any temptation to underact. She gave good measure, pressed down yet not running over.

It was this slight suggestion of artifice which sharpens an anecdote (perhaps apocryphal). Maurice Barrymore was her leading man for several seasons and he was the author of a boldly effective piece, "Nadjesda," which she had included in her repertory but which she did not put in the bill as often as he desired and expected. When he urged her to appear in his piece more frequently, she explained that she found the part of Nadjesda very fatiguing, in fact, almost exhausting. Whereupon Barry blurted out: "You would have more strength to act at night, Madame, if you didn't act so much in the daytime!"

Shocked by this unexpected attack, she accused him of ingratitude.

"And why should I be grateful to you?" asked Barry.

"I have done so much for you," Modjeska explained. "I have taken you with me all over the United States. I have made you known."

"Made me known?" he returned indignantly, for he also had his full portion of the artistic temperament. "Let me tell you, Madame, that Maurice Barrymore was known from Portland, Me., to Portland, Ore., when nobody knew whether Modjeska was a toothwash or what!"

Even if she carried into private life more or less of the artifice which had become second nature, she had a sense of humor, exemplified in another story, which I can vouch for and which I cannot omit here, although I seem to recall that I have already told it in print. One Sunday evening at a reception she was asked to recite something in Polish. She excused herself on the ground that she did not remember anything in her native tongue. But after repeated urgings she smiled and stood up and began to recite.

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At first she was apparently telling a simple story, possibly a folk-tale with the repetitions of primitive song; then her tones became sad and charged with feeling; the tears were about to roll down her cheeks; but at last, with the persistent recurrence of the same syllables, her voice became stronger and firmer until it rang out in triumphant accents. Just then the host happened to look out into the hall and he saw Modjeska's husband, Count Bozenta, laughing to himself because the Polish recitation which had so profoundly moved the company was nothing more and nothing less than the multiplication table.

III

I DOUBT if I ever saw two actresses more divergent in their personalities and in their methods than Modjeska and Clara Morris—one was the fine flower of European culture and the other a wilding bloom of our own virgin soil, vigorous and uncultivated. Modjeska spoke English with an alien intonation; and Clara Morris had an accent of her own, which Londoners would have considered "American" and which New Yorkers called "Western." Modjeska had studied her art in a community with rich æsthetic traditions, under competent guidance, whereby she developed taste and discretion; and Clara Morris had spent the years of her youth in the stock company of an inland city where the bill was changed weekly and sometimes nightly. She began as an extra in the ballet; she was later entrusted with "utility parts"; and as she gained experience she rose to characters as important as Emilia in "Othello." Her schooling was arduous, varied, and invaluable; but it was deficient in imparting the delicate refinements of the art of acting. If only she could have had the severe training of a conservatory she would have been one of the foremost actresses of America. Even as it was she made an outstanding place for herself on the stage of her time.

It was to the Othello of E. L. Davenport, one of the most vigorous and versatile actors of half a century ago, that she played Emilia; and when Davenport joined the stock company with which Augustin Daly opened the Fifth Avenue Theatre, he recommended her. Daly engaged her, to play any part he might assign; and her chance came when Agnes Ethel, the favorite pupil of Matilda Heron, found herself too fatigued (after the long run of "Froufrou") to undertake the heroine of Daly's dramatization of Wilkie Collins's "Man and Wife." In her autobiography, which is not deficient in self-appreciation, she does not overstate the extent of her unexpected success as Anne Sylvester. With that part she established herself in the favor of New York playgoers, who recognized the power and the sincerity of the performance, even if they were also acutely conscious of her occasional crudity. Despite this exhibition of her skill, Daly (who was the most autocratic of managers) cast her the next season as one of the half dozen girls who existed merely to be recipients of the intermittent attentions of the imperfectly monogamous hero of Bronson Howard's "Saratoga."

Her chance came again when Daly adapted a turgid and tawdry melodrama, "Article 47," by Adolphe Bélot and cast Clara Morris as Cora. I recall the absorbed stillness during the final act at the first performance of this play, when Cora was seated on one side, taking no part in the dialogue, and when we suddenly became aware, I know not by what means, that the silent woman rocking her body to and fro was going mad before our eyes. That was Clara Morris's hour of triumph; and there was no doubt that she deserved it. Her acting might be unequal and uncertain; but now and again it was illumined by flashes of insight and inspiration; and in "Article 47" she displayed histrionic imagination. So she did a little later in "Alixe," a lachrymose heroine, whom she impersonated with touching pathos. I recall this performance in "Alixe" as the perfection of simplicity in accord with the poignancy of the situation.

After she left Daly's, she went to the Union Square, where she had a part entirely within her compass, the weepful heroine of a weepful play, "Miss Multon," an adroit rehandling of the story of "East Lynne," by two skilful Parisian playwrights, Nus and Bélot. Clara Morris had not only the power of compelling tears from the spectators, she

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could herself shed them at will. That admirable comedian, James Lewis, who was with her in the company at Daly's as he had been with her in her 'prentice days at Cleveland, used to say to her, "Cry for us, Clara, won't you?" and the obedient tears would course down her cheek. The gift of tears is not uncommon, but it is rarely possessed by the most accomplished actresses; and, therefore, it is sometimes despised by those who hold that the art of acting must be independent of the emotion of the moment. Coquelin, the best equipped of comedians, once said to me that a certain actress of great popularity "actually weeps on the stage—therefore, she is a mediocre artist." Highly as I rated Coquelin's opinions about the art in which he excelled, I confess that this seemed to me a harsh judgment. No doubt, Coquelin agreed with the remark that Émile Augier is reported to have uttered to a temperamental actor rehearsing a leading part: "A little less genius, if you please, and a little more talent!"

The last time I saw Clara Morris was when she headed the English-speaking company engaged to support Salvini, and when she played the wife of Conrad in "Morte Civile." I can pay her performance of this pathetic part no higher compliment than to express my opinion that she was not unworthy to stand by the side of the Italian tragedian. She had dignity and reserve; she curbed her old-time exuberance; and she displayed all her old-time power. She controlled her genius and exhibited her talent. In her account of her career she took pleasure in telling us that she was able to suggest to Salvini a modification of a customary piece of "business," a suggestion which he considered an improvement. She had a gift of invention; and she earlier recorded a novel effect devised by her when she was acting Emilia to the Othello of E. L. Davenport.

There was a delicate discrimination in the complimentary lines which Edmund Clarence Stedman sent to Clara Morris, when once she reappeared on the New York stage after a prolonged absence:

Touched by the fervor of her art,
No flaws to-night discover!
Her judge shall be the people's heart,
This Western World her lover.
The secret given to her alone
No frigid schoolman taught her:—
Once more returning, dearer grown,
We greet thee, Passion's daughter.

IV

At one time or another Augustin Daly managed four theatres in New York. Clara Morris appeared in "Man and Wife" at the original Fifth Avenue Theatre in 24th Street. When this was destroyed by fire Daly opened a house in Broadway opposite Waverley Place, which had been a church and which was later the Old London Street; and it was there that Clara Morris played in "Alixe." Then the second Fifth Avenue Theatre (still standing on the corner of Broadway and 28th Street) was built for Daly; and there Clara Morris acted in "Article 47." After several unprofitable seasons Daly was forced to relinquish management, but after an interval he was able to secure control of Wood's Museum, on the corner of Broadway and 30th Street, remodelling it and calling it Daly's Theatre. This house was under his direction until his death; and it was there that Ada Rehan slowly won her way into the affections of our playgoers.

I recall distinctly the impression she made upon me on the opening night. She played an inconspicuous part in "Newport," Olive Logan's clumsy adaptation of "Niniche." She was then a lank and gawky girl—and in one scene she had to wear an unbecoming bathing-suit. The play did not please; and the newcomer did not attract any attention. No one could then foresee that, under the judicious guidance of Daly, she would develop into a performer capable of carrying off the leading parts in Shakespeare's comedies. Only by degrees did she advance in her art and capture the admiration of the public. With John Drew as her partner, with James Lewis and Mrs. G. H. Gilbert to complete the quartet, she frolicked and rollicked through a swift succession of Daly's arbitrary localizations of pieces by the German playwrights. In these she disclosed an American sense of fun and a Celtic exuberance of humor; and her singing of "Miss Jennie O'Jones" was an exhilarating exhibition

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of comic farce; of sheer *vis comica*, of spontaneous and effervescent gaiety.

In time, these contemporary farces alternated with older and old-fashioned comedies which forced her to broaden her methods and to refine her style. Perhaps she was most abundantly successful as Peggy Thrift in Garrick's "Country Girl" (a most skilful deodorization of Wycherley's unspeakable "Country Wife"). But only second to this were her successive impersonations of the heroines of "She Would and She Would Not," the "Recruiting Officer," and the "Inconstant." As she gained in experience, her figure filled and her beauty made itself manifest. She had a wholesome femininity; and her winning personality never appeared to better advantage than when the heroines she impersonated had to disguise themselves in manly attire—a useful preparation for her later appearances as Rosalind, Viola, and Portia.

Year by year she improved by practice in parts of varying character; her art ripened; her individuality asserted itself; and she acquired authority, the precious quality which adds command to charm.

It was in the "Taming of the Shrew" that she first asserted this authority with compelling amplitude and assurance. When she rushed on the stage in her wrath, with her flaming gown and her hair flaming above it, she was a superb embodiment of youthful energy, a magnificent animal in a magnificent rage. And it was as Kate the cursed that she took London by storm and was rewarded by a fervor of appreciation more exalted than any she had received in New York. Here we had seen her climbing the ladder; and there they beheld her at the summit of her artistry. We had the full value of her later mastery shadowed by our recollection of her earlier novitiate. The British might be less than half-hearted in its liking for Daly's idiosyncratic rearrangement of Shakspeare's text, but it was wholehearted in its acknowledgment of Ada Rehan's genius—a large word which I prefer to use with caution but which the enthusiastic Healey applied to Ada Rehan without hesitation. The British were captivated, both by her personality and by her power of impersonating.

I do not mean to suggest that Katherine was the best of her Shakspearian performances, but it was the first in which she triumphed. Her Rosalind was delightful in its playfulness and its tenderness; it was blithe and buoyant and, above all, womanly, without taint of self-consciousness and with unfailing enjoyment of the situation. Her Rosalind was fitly companioned by John Drew's Orlando, which was one of the most satisfactory it has ever been my privilege to admire. Indeed, the full effect of Ada Rehan's Rosalind was due, in a measure, to the fact that John Drew's Orlando frankly accepted Ganymede as a lad and never allowed us to suppose that he suspected all the time that this lad was his very Rosalind. I have elsewhere recorded that Ada Rehan's Portia gave us a new and truer and more effective rendering of the Quality of Mercy speech than it had ever had before; she did not make it an elocutionary stunt, as is the wont of most actresses; she spoke it as a direct appeal to Shylock, pausing between sentences in the vain hope that her words might soften his hard heart. And I may add now that her voice was vibrant and melodious; and that she had mastered the difficulties of blank verse, never chopping it into halting prose and never weakly falling into singsong.

In the fall of 1887 Daly asked me to aid him in editing "A Portfolio of Players," a privately printed volume containing a score of photogravure portraits of the leading members of his company with brief commentaries by H. C. Bunner, E. A. Dithmar, Laurence Hutton, William Winter, and myself. My own tribute to the irrepressible and irresistible fun of Miss Rehan in her repetition of an empty song called "Jenny O'Jones" was a little too brief to fill out the space allotted to it; and when Daly wrote asking me to lengthen it a little, he called my attention to "the marvellous versatility and range of Miss Rehan—a range not reached by any living actress"—and he pointed out also "her womanliness in all." And this was before she had revealed the deeper and broader gifts in impersonations of Rosalind and Viola, Portia and Lady Teazle. She grew in stature with the years and she ripened as the seasons rolled around, until at the end there was no

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rival who had essayed so many and so diverse parts and who had done them all so well.

Charles Lamb thought it a consolation for growing old that he had seen the "School for Scandal" in all the glory of its original cast; and we who were witnesses of the splendid days of Daly's Theatre may have a similar solace. To the "Portfolio of Players," Bunner contributed an epilogue addressed "To a Reader of the XXIst Century":

"A Daly private print"—a chaste
Example of our fathers' taste.
They made books *then*—who can, in our
Degenerate days of magnet-power?
See—Ada Rehan, Fisher, Drew,
Dame Gilbert, Lewis—through and through
The sharp cut plates are clear as new.
Then comes the old, the tardy praise—
"Those were the drama's palmy days."

But We?—You'll see the shadow—now
To us these living creatures bow,
For us they smile—for us they feign
Or love or hatred, scorn or pain;
For us this white breast heaves—this voice
Makes hearts too young too much rejoice;
For us those splendid eyes are lit;
For us awakes embodied wit;
For us the music and the light—
The listening faces, flushed and bright—
The glow, the passion and the dream—
To you—how far it all must seem!

V

THE company which Daly managed in each of his theatres was a stock company, remaining substantially the same year after year. It stood ready to play comedy or tragedy, melodrama or farce, social drama or comic opera. Sometimes it lent its support to stars, Mrs. Scott-Siddons, Charles J. Mathews, Edwin Booth; but for the most part it was able to do without these expensive interlopers. It was so numerous in its early seasons that it could give the "School for Scandal" in New York while its unemployed members went to Newark to present "London Assurance." This was sheer extravagance, as Daly found to his cost; and when he opened Daly's Theatre at Broadway and 30th Street, he was more cautious, and he relied mainly on the famous "Daly quartet"—Ada Rehan and John Drew, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert and James Lewis, who played into each other's hands with unfailing loyalty and who profited by Daly's extraordinary skill in stage management.

He loved the theatre; he lived in it; he was never so happy as when he was directing a rehearsal; he was intensely interested in his work and untiring in his devotion to it. He delighted in his control of what was really a training school for actors; and he was a strict disciplinarian, exacting complete compliance with his will. He had a marvellous understanding of the stage; and he knew how to perceive the special gifts of his actors and how to develop these gifts. It is noteworthy that those who submitted to his guidance improved while they were subject to his control and that they often ceased to advance in their art when they left him. His judgment was sometimes at fault and his taste was not always impeccable. But he abides as one of the significant figures in the history of the American theatre.

No member of his company had been with him longer than Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, who had appeared in the opening performance of Daly's first season, in 1869, and who remained with him till his death in 1899. She was ready to play any kind of part in any kind of play, from Mrs. Candour, in the "School for Scandal," to the Infant Phenomenon, in a little sketch taken from an episode in "Nicholas Nickleby." She did not like to be out of the bill; and, therefore, she was willing to accept the most insignificant characters—for example, Curtis, one of the servants in the "Taming of the Shrew," a character which appeared only in one scene and which had little to say in that solitary appearance. She knew that Daly was always doing his best for her and he knew that she would always do her best for him.

Although she was most favorably known by her impersonation of comic characters, she had a dramatic power unknown to those who saw her only in the later years of the company. It is half a century now since the first night of "Man and Wife," and yet I can visualize again the thrill which ran through me when I beheld the sinister figure of Hester Dethridge silently gliding down the stage for some evil purpose that I can no longer remember. I recall that in "Froufrou"

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only a few months earlier she had been miscast as a woman of the world; but although this character was out of her line, she was at least adequate.

I have mentioned her Mrs. Candour, and I regret to have to say that it was not one of her most satisfactory efforts; it was a little too dry, perhaps even a little too intellectual; it lacked the unction and the broad humor which ought to characterize the gossip-monger and mischief-maker of Sheridan's comedy. Yet she looked the part to perfection; and she danced in the minuet with the perfect grace which was always hers. She had been a professional dancer in her youth; and this early experience stood her in good stead when she appeared as Mme. Pierrot in that ever delightful pantomine, "L'Enfant Prodigue." Thanks to her youthful training in the ballet, pantomine was an art of which she was a past mistress. Here she had the advantage over Ada Rehan, who played Pierrot and who always seemed to be wanting to talk and to employ gesture only because she could not speak, whereas, Mrs. Gilbert used gesture as speech.

Mrs. Gilbert was held in affectionate regard by all the members of the Daly company. She was always gracious and encouraging to the newcomers. From her varied experience she was able to be helpful to the young folks who were trying their wings; and she often guarded them from the pitfalls into which they might tumble from ignorance of the traditions of the art. She was as cheerful as she was helpful. She appeared to best advantage when she was playing over against James Lewis, whose humor was akin to hers, dry, restrained, and clear-cut. She survived this partner of her toils, as she survived Daly. Thereafter, her occupation was gone; and although Clyde Fitch adapted "Granny" especially for her and not unsuccessfully, she did not linger long on the stage. As I "squeeze the sponge of the memory" (to borrow a phrase from Henry James) and as I try to call the list of the countless parts in which she appeared, I am inclined to the opinion that she was the most varied and the most accomplished impersonator of "old women" that it has been my good fortune to observe. She had her limitations, no doubt; but in her own field she was unexcelled.

VI

It has always been a puzzle to me that there are so few notable performers of "old women." I can name half a dozen brilliant actresses as Lady Teazle, while I should be hard put to it to cite more than one or two fairly satisfactory renditions of Mrs. Malaprop and Mrs. Candour. Every season there appear young actresses of real promise; and some of these persevere and fulfill expectation. But very few of them, even after the lapse of two score years on the stage, are able to confirm their earlier reputation by developing from leading ladies into old women. I suppose that they prefer to retire rather than to linger superfluous on the stage or to play mothers instead of daughters. Mostly they shrink from facing the fact of old age.

It is true that Ellen Terry, once triumphantly acclaimed as Juliet, has since been willing to express the rich and oily humor of Juliet's Nurse. More often than not the actress who has continued to appear as the youthful heroine, year after year and even decade after decade, refuses to acknowledge the march of time and insists on believing herself to be as young as she feels.

It is to Legouvé—at least, I think it was in the pages of this charming chronicler of the French stage in the middle of the nineteenth century that I found the story—it is to Legouvé that I owe a characteristic tale of Mlle. Mars, whose advancing years did not prevent her from conveying the impression of youth by sheer force of art and far more convincingly than could be done by actresses thirty years younger than she. After she was fifty she refused to relinquish the girls of twenty to the girls who were twenty. She was held in such high esteem by her comrades of the Comédie Française that no one of them was willing to hint to her that she ought thereafter to content herself with more mature characters. When that most ingenious of playwrights, Eugene Scribe, was appealed to, he volunteered to help them out. He wrote a little piece about

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a young grandmother who was so charming that she was the successful rival of her own granddaughter. But when he read the comedy to Mlle. Mars, she said that she would be glad to act in it—"but who is there to play the grandmother?"

Forty years ago there were two actresses, one in Great Britain and the other in the United States, who brought to the performance of old women the mastery of effect which they had acquired in the impersonation of leading ladies. Mrs. Sterling had been the original Peg Woffington in "Masks and Faces"; and Mrs. John Drew had been accepted as one of the best of Lady Teazles. At almost the same time they appeared, one in London and one in New York, as Mrs. Malaprop. Both of them won the plaudits of the public, but by totally different methods. Both had authority; both were popular favorites, assured of a welcome in whatever they undertook; both knew all the traditions of old comedy; and there the resemblance ended.

Mrs. Sterling was a mistress of all the bolder devices for arousing laughter; she sought broad effects; she splashed on her color with an unsparing hand, as though she could not trust the intelligence of the spectators. I do not dare to be rude enough to hint that she clowned the part; yet I cannot find any other term fit to describe her method. In her hands Mrs. Malaprop was not a lady and not a finely drawn character; rather was she a caricature. She was intensely self-conscious of her verbal blunders. As the time came for one of them to be delivered, she visibly braced herself for effort, as though saying to the audience: "I'm Mrs. Malaprop and here is another malapropism. It's a good one, I assure you. You really can't help laughing at it. Are you ready for it?" Then she hurled it at the spectators, waiting for the outburst of laughter and smiling in comic complicity with them, as if assuring them that it was a good one, wasn't it?

When Mrs. Drew played Mrs. Malaprop she lifted her from low comedy to high comedy. Sheridan's figure of fun ceased to be a caricature and became a deftly etched character, more human and more humorous. Mrs. Drew's Mrs. Malaprop was a woman educated beyond her intelligence and puffed with pride in her little learning. She was serenely unconscious that there were any such things as malapropisms, and she delivered each of them with evident delight in her "nice derangement of epitaphs," letting us share in her joy that she had hit upon exactly the right word, the only word, the word that she alone could provide. Every malapropism was a fresh invention of hers; she made us feel that it had just occurred to her; and thus she produced the illusion of spontaneity. She exhibited the perfected art which seemed like nature, because it was able to conceal its processes. As a result of this subtler reading of the lines and of this more accurate conception of the part, Mrs. Drew's Mrs. Malaprop was really more effective than Mrs. Sterling's. If I may trust my memory after two score years, the laughter it evoked was both heartier and more abundant.

In his autobiography, worthy to stand by the side of Colley Cibber's incomparable "Apology," Joseph Jefferson makes us share the pleasure he had in acting with Mrs. Drew in the "Rivals," and he records that she was the inventor of a novel piece of business. Mrs. Malaprop is deeply disgusted with the persistence of her niece, Lydia Languish, in loving "Ensign Beverley." She says: "Oh, it gives me the hydrostatics to such a degree! I thought she had persisted from corresponding with him; but, behold, this very day, I have interceded another letter from the fellow; I believe I have it in my pocket." Then Mrs. Drew used to search in her voluminous pocket for the missive and by mistake to take out the letter of Sir Lucius O'Trigger. Then, discovering her error and in great confusion, she pulled forth the epistle which Captain Absolute recognizes, to his immediate embarrassment. The ingenuity of this is as evident as its propriety is indisputable. It is a happy suggestion, which Sheridan, we may be sure, would have adopted with a gratitude equal to that of the younger Dumas when he accepted a similar improvement due to Eleonora Duse's fine dramatic instinct.

"Those were the drama's palmy days"; and no doubt our grandchildren will say the same of ours.

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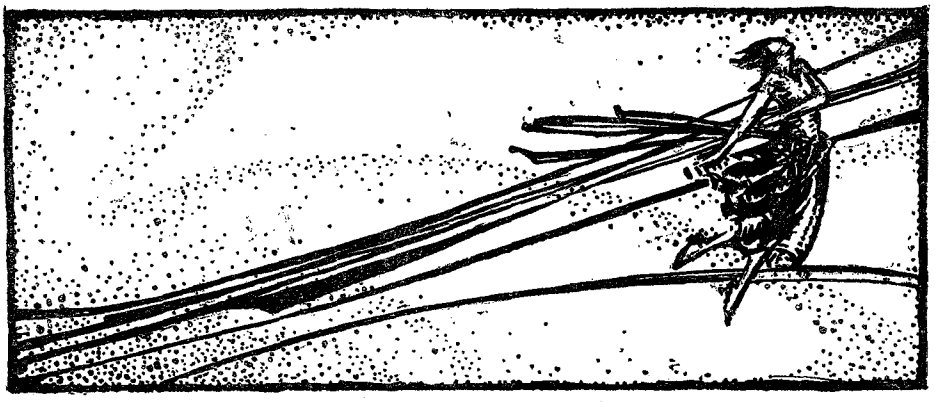

Heartbreak Dance

BY MARY ALICE BARROWS
Chief Supervisor of Public Dance Halls of San Francisco

DECORATIONS BY MARGARET FREEMAN

TO-NIGHT he came and talked to me. I met him here last night. I stop in often to watch the dancing, and he had been pointed out to me at several previous dances here at Heartbreak Hall. They said he is a remarkable dancing-master, one who teaches the teachers. He has a class here.

Heartbreak Dance runs every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday night from 8 to 12 o'clock; admission: ladies 25 cents, gents 50 cents. There can be no afternoon dance, because all the patrons are then at work over the city —at work for other people. From getting home at 6 P. M. to up for work at 6 A. M. they call their time their own; they do their own living then.

Heartbreak Hall, right in the business section, rises on a spot where the milk of human kindness seems curdled by greed. All day it watches passers-by, itself retired and quiescent. Deep within it this hall knows what passers-by do not see in each other in their trot.

When night comes down the street, things change. A fancy ticket-seller arrives, goes up into her coop, and begins. A special police officer comes and takes his stand to keep an outward semblance of peace. Out from the open night into the human-heated hall move the ticket-buyers. Past the blazing electric sign outside into the confidentially lighted inside, from the gazers on the street outside to the fellow hunters inside, they come.

A bank of people stand milling about beyond the hat-check room. They are waiting for the music, observing, selecting, discarding, noting, sensing, enjoying. In the list of unfortunates, begin anywhere and go anywhere, up or down, they are here. There will be a little time left for some sleep after the close before one must plod through again. A little sleep!

As he came smiling up to-night, his figure was tall and looked distinguished. His face was made by eyes set in like a Turk's, back under a good forehead and above cheeks that sagged and ended in a lip. Always he smiled, yet his smile was one of self-control. It carried one up to a contemplation of the good and high forehead. His dancing was calm. His face showed a fineness of culture, but his features were gross. He was both unpleasant and attractive. Last night he fell immediately to discussing dancing as a racial need and music as a response to creative existence. Here, in Heartbreak

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Dance, made up of these tense-feeling and non-understanding roamers from the whole city, where each one has given and taken from life without personal repression, and each is always by circumstances oppressed, where eight hundred persons have eight hundred histories of eight hundred kinds of unchecked joys and troubles —here the observations of my new acquaintance amazed me. He had a velvety voice, coming from somewhere else. He stated himself in few words, and now in a lisping accent he began: "Are you studying the crowd?"

"Not very much," I answered, as he sat down beside me. "This crowd does not require study; it spells itself all alike."

"Yes, they are all alike out there," he said, emphasizing it with a gesture, "all alike. No people—all apes—no people among them—none," he chanted.

"Apes!" I laughed. "I had not thought that. They could none of them cavort on a leafy limb, I am sure. I thought these human creatures more tame, if less sensible, than apes."

"Less sensible, yes. An ape will reach out when he wants something and will pick it, eat it, and be satisfied. No monkey will pick more than he thinks he needs to eat. But people! They are not going to be satisfied with that; they want more." He went on: "I know the monkey tribe. I used to go out to the Zoo every day with peanuts and I learned those monkeys. I named each one for some friend, and then I used to watch how they behaved. I would treat each as I did the friend. I used to talk to them and we learned to understand each other. One day, about my hundredth visit there, I had three of my friends along and they went with me to the cage. When I called a name and a monkey came ambling over to me, one friend spoke up: 'But hold on! Where did you get that name?' It was his own. I told him I had named this monkey for him because of its characteristics."

"But the friend, how did he take it?" I asked.

"He laughed it through, but deep down he was tapped."

I pondered. "That was rather remarkable," I concluded.

"Yes," he wagged, "but you see I reached something in him that day. It took five years for it to come through. I met him five years later and he said: 'Tuck, I want to tell you. That monkey talk of yours taught me a lesson. I couldn't for a long while figure out just what, either. But gradually it came to me, and now I am always hunting God and I am trying to learn all I can.'"

"What nationality are you?" I asked abruptly.

"French," he answered. "French and Spanish."

"Not farther East," I questioned, "not originally?"

"Yes, on my father's side, Moorish, really."

"There! I was sure of it; but I think you came from the depths of the Orient farther back still. Are you not something of a mystic?"

"There is no such thing as a mystic," he said readily. "There is only understanding. I do come from the Orient. Oh, I know that for sure! And I have the understanding; whether from anything of my own or from this present experience I do not know."

"Now you are talking reincarnation," I commented.

"Surely. One must. We are either a self or an experience reincarnated, are we not? It must be one or the other."

"Experience reincarnated? You mean heredity?" I asked.

"Of course. Are we not each a reincarnated set of experiences that our parents had?"

He fell to musing as his eyes rested on the dancers moving over the floor. "We all are reincarnations," he repeated. "I talk to my classes at my lessons, and when I am teaching these people about their dancing, I sometimes look over the floor and think: 'What right have you to interfere? What right?'" He leaned close as he said this. I had a sense of a power of hypnotism in his gaze. I avoided his eyes, though his rhythmic voice delighted me and his whole discourse laughed.

"This right," I answered; "the strong must warn the weaker of any known danger. The real question lies in a definition of danger."

"Yes. And—yes—I think we must warn them. We are then the instruments

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of power, I suppose. They can treat it just as they please—take it or leave it." He considered—"But I am a sensitive instrument, and—oh—so easily put out of order! I cannot be worked by blows, like a drum. I am not meant to be struck."

A thoughtful silence, then the music started. It was a waltz. "I must excuse myself," he said with deference. "I promised to give the soda-fountain girl a good waltz the next one that came, and here it is"—and he bowed his leave. In a moment I saw him steering a trimmed-up, heavy-set girl through the maze.

Not so large, this hall. It is dimmed by a lighting in rose-and-green globes during this waltz, a "moonlight waltz." Here at Heartbreak Hall it is Transition, the moonlight waltz. The troubled man becomes during this waltz the man at peace. His trouble is not forgotten, it is dissolved. Into the place where it was comes the sensation of twilight in May.

The music stops. That stops the motion. Standing still ends the dance. The lights come on. Again it is a material room with objects. The boys crowd in heaps into their chosen corner—the girls seek seats.

"C'n I sit there?" asked a disappointed-looking young man. The secretive-looking girl moved down the bench.

"Nice crowd, ain't it?" said he.

"Not so nice," said she.

"But you're goin' to stay?" said he.

"Think I'll be going soon," said she.

"Ye-ah?" from him. Then he sat sidewise and looked at her. "Maybe you've got your troubles too, like me," he confided, "but you look happy," he ventured, with scrutiny in his gaze.

"What d'you mean—like you?" was the response. She settled herself, so did he.

"What I mean? I mean, I've got troubles all day and all night. I've lost my home. I haven't got anybody or nothin' left. I don' care much any more. Sometimes I drink some and I've forgotten it all. What's the use?" He thrust his feet forward.

She grew mildly interested. "Oh, I know all what you mean. Where's the wife?" she ended.

"That's it. She's home. She's got the whole thing. It went all her way. She got the house an' the kid an' all the furniture. I haven't got anything. You see, she went in and worked them all, judge an' lawyers an' everybody, y'know; worked the whole bunch against me. The whole bunch. Even the kid."

"Was it a baby?"

"No—she'll be nine in August."

"H'm. Hard on you. What'd you done?"

"Nothing! That's it—nothing! An' here I am without anything; turned clean out of the works. Just turned out."

"What did she say you did?" asked the wily member of the dialogue, who was perhaps thirty-two. She had a face that seemed to say it knew how. It understood the trick of getting something and being nothing. The powder was well put on so her complexion was tempting and very pure with sweet lips. The face was framed by hair of light brown, tightly marcelled, and the ensemble was trimmed with sparkling stones suspended on tiny chains from the ears. She moved her head often. Her dress was the usual black with heavy black lace set in for sleevelets and trimmings. Below, French flesh silk hose and fancy strapped patent-leather slippers completed the decorations.

"Oh," he muttered savagely, "what she said? Everything! you know—everything! Claimed my drinkin' has caused me to change all 'round. I'm an electrician an' I made good money. I bought our home. She got everything I had—" And he slumped.

The lace lady thought. "She played you a dirty trick," she decided. "Maybe you did drink a little, but you all do. I'll bet she does when she can. The low-down faker. I know just how you feel. I know—believe me—*I* know. Ain't I been there!" plaintively. Then suddenly and eagerly: "I'll bet it didn't do a bit of good, either, for you to say a thing. She could not understand *any* explanation. Oh—don't I know, sweet mama!"

He was watching her, amazed. "You sure do seem to understand. Are you—have you been married?"

"Rather!"

"Had troubles too?"

"Some. We're divorced."

"You!"

"Sure, me. And he did all the things

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to me same as she did to you. They ain't fair when they are jealous. My husband was so jealous he didn't want me even to sit near a window, I guess."

"God, the dumb-bell!" he exploded. "You! and you understand a man so well. I can't see how your husband could've picked at you."

She, sweetly: "Ain't it strange we, who understand each other so, should meet here? Looks like it was planned."

He, distractedly: "There's the music, and I've got this dance out. I've got a blonde I brought here to-night, but this dance is with a different one. My blonde's been dancing. There she is, that tall one with the black drapes an' the big white beads; the fellow's in gray. See—that's her."

The lace lady looked, then nodded, while her ear-drops sparkled. "Here comes my guy. I've got this out, too!" And she went to meet him.

A boy sitting out the dance went over to the Hall Mother. "Hello, mother, how are y' to-night?" He seated himself with a jerk at his knees.

"Very fine, thank you, John. Are you not dancing this?"

"No, mother, I'm all in. I'm in trouble"—mopping his brow after his speed through the last dance.

"So?" kindly. "What sort?"

"With my wife. We are getting an annulment. It isn't really Isabelle I'm divorcing, though; it's her mother. I've just got to have my liberty." John flattened back and put away his handkerchief.

"How long have you and Isabelle been married?"

"Three weeks."

The supervisor jumped. "Why, John! a divorce after three weeks?"

"Got to. Look here, mother, I gave up my religion to marry Isabelle. Now, after we are married her mother says I've got to give up pork meat and then do a bunch of their other stuff. I won't. I will have my liberty. I'm healthy. I won't, that's all. I've applied for an annulment."

"How old is Isabelle?"

"She's nineteen," he answered, sitting forward to search a corner. There he located a slender girl in a straight black dress and long ivory ear-pendants, sitting out the dance, and with "Guess I'll have a dance with Maye," he left energetically.

The general manager came up. "Good evening! What news?"

"None here. What do you know?"

"Well, I do know a bit. Our floor manager, Kirk, is going to leave us."

"Is that possible? After his sixteen years here I thought he had grown into these painted walls," she laughed.

"Nothing like that. You know, sixteen years ago Kirk left a lady he loved behind him in New Brunswick. Well, she married soon. He never went back. Now she's a widow, and it is on between her and Kirk again. He's going back next month and marry her. See his hair? You see, when he left there he had plenty of nice thick hair. It curled a little. Now he's awfully worried because he's so bald. He has a salve he is using nights and he puts on a little tight-fitting cap to hold the salve on all night, but," the manager asked concernedly, "do you think he can get it to grow in in a month?"

"Maybe, but I'm afraid it's a question," said the supervisor, trying to keep sober. "I remember he got his new teeth just last winter; it's good that they are all adjusted now."

He watched Kirk moving about on the floor, tall and thin, coming to a peak above the crowd. "Sixteen years is quite a while, you know," he puzzled.

"Hello, Juliette! Did y' hear what happened to me?" breezed a twenty-year-old excited dancer, as he poised his partner amidships and shivered to the music while he stood still in front of Juliette.

"Nope, what?" encouraged his audience.

"I've nearly died; been sick. Poison. Everybody said it was my wife poisoned me, but it wasn't; it was ptomaine. I was sure sick, too." He showed great satisfaction.

"Wife?" pumped Juliette. "I never saw any here with you. I never knew you was married."

"No, guess not. Most folks don't. You see, she dances at Starlight and I dance here. We like different halls," he beamed. The music urged and he skated off happily. His cleaving little partner followed his many steps as truly as could his own aura.

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"Hello, Jule! See that dark, short woman with the straight bob?" This came from a cool, self-possessed girl with dark-red hair, cut to stand out curly all over her head. "That is a grandmother, and she is chambermaid at the Lewis Hotel from 8 to 5 o'clock and makes up forty-seven rooms every day, and then dances here or at the Princess five nights each week; and she has had two husbands, and the second one was as mean as dirt to her, and so now he is dead and she says it is her turn and she is going to have a good time. She enjoys herself great." All this in one breath as grandma danced complacently past. The breath expired as Myrtle, the stout, dropped out of the music onto the bench and plunged hurriedly into her vanity box, chewing and patting rapidly with: "Say, listen, Bertha, if that guy I just danced with asks you to dance, don't tell him I'm married, see? Don't tell him. I live with my mother and sister—see?—and I'm not married"—interrupted here by: "Did ja know him before to-night?"—and continuing: "Sure—he was here the first night I came three weeks ago, and danced with me both the nights I came before to-night. I've been kiddin' him along—he believes I'm single—see? Tell him I'm livin' at home—I work at Dunn's—see?—don't come out often—just with you sometimes—see?"

Here the music brought an avalanche of partners, and a pleasant-looking boy hurried up, drawing a clipping from his inner coat-pocket. He was short, with sociable brown eyes which had seen Juliette about to rise.

"Hear about me, Jule?" and he took the seat Bertha, the red bob, had just left to dance with a pale, gray man.

"Hear what?" agreeably asked Jule, of shiny black hair, a straight bob.

"Why, I committed suicide last night; didn't you know? Read this"—regally handing her the clipping. "You see I put one over on them! They say I'm in the hospital, see? and here I am at this dance," he crowed triumphantly. "I swore I wouldn't go anywhere, too, but here I am. I got down here somehow," perplexedly.

"It says you took poison. D'you feel sick?" quizzed Jule.

"Oh, I'm all punkins. I went to work already to-day. You see, I took it at six last night and they took me to the hospital at midnight, after the dance at Bean's, so I was all over it this morning, fine and dandy. And they don't know it!"

"Love trouble, Bud?"

"No—no girl in it. I just couldn't find any friends or any fun for myself, ain't got any folks left, and I was too lonesome for dust, so I just thought I'd end it, too."

"Gosh! Be glad they pulled you back, Bud, and I'll show you where to find your friends. You look me up at the dance to-morrow night. This girl acts like she thinks you've got this dance out with her now."

"Yes, I have. Sure. It's the whirl. I forgot. Hello, Myrtle. I'll be back; thanks. Good-by." He stepped off gaily and replaced the distinguishing clipping in his inner pocket.

The whirl began. Only once each evening is the whirling one-step allowed. Then the orchestra plays in circles and affects the room like a musical egg-beater, drawing into the suction of whipped tunes all dancers who venture on the floor to spin around at top speed, one foot to each revolution. The bulk of the crowd sit down to watch, and they watch breathlessly. Some couple is sure to intrude into some other at tornado velocity with tornado results. The wreckage squeals and is diverting. All the while the music is stirring up everything and everybody, and keeps the air swirling in a cyclone of saxophones and drums.

But Bertha was calmly revolving with great repose and perfect precision, guided by the pasty gray man equally self-propelled. In spite of speed they reversed as regularly and as simply as any pendulum. Bud had Myrtle, and the pair were hectic. Bud looked like a horse-race.

Heartbreak Dance was doing homage to its hero. As the blur dissolved itself into features, I saw. Here was the lovable young boss of the most just and powerful gang in the city. Winning, reliable, quiet—they were cheering him. Not for his brute record, but for combining it with qualities that endeared him. They loved him.

Jule burst out to me: "It is Bunchy Bock. He and Sue. Everybody likes

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Bunchy. He works hard—never misses a day. And he's good to his mother, too. They say his gang killed a man last month, but Bunchy's always on the right side if any one's in trouble. He was sure good to me an' my brother when we was up against it—he sure was. He's fair, too—" She broke into fresh applause. The top excitement of the evening, the whirling dance!

As I grew dizzy watching, I turned to find the Oriental smile near me, waiting.

" 'Most closing time. One more dance over," was his salutation. "Just listen to those crazy instruments. They all scream like drunken witches."

"Witches! It sounds more like demons. Its real name is jazz."

"Jazz! It is something your apes out there think they understand, but they do not. Jazz? I can explain that in a few words, but the world won't listen," he announced decidedly.

"I will," I baited.

"Jazz is located on the piano all below middle C, and in the human race all below the sixth dorsal," he taught.

"You are right on the latter point, but wrong on the former. Jazz squeaks. Squeaks are high," I corrected.

"Oh, well, I used the piano to make the picture," he wheedled.

"To illustrate, the spine you really mean," I corrected again.

He smiled like Mona Lisa. "Music is a vibration that is first heard *not* in the nerves," he challenged.

"Then where?"

"In the bones. The bones are porous like a reed. They vibrate. Above the seventh dorsal the drum is not felt; it does not register there. And below the seventh dorsal melody does not penetrate, so is not heard. It vibrates only above."

"A stimulating idea," I said. "You think we hear music with the spine?"

"With parts of the spine," he now benignly corrected me. "The bone takes the vibration according to its substance. The nerves get it only from the bone. So—a bonehead, you see, is a—?" he laughed facetiously.

"I see readily. A bonehead is a being who lives all below the sixth dorsal," I defined. "All drum." While we were laughing, the "Home, Sweet Home" was played.

"So!" he exclaimed. "Good night then. When we reincarnate, if we meet with those others one hundred years from now in the top of a tree, remember I'm *not* a bonehead—*nor* a drum," he added belligerently.

We parted, but he turned again and laughed his way back to me, as he added in quaint accent: "Remember, we're not of those apes, but you never can tell where freaks will meet next."

Out from the human-heated hall into the open night go the ticket-buyers. From the confidentially lighted inside, past the blazing electric sign outside, from the fellow hunters inside to the gazers on the street outside, they go. Go, to wherever the street takes them.

And this is a true story of Heartbreak Dance. Heartbreak Hall is in any city, and in any house of the public dance.

And all these people will be there, for they really said these things, and danced.

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The Danube as Peacemaker

BY CHARLES H. SHERRILL
Author of "Have We a Far Eastern Policy?" "Great Personages in the New Italy," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

"OUR best thought is vitally necessary for every move in the study of this problem, but every move must be above the table, as in a game of chess, not partly above and partly beneath it, as some people play cards." It was President Masaryk speaking of the Central Europe situation at Lany, his delightful country home, just outside Prague. We sat out in the brilliant sunshine after luncheon, facing the splendid copper beeches, the eight-hundred-year-old oaks, and looking down the long vistas bordered by stately elms. The president himself, despite his seventy-five years, seemed as sturdy an oak as the best of them—a simple country gentleman, in riding breeches and coat, wearing the plain cap with a narrow red-and-white ribbon, treasured souvenir of the days when he commanded Czech troops in Russia during the war. No chief executive enjoys more wide-spread affection and respect than that which all the citizens of this new republic show their revered president. To an American, meeting him seems like meeting a modern George Washington. By their constitution he is president for life—could public confidence and heartfelt respect go further?

Lany was formerly the property of Prince Fürstenberg, one of the intimate group of friends surrounding the Kaiser. Naturally the new republic confiscated the estates of the enemy nobility, but President Masaryk refused to occupy a confiscated château, so his government purchased it from the Fürstenbergs. Everything one hears of President Masaryk commends him.

And what is this Central Europe problem of which he spoke? Can the Danube or any other accident of geography help its solution? Perhaps no question is so important to a lasting stabilization of Continental conditions than that of providing a balance to Germany on her southerly border, coupled with a fair adjustment of Germany's frontier toward Poland. It was to this problem that our talk at Lany was turning, and this it was that evoked the veteran statesman's pronouncement quoted above.

The pivotal country in all that part of the world is the new Czecho-Slovakia, an east and west dike, running between Germany's southern border and her "Splendid Second," as Kaiser Wilhelm dubbed the Austro-Hungarian Empire. It is this gallant fatherland of 14,000,000 self-reliant, progressive, and sturdy folk that bars the road to the German "Drang nach Osten," the Berlin-Bagdad railway, and other such war-provoking visions of the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin. Nor is any other people in Europe better qualified to perform that service for international peace. None other has a greater passion for education nor a more intelligent aspiration for physical betterment (witness the body-building Sokol societies everywhere active among them). In their treatment of racial minorities they are more politically broad-minded than most of Europe's new nations. There are a dozen Magyar delegates and more Pan-German ones in the Czech Parliament, German and Magyar schools for children speaking those languages, while radical extremists are allowed a liberty of expression elsewhere considered dangerous. Furthermore, it is estimated that eighty per cent of the manufactures of the pre-war Austro-Hungarian Empire are located within the boundaries of the present Czecho-Slovakia. One does not have to be reminded of the Czechs' splendid fighting record during the war—they can take care of themselves!

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But 14,000,000 people, no matter how well equipped mentally, physically, and commercially, cannot provide a strong enough dike alone to retain 65,000,000 Germans, if the Junker war spirit flames up again. No one knew this better nor foresaw a clearer solution of the problem than President Masaryk and Edward Benes (pronounced Benesh), the present Czech minister for foreign affairs. Our own revered George Washington would, as first president, have been greatly strengthened had he had at hand a younger comrade, a tried politician whom he completely trusted, one who could face the political heat and battle of those early days of our republic. Such a man for President Masaryk is Minister Benes. Their cordial intimacy dates back to the days when both were victims of Imperial persecution because of their nationalistic aspirations for Czech home rule. The wife of the latter and the daughter of the former were imprisoned while they themselves were exiled. Last, but not least, Masaryk is a Slovak and Benes a Czech—a combination as politically useful as an Eastern President with a Western Vice-President for us.

From the very beginning Benes displayed striking far-sightedness—he recognized the significance of the Danube, although for him it was only a southern frontier. Vienna, Buda Pesth, Belgrade, and much of Roumania cannot forget the Danube, for it is always in the foreground of their national existence. But Prague is on the Moldau, north of the Danube's watershed, flowing away to the Elbe and the North Sea. And yet Benes was and is capable of sufficient geographical detachment to realize what the Danube has done and can again do for Central Europe, even though his windows in the Hradchin Palace look down upon an altogether different water system.

Obviously, "Safety First" had to be the basis of Czech policy. It was the fertile brain of this same Benes that conceived the idea of the Little Entente, a defensive and offensive alliance between Czecho-Slovakia, Yugo-Slavia (the enlarged Serbia born at Versailles), and Roumania. It was in August, 1920, that Benes set out on the visits to Belgrade and Bucharest that resulted in mutual treaties worded with such foresight as to insure their subsequent renewal and development. In this alliance the intercommunication afforded by the Danube was recognized to the fullest degree. Thus was the east and west dike across Central Europe constructed and strengthened. "Safety First" had to be the watchword of those shattered remnants of the old Empire-peoples that never dare to forget the solid mass of Teutons on their north. Up to this point the interests and points of view of all three parties to these treaties were identical—protection not only against Germany but also against the recent enemy units within the old Empire—Hungary and Vienna—Hungary that desired a return of the Hapsburgs, and Vienna whose German speech linked it to Germany.

Once that "Safety First" had been satisfied by this treaty-grouped Triumvirate, it became obvious that a second step must be taken—the negotiation of commerce-favoring treaties between them all. This step, of course, introduced many new elements into the relations of these nations. Here again the Danube asserted its helpful significance.

All of us outsiders used to believe that the Austro-Hungarian Empire was held together by the police and military power of the Hapsburgs seated at Vienna. The insiders thought so too, and none believed it more firmly than that very police and soldiery. The world is now beginning to see that the real cohesive basis for that strange grouping of contrasting races was the fact that, whether they realized it or not, they formed a natural and interdependent economic confederation, with the Danube River as a delivery wagon.

This Tower of Babel had, thanks to the Danube, cogent commercial reasons for co-operation! Therefore the inevitable second step for the Petite Entente was a renewal of those mutual commercial advantages which the so-called Succession states of to-day formerly enjoyed when enclosed within the iron ring of the Hapsburgs. Just as they used to be too tightly enclosed, so at Versailles they broke too widely apart. It will take time and patience for them to get back to normal relations, the one with each of the others, and the Danube River will prove a potent aid thereto.

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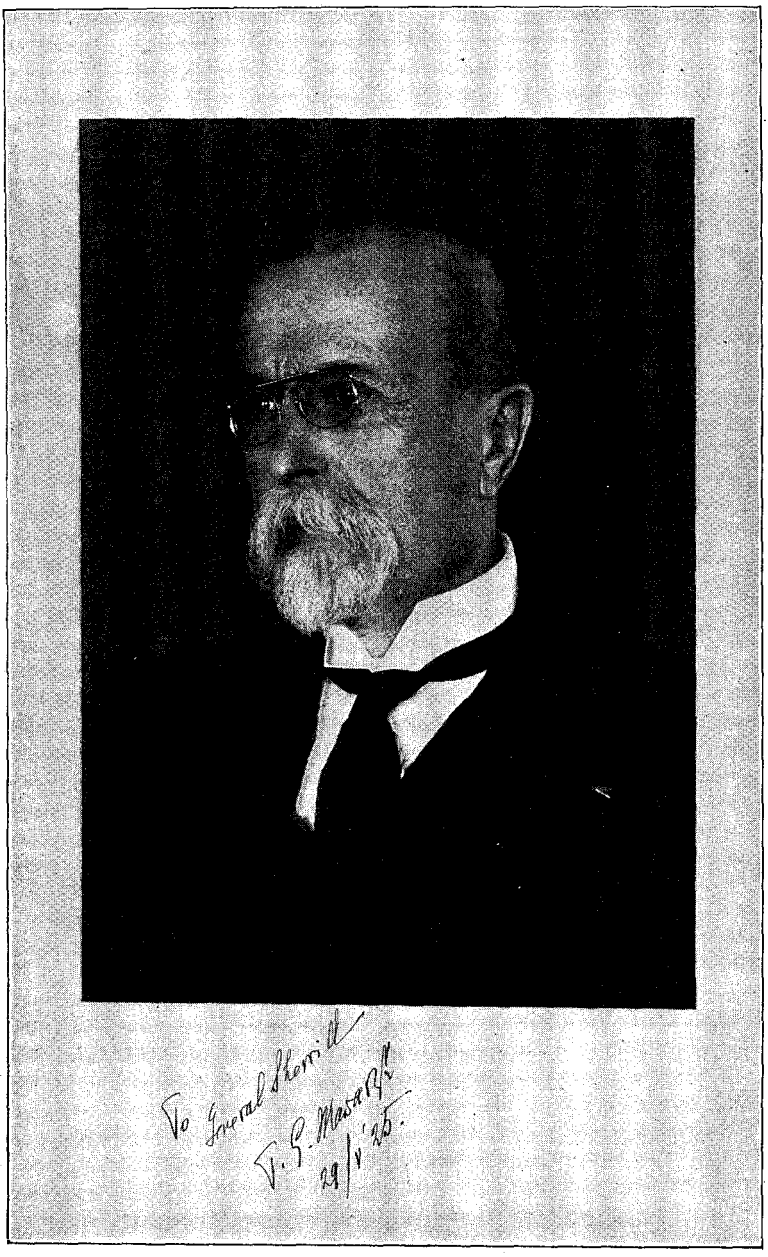

It was the doctrine of Self-Determination that broke the old empire into mutually distrustful fragments. Let us seek an American translation of that new doctrine. President Wilson came of Southern people, from that section of our country which believed it had a right to secede from the Union, even welcoming a bloody civil war to establish that right. The 1861 doctrine of Secession differs only in time from the 1919 doctrine of Self-Determination. It was natural that Mr. Wilson, coming of people who believed in Secession, should indorse and push Self-Determination at Versailles, even when it affected so natural an economic confederation as that connected up by the Danube.

All the foregoing brings us face to face with the great European question of today. Let us make a paraphrase upon a

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popular song: "The Little Entente is on its way, but which way is it going?" Will it forget the Danube or will it not? Economic considerations swing it in one direction and political expediency in another. Which will prevail?

It is obvious that France, for security's sake, needs a strong bloc to the south of Germany, and for that reason has aided and must aid the Little Entente in every way possible. France's best friends in that regard are the 2,000,000 Pan-Germans included in Czecho-Slovakia, for their obstructive tactics in Parliament so constantly irritate the Czecho-Slovaks as to drive them into the arms of the French. One hears that France wishes to use the Little Entente not only because geographically it provides a natural dike on the south of Germany, but also for the possibly abnormal purpose of aiding Poland to continue its existence as a dike on Germany's east. But would participation in this latter policy be a source of weakness or strength for the Little Entente?

Unfortunately, Poland emerged from the Versailles Council-chamber with the top-heavy population of 38,000,000, which meant the inclusion of so many racial minorities and so much partly alien territory as to surround Poland with an Alsace-Lorraine soreness on every side. Russia is vexed on the east, Lithuania (because of Vilna) on the north, Czecho-Slovakia (because of Teschen) on the south, while the ghastly joke of the "Danzig Corridor" on the northwest, cutting off Posen from the rest of Prussia, is a manifest war-breeder from either an economic or political point of view.

If Poland had contented herself at Versailles with a smaller area and a population of pure Poles, this irritation of all her neighbors could have been eliminated and her future stability immensely enhanced. As it is, she must depend upon France's assistance in time of need, and that means that France in turn must be able to count on the active co-operation of the Little Entente. But can she? One should not forget that an important portion of that Entente's striking force has to come from those excellent fighting men, the Serbs (Yugo-Slavia). But these Serbs are south Slavs, and the Poles have antagonized the Russian Slavs by annexation of territory and population. In the last analysis will these south Slavs fight for a Poland unfriendly to the north Slavs? It is at least extremely doubtful. Also, Poland is far from the Danube!

Only recently we have seen that during the negotiations leading up to a guarantee of France's own boundaries by her former allies, the English press was unanimous in drawing a clear line between England's guaranteeing the Rhine frontier on Germany's west and the Polish frontiers on the east. Says an editor of an important London daily (generally pro-French in its policy):

"The security of the western frontiers of Europe is of real and vital concern to us. As to the frontiers in the dim and remote interior of the Continent, we are sympathetic; we remember our obligations under the Treaty and the Covenant, but we are not willing to undertake any fresh commitments. . . .

"It is quite clear that in regard to the eastern frontiers, in which France has displayed a particular interest through alliances with Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, concluded since the general peace, Great Britain can undertake no engagements additional to those implied in the Treaty of Versailles and the Covenant of the League of Nations. What the British Government is prepared to do is to join in a guarantee by France, Germany, and other Powers of the security of the western frontiers."

Thus we see how vitally important it is and will be for the French to gain the Little Entente's political and military support for Poland in her hour of danger. It is "on the knees of the gods" whether she will succeed or not in this effort. England is interested in the Rhine, which flows into her North Sea: she is not interested in the Danube.

We must not forget that the Little Entente confronts serious local danger of its own. Self-Determination burst the old empire wide open, each fragment looking out for itself. We have seen how three of these units decided to form the Little Entente, and thus took the first step back to normal relations. But they left Hungary and the new Austria outside, and both of them are Danube countries! Hungary was stripped of much territory, while Aus-

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tria was not only refused entrance into the new Entente but was also warned against attempted union with the German Reich, so greatly desired by most Germans. If a plebiscite on the subject were allowed to the 6,000,000 German-speaking Austrians who now constitute that country, they would surely vote to join Germany. Fortunately, however, there are certain far-seeing Germans who do not favor this union, and for two reasons: first, that the addition of these 6,000,000 Roman Catholics to Germany would offset the Protestant north now controlling the Reich; second, that the addition of this southerly strip to Germany would make her coterminous with Italy and so reopen the old Adriatic question, prejudicing Italy against neutrality the next time Germany should find Italian neutrality valuable.

What has the eloquent Danube to say on this question? Is not the logical third

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step in the development of the Little Entente an advance to a full and complete Danube Confederation? This would be delayed if the Germans were let cut the Danube at Vienna by acquiring the new Austria, and that delay would menace the peace of Europe.

Many Americans impatiently exclaim: "Why are not Austria and Hungary taken into the Entente by the three other Succession States so that the Danube economic confederation, so obviously needed by all of them, can become an accomplished fact?" But those Americans have not spent much or perhaps any time in that quarter of the world, or they would know that the virus of Self-Determination has not had time to lose its poison—to work itself down to a harmless condition.

Patience is urgently needed by the statesmen of Central Europe—like the steady flow of the Danube, constantly teaching the value of interdependence to the peoples it connects and serves. Fortunately for a world desiring ultimate stability, men like Masaryk and Benes of Czecho-Slovakia, Horthy and Bethlen of Hungary, and Pachich of South Slavia have both the understanding and the temperament to value patience. The impatient American must not forget that such phrases as a "Danube customs union," "no custom-houses," "economic confederation," etc., are "fighting words" to races who remember that it was upon just these very shibboleths that the old Hapsburg tyranny was step by step built up.

Just as steadily and as certainly as the Danube swings its useful way through and around all those peoples will they in God's good time come to realize their need of closer economic relations. Perhaps it will be a sort of United States of the Danube. But equally certainly would any attempt to rush such a move delay a consummation so "devoutly to be wished."

Whether one looks down upon that ancient river from Bratislava's height, from Vienna's many bridges, from Buda's palace-crowned bluff, from Kalamegdan's park and fortress at Belgrade, or from the Iron Gates where Roumania stands guard, always and ever the low soft voice of the historic stream whispers "Patience."

There must be patiently awaited that current of public opinion, sooner or later seeking betterment of human conditions as certainly as the river seeks the sea. To struggle against that current is as futile as to attempt reversing the Danube's flow. Patience will bring back the old interdependence as surely as the Danube is, always has been, and always will be its invaluable servant.

And Yet So Far!

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS

Our thoughts run, hand in happy hand, together
As children—and all the ecstasy of wings
When our Ideals meet, in starry weather,
And soar accordant as the wedded strings;

Yet invisible as the winds that walk between us,
Impalpable as the moonlight on your brow,
Unfathomable as eyes that have not seen us,
Impassable as the Never to the Now—

What is it, Flower of my Dreams, that still divides us—
What Wall we cannot see, yet may not pass—
What "Almost" that demands us yet derides us,
As I were kissing you through a door of glass?

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The Golden Calf

BY EDWARD SHENTON
Author of "The Gray Beginning"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

I

HEMPFIELD is a town of perhaps ten thousand people, situated so close to a great city that the necessity for separate industrial activity has never developed. It was a lovely old town thirty years ago. Much of its charm remains to-day in spite of Cosey Tea-Rooms, filling-stations of depraved Greek architecture, and Silver Creek Inns arising from the dust of the motor traffic and—pray God—to be returned some bright morning to the same indifferent dust.

The streets where I walked as a boy have not altered greatly. The blue dusk drops through the same enormous elms and horse-chestnut trees. In spring the little yellow buds fall upon the mellow brick walks; in autumn small fires of leaves smoulder in the dry dirt of the gutters. Ancient beauties linger in houses wearing the brass name-plates of old families. Only here and there where a family has passed forever from the roster of the town have the generous dwellings been subdivided into modern apartments, and even these retain something of that past spaciousness, hospitality, ease.

There is decay, I know, beneath the webs of ivy, but it is not too apparent. My eyes note few outward changes. Even the young people passing with a murmur of speech in the odorous dark of midsummer are not total strangers; they bear familiar names; in their faces I can find faintly reflected the features of the friends of my generation; in their voices, their gestures, are reborn the people who have become old with the long wear of years. We differ, these boys and girls and I, in many things, but completely in one thing. None of them know, I am sure, the story of Helen Ortend and Rodger Canby. . . .

They are both dead; a decade now. On the hill to the east of the town is the art gallery built and maintained with Rodger's fortune. Its perfect façade can be seen from almost any street and at sundown the windows flare brighter than the first stars.

The Ortend house, erected in 1784, of stone and plaster, I bought several years ago. To-day the jonquils bloomed in the garden. I ate breakfast in the tiny room where Helen breakfasted so many solitary mornings, and gazed over the gray edge of my newspaper at their gold margin.

I think about those two, Helen and Rodger, a great deal and have reconstructed something of the twenty years in which their absurd, tragic drama occurred, and of the time preceding, the history of their families and the irrelevant factors joining to produce the ultimate disaster.

Both were only children. Their homes stood on opposite sides of the same block. The Ortends were among the oldest families in Hempfield, antedating the Canbys by nearly a quarter-century. They had been at one time quite wealthy, but most of the money was lost through patriotic injudicious loans during the Civil War. None of the men who followed had been able to prosper. The heritage their children received was beauty, dignity, repose. The women the Ortend men married were lovely, their children handsome.

The Canbys rose in the financial scale as the Ortends dwindled. They were energetic, robust, violent-tempered, likable, but there were queer outcroppings of character—Rodger's great-grandfather, for instance. Rodger's father was worth several hundreds of thousands, possibly half a million. The Canbys and Ortends

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were the closest friends and often agreed that a sympathetic providence had given them respectively a boy and a girl to permit a union of the two houses.

Rodger and Helen grew up with this tapestry of intention already woven as a background to their future. They accepted this situation willingly, at least as soon as they were old enough to understand and be interested in the plans of their parents. Helen's father died when she was fourteen, but this seemed only to strengthen the idea.

Helen was a shy, exquisite girl. Her Dutch blood had given her the wide, low brows, light eyes, pale-yellow hair, and rather square, grave face. Tall and slightly anæmic, she had gracious manners, little slow, characteristic gestures with her hands, a delicate elegance of speech and thought. I remember she never passed through the period of gaucherie, like the other girls I knew. She had an instinctive desire for all in life that is serene, charming, dispassionate. Perhaps I should not say instinctive, for this tranquillity, this calm detachment, was a trait of all the women in her family, although with Helen it had no root in anything substantial; it was loosed from reality.

Never strong, she remained always a little apart from us. We admired her, but our admiration was clouded with awe, uncertainty. Her frail health made her timid. She became more and more a recluse, until at twenty she spent most of her days with her books—which were, like her, restful, languid, misted with dreams—or in the walled garden with her beloved flowers. Rodger was the only boy who had ever approached her completely at his ease. But no one disconcerted Rodger—and there was the fact of their contemplated marriage.

Her withdrawal had blurred the actual outlines of her character in a romantic light resulting almost in a legend. She became an intriguing figure, fragrant with mystery, separated from our normal, hobbledehoy existence of school, parties, dances, tempestuous young love-affairs; the happiness and unhappiness of those years of our teens. Her beauty was intensified, as remote cities and dead queens gather about them the additional fascination of distance. She was an ivory girl, provocative, alluring, unattainable. Half the young men of the town were secretly in love with her. . . . Yes, and I was in love with her. . . .

II

THE phrase coming most often to my mind in connection with Rodger Canby is "fortune's darling." I know it is hackneyed and not permitted even in the unexclusive circles of the newspapers, but it has still a certain grace which makes it seem coined for this particular use. He was a tall, dark boy, not at all swarthy; a clear sort of darkness such as we associate with the finest Italian type. His hair was black, his eyes a deep brown with extraordinarily long lashes. He had a haughty nose, a sharp masculine jaw. Only his mouth did not harmonize with the aristocratic face. It was well shaped, but the lips were too heavy, the lower lip a trifle pendulous and very red; the blood appeared about to burst the thin tissue. Most girls admired his too red mouth.

When he was quite young he had displayed an aptitude for music; more than that, a distinct talent. This desire was cultivated by his mother and directed by the best teachers. He made remarkable progress. At nineteen he could play the violin, piano, and organ. His voice was full and pleasant, and he enjoyed singing. He had written a few compositions—waltzes, gavottes, haunting dance music with sensuous under-rhythms. They were dedicated to Helen Ortend, printed for private distribution, and created some excitement. The Canby and Ortend families decided his music was worthy of a postponement of the wedding. His parents proposed he should go to Germany for several years and finish his training. At that period no American could begin an artistic career without the credentials of a foreign education. Helen agreed, of course, to the scheme. Apparently there was no change in their attitudes toward each other, but I am sure there was a fluctuation in the undercurrents of their lives.

Helen loved Rodger with bewildering intensity. He never wearied her. Gradually all her ideas were directed to him,

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Rodger played and Helen, relaxed in the great shadowed chair, listened.—Page 520.

merged into his personality until she no longer recognized them. Her vague desires concentrated, as a lens focusses the sun, into her love of him, burned upon her heart. . . . How should I know? I was the only other young man who saw her. I was her brother, almost. Living with aunt and uncle, my parents dead, Helen's mother was my mother. I came and went as I chose. . . .

Before Rodger sailed the engagement was announced. The dinner was Helen's last appearance at a social function; after that night the walls of her garden were the horizons of the universe. Had her father lived this might not have happened, but Mrs. Ortend, herself a solitary woman, still mourning the man she had loved, always acceded to Helen's desires. At the dinner Helen sat quiet and remote, luminous beside the dark grace of her fiancé. A little smile turned the

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edges of her lips. For some reason I thought of Sir Galahad and the Grail. It seemed indecent to expose such happiness to the chattering crowd about the table.

The three months preceding Rodger's departure brought to Helen the flowering of her life. Like a strange blossom she unfolded the hidden color of her love, spreading it before the eyes of her lover in charming, faint surprises; disclosing all the secret glory of her shy dreams. Nevertheless, her mode of living did not alter, and, as far as she knew, only Rodger saw this exquisite transfiguration. They were together constantly, but in particular Sunday was the day dedicated to his adoration. He ate supper at her home on Sunday evening and afterward they went to the parlor, where Rodger played and Helen, relaxed in the great shadowed chair, her pale hair falling covertly across her cheeks, listened and felt her life draining from her into the possession of that slender young man with the overred mouth.

When he had sailed Helen returned to her placid existence. She wrote to him twice a week. I know; I mailed the letters with her round, impersonal chirography designating Munich, Berlin, Vienna, or Paris; following the uneven circle of his journeys like bits of her own serene spirit.

Rodger's answers were incoherent enthusiasms for the student life, descriptions of the excursions so popular in those days, anecdotes of new friendships, or immodest reports of what teachers said concerning his music. These general portions Helen read to her mother, who retold them until Rodger became to the townspeople a genius who would return some day and place Hempfield foremost in artistic realms.

Days, weeks, and months passed with few changes beyond occasional marriages, babies, new business ventures or failures. Two years passed. The boys and girls whom we had regarded as children lengthened their trousers and dresses. The indifferent seasons repeated their continuous variety. I went to Yale; fretted through a semester and came back to town; decided to become a writer and spent all my time fishing in the river. My appearances at the Ortend home began to resemble formal calls. Helen's mother was not well. Helen received me as often as I cared to go, but our conversations were strained. She thought only of one man. . . . Another year linked with the unseen chain of the past. Suddenly, as though nature resented this monotony, our feeling of security, Rodger's father was killed in a railway accident, and my aunt and uncle, both of them quite old, died within a few weeks of one another, leaving me a fixed income of three thousand dollars.

Every one thought Rodger would come home, but his mother refused to permit him and, I think, he did not insist. He had been gone a little more than three years. Hempfield depressed me. It was inert, stagnant. I went to New York, later to Chicago, and then on to San Francisco. My life was a mirage. Actuality appeared remote, too small to be attractive. The foggy, steep city quieted me. I dozed through five years, pruning my mind of stray, unrelated fancies, hoping some day to gather the clippings into a book, but not too much concerned with the realization. Helen wrote to me once when her mother died. She did not mention Rodger, but I inferred he was still abroad. She told me the hyacinths were pluming their white cones in the garden; the river had risen beyond the highest recorded mark, sweeping away all the boathouses and the old covered wooden bridge; Martha, their maid, was going deaf; lightning had destroyed the colonial steeple on the Presbyterian church. . . . I wondered what would happen now.

I went back to Hempfield the year before the San Francisco fire, and rented a small house on the street behind the Ortend home. From the window of my sitting-room I could look down through the narrow leaves of some peach-trees into Helen's garden. I called on her at once and she received me as though I were returning from an errand to the corner grocery. The casualness irritated me. We sat talking, fitting together the absent years. She was astonishingly unchanged; a trifle thinner, more abstracted; if possible, more beautiful. Her voice bewitched me. I tried desperately to make her talk of herself, but she evaded my questions without seeming to understand my intention. She nodded her

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lovely, pale head, smiled; mentioned the daily routine of her existence. We drank tea, brought in by Martha, who apparently had diminished an inch for each departed twelvemonth. I was embarrassed in that tranquil, twilit room; said stupid things and felt clumsy. As I was leaving she said:

"Rodger is having a little success in Europe. He has given a few recitals. Played several of his own compositions. He thinks another year will be enough."

She did not ask me to come again. I departed enervated with the emotions I had thought stifled forever.

Rodger did come home the next year. He arrived with trunks of clothes, an equally elaborate store of foreign phrases; descended from the express to the fanfare of a flare head on the front page of *The Star*.

He had changed. For the worse, I thought, but no one agreed with me. His face had lost its masculine angularity. It was smooth, pink, plump. He wore a mustache that curled in the fashionable manner. His waist had thickened, and his lips seemed brighter than ever. A monocle hung down on a black grosgrain ribbon. The townspeople gazed at it with respect. A dozen persons, mostly women, said to me: "Doesn't Rodger Canby look splendid! So stylish, you know. And foreign. With a monocle." . . . There would be a pause and then: "I suppose they will be married at once." . . .

Shortly after his arrival Rodger gave a recital. I attended. I don't know what I expected; certainly not what happened. I suppose, secretly, I wanted him to fail. Instead he tore me apart with his music, tossed, buffeted, agonized me. His virtuosity was superb; he played with the most acute understanding, with feeling. As encores he gave several of his own compositions. They were gorgeous. Oh, he could play! I left while the applause was bursting about his bland, suave face.

After that . . . nothing. The anticipated marriage was not announced. He was at her house every day. Each evening I saw them walking the garden among the autumnal golden-glow and asters. "Why don't they get married?" "What's the matter?" "Isn't it queer?" The questions were almost tangible upon the disturbed air.

I avoided meeting him for a long time. It was in late November, I think, when we came abruptly together. There had been a light fall of snow, a gentle powdering over the brown earth. The day was crusted with brilliant sunlight. A restless wind twirled the white flakes along the bricks. He wore a coat reaching to his ankles. It was fur-lined and the fur turned back at the neck in a wide collar. He looked as I vaguely imagined Russian noblemen must appear striding along the Nevski.

"Aah!" he said through the fur. "Miserable weather. I can't stand cold. It makes me frantic. I'm going to Italy in a few days. I'll stay there until spring. This horrible place. . . ."

He drew the collar closer and hurried on. Indeed he did go, but the death of his mother brought him home within six months.

III

THEY were alone now, Helen Ortend and Rodger Canby, entering upon the last act of their extravaganza. It was a long act, with little variety until the curtain was ready to fall. It was fantastic, with its motives deep in some obscurity, lost in those unfathomable caverns of human impulse that produce the incredible commonplaces of brother and sister living for years under the same roof without speaking, husbands and wives signing purity pacts. "Beauty and the Beast"; the old fairy-tale retold, but not for children.

Rodger settled in the gray stone mansion of the Canbys, brought a new piano from New York, and never played in public. Strange as it may seem, he became organist in the Methodist church—and that was all. There was no mention of a wedding. After the first shock the situation resolved into a town joke. If any one had an unpleasant job to do he would say: "Sure. Just as soon as Rodger Canby marries Helen Ortend." It was a simile of futurity; of any event never to be completed.

Rodger did not withdraw as Helen had done. He held himself aloof, but gave no impression of snobbishness. In a subtle manner he managed to establish the idea that his actions were the result of

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temperament. People will forgive much on these grounds. Besides, Helen Ortend was almost forgotten; not actually, of course, merely shelved as one of those "queer things" having nothing to do with the busy gossip of each day. A few retained the bright image of her beauty; myself, Doc Saylor, Ramsey Doane, who had married Betty Parker because he could not marry Helen.

Rodger did not abandon his music. He practised every morning. Often I wandered by his house and listened to the notes, diluted by glass and stone barriers; distant, faint voices crying untranslatable magic upon the quiet street. I had been an irregular churchman, but I went every Sunday to hear him. No one in Hempfield had ever heard such music. Bach, Handel, the religious necromancy of Palestrina; a thousand things new to us. When the service was over he chatted for a while, pleasantly enough, with any one who wished to talk to him, and then went home—or so we thought. When he was asked about his career, he smiled and said: "There's plenty of time." The remark had a furtive mystery, like a promise, slyly given, of some waiting revelation. But the years continued and the words retained their secret. He grew fatter, a little slovenly; the flesh descended and covered the rim of his tight collars.

Helen? I don't know. I saw her only in the garden, still slender, gracious, restrained. She wore a silver-gray Florentine scarf—given her by Rodger—over the pallid halo of her hair, shadowing her face, transforming her to a ghost of twilight. Rodger dined with her every Sunday evening. He would arrive about four. If the weather was kindly they sat outdoors; if stormy, somewhere in the faded house. I knew he was there. I could see Martha bustling in the kitchen, talking to herself and spilling things. At ten minutes of eight he left for the church. I went about the same time. Often I'd see the door open, a rectangle of light tumble noiselessly upon the porch. The door closed. I could hear his heavy feet scuffing the bricks ahead of me. Each month he made a visit to New York; from Monday until Saturday. Endless, futile years. Let me see. Mrs. Canby would be dead twelve years this spring. Helen must be forty-one. I'll be forty-four and Rodger is a year younger. . . .

I don't know exactly when the rumors started. They flew in flocks of buzzard words across the town. Rodger had been seen by a milkman coming from a certain house between three and four on a Monday morning.

Two Greek girls and their mother lived in the house. There were not many foreigners in Hempfield then, and most of them quiet, sober people; Swedes, some Italians, several Armenian Jews. The Anapolies were a bad lot. The father was a thief. He stole from habit, training, and desire. He was serving, even then, a five-year sentence for his last exploit. The girls were beautiful and shiftless; dark, lithe young animals with great, languid eyes. Their occupation was unspoken knowledge. The mother I had seen once or twice. She was a cripple with a face where evil smiled openly.

I left my lunch half-eaten and went to find the milkman. He admitted he might have been mistaken. Dawn was scarcely come. His team had been a block away. All that day Ramsey Doane and I followed the rumor, quietly obliterating its ugly trail. "I feel just like Saint Patrick chasing the snakes out of Ireland," said Ramsey with a wan smile. But we could not quite destroy it.

The next Sunday I saw Rodger and Helen sitting in the garden. She read to him while he crossed his hands on his too apparent stomach. That night I did not go to hear him play. . . .

It was a breathless spring. The days drifted through the green haze of the young trees. The air was giddy with life. The world hung in a tumult of light. The brilliance struck upon you with an actual impact. I could get nothing done, but I had been in that condition for a long time, and a season more or less did not seem of importance.

I arose early one Monday morning for a walk. There were no people about, only Ramsey Doane hurrying along the street toward me. He waved and started to run. His shadow came before him in distorted bounds. I wondered what could have happened.

"Here's a mess," he gasped. "Come along."

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From a drawing by Edward Shenton.

He looked as I vaguely imagined Russian noblemen must appear striding along the Nevski.—Page 521.

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"What's wrong?" I said.

"A hell of a jam. Rodger Canby's dead."

The statement seemed ridiculous. The afternoon before he had been with Helen.

"Dead, I say," Ramsey repeated. "In the Anapolies' house. Doc Saylor's there. He sent for you."

"The Anapolies?"

Ramsey looked at me with his tired smile.

"One of the girls came after Saylor. . . ."

It *was* a mess. We reached the miserable shack. Saylor took us into the dingy parlor. There was Rodger's body on a cheap plush sofa and covered with a red-and-white-checkered tablecloth.

"No use," said Saylor. "He's been dead some time. Several hours. Heart failure. I'm having him taken home at once."

"How did it happen?" I asked.

"The girls said he was sitting in a chair drinking some wine. He gave a funny gasp and dropped the glass. When they spoke to him he was dead."

Saylor was the town coroner. He fumbled with the collarless neck-band of his shirt.

"Dick," he said, "we've got to keep this quiet."

The two girls stood, shoulder to shoulder, in the darkest corner of the room.

"Did he come here often?" asked Ramsey, pointing toward the couch.

"Every Sunday," one of the girls answered.

"Very long?"

"Good many years."

"Let's get some air," said Ramsey.

"Keep it quiet," repeated Saylor.

As well try to silence the wind. In an hour the news was in every house—a delectable appetizer, served with the morning rasher of bacon. I rushed to see Helen. It was a terrible interview. I had not spoken to her for years. And when I saw her, her hair caught hastily in a soft coil at her neck, my voice deserted me. I stood and stared. She guessed, of course, that something concerning Rodger had brought me. She lifted one hand and tapped at the corners of her eyes. I was amazed her hands were so youthful. She seemed younger than she was; her disordered hair, the loose dressing-gown; she looked tired, as though she had danced late the night previous. . . .

I was mercifully brutal, I hope. I told her at once; all lies, except that Rodger was dead.

Luckily there was no possibility of it getting in print until the next morning. I went to see the editor of *The Star*. He was very pompous; I suppose he thought himself impressive. He spoke about newspapers "standing for the truth," "organs of honesty," "no privileges for any class," "the unmuzzled press." The words filled the mean office. He lolled in his chair and smacked his lips. Before his eyes were the figures of a record sale. The town trembled with righteous indignation. Suddenly Helen was remembered. Everything was remembered. No epithet was too strong for the dead man's epitaph. He was a scoundrel, a roué, a lecher. Reporters went to the Ortend house. They did not enter. I saw to that. About three in the afternoon Doc Saylor came to see me.

"Dick," he said, "go tell that blasted rotter of an editor Rodger has left all his money to the town to build and maintain an art gallery. I'll bring a copy of the will to him later."

He wore a collar now but no tie. Twisting the gold-plated button, he murmured: "What a stroke!"

The Tuesday morning *Star* gave the first page to Rodger Canby; his talent, his charming personality, his public spirit, his sudden, unfortunate demise, his generous will. His death had been in keeping with his life. Quietly, peacefully he passed away in the famous Canby mansion. . . . Yes, that's true. . . . In the great four-poster where so many honorable citizens of his family had rested and sunk, finally, to the last sleep. . . .

I took a paper to Helen. She read here and there, in a scattered sort of way, and said:

"That's just like him. Just like him. He was a great man. We didn't quite understand him."

I left to escort the Anapolies to a train headed for remote places.

Hempfield people are a clannish group. They are proud of their town. They love its traditions and plan many beauties for

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its future. The Canby Memorial Art Gallery, designed by one of the best architects in the country, and furnishing many small plums for various persons in the course of its building, is the keystone for contemplated civic developments on a large scale. Townspeople mention it with arrogance. Visitors come from many places to gaze at the pictures, most of which are of indifferent merit. Still they are ours and the fact gives them a value. Overnight the contempt for Rodger Canby vanished. Now it is forgotten. A capable sculptor is modelling a figure of him, heroic in size, to be placed in the rotunda of the gallery. The broad street, lined with plane-trees, some day to lead from the railroad station to the building, will be called Canby Drive. Rodger is spoken of in voices muffled by respect. . . .

And, as one town wag remarked: "Anyway, he died sitting in a chair, didn't he?"

Broken Meats

BY GORDON HALL GEROULD

MR. THOMAS SPEEDWELL, president of the Speedwell Company, leaned forward slightly in his desk-chair and emphasized his question with a downward sweep of the hand.

"Why do you wish to publish the thing? Do you mind telling me?"

To the beginner in the trade of letters —let us distinguish carefully between the art and the craft—Mr. Speedwell would have been an inspiring spectacle. His considerable bulk, his good gray clothes, his well-nurtured face with its prominent but not obtrusive mustache, would have represented the topmost pinnacle of success. To talk with him would have been a fearful pleasure.

The young man who sat opposite was, however, inured to publishers and the spectacle of their grandeur, and he did not seem afraid of Mr. Speedwell. Instead, he was making himself as comfortable as possible, and twisting a stick negligently with his right hand. He had been accustomed to publishing-houses from his boyhood, for he was Bradbury Grantham. George Grantham's only son could not have been expected to regard publishers with awed respect: ever since he could remember, he had heard about them as docile creatures who were always begging more books of his father and forever offering better terms. With the house of Speedwell, to which the elder Grantham had been extraordinarily faithful—as any one who keeps the run of imprints will remember—he was especially familiar. Even in boyhood he had sometimes visited the offices, and he had formed the habit, later, of running in on his own account. Since he had taken over the responsibility of managing George Grantham's literary estate, he had come in still more frequently.

He looked now at Mr. Speedwell in some perplexity, frowning a little as he repeated the question. "Why do I wish to publish it? I don't see why there should be any doubt about that. It's the most important thing that father left, and it ought to come out as a matter of course."

"I'm—I'm inclined to think, for my part, that it had better not be published." A trace of hesitancy in speech was one of Thomas Speedwell's most baffling traits. It accorded ill with his appearance of force and with his habitual decisiveness of action.

"I can't see why you say that." Young Grantham's tone was rather petulant. "The book is complete. Even if it isn't up to father's best—and I don't say it is—the public ought to have it."

"I wish I could—could agree with you. You are right, of course, in saying that it

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is ready for the press. Your father was always careful about his manuscripts, and this one is characteristically prepared. Only—I hope you won't press for its publication."

"But why?" asked Grantham. "Won't it sell?"

"Ah, yes—" Speedwell paused. "It would, unquestionably, do very well, very well indeed. Anything of your father's would, of course, do excellently—perhaps even better than before his death. That isn't the point I'm making. I do wish you'd drop it, Mr. Grantham."

"You stand to make more than my sister and I do out of it." The tone was even more impudent than the words.

Speedwell did not wince. "You must remember," he said most gently, "that I have always taken a very great interest in your father's work. He was older than I, to be sure, but he did me the honor of consulting with me rather more closely than authors generally do with their publishers. I can't believe that he would like to have the book printed."

"Apparently you think it isn't any good, then?"

"No—no. I wouldn't say that. Anything he did could not help having distinction of a sort. Besides, as I've already admitted, it would find a sale. I'm not even sure that it wouldn't reach a public which was not always interested in your father's writings."

Bradbury Grantham ceased playing with his stick and leaned forward eagerly. "I agree with you about that," he said, "and so do two or three other men to whom I've shown the book. It has a more modern note, hasn't it?"

"Modern? Well, yes; perhaps the term applies. Certainly nothing else your father did struck quite the same note."

"Precisely. There you are. That's why I feel particularly anxious to have it come out. It may not be up to his best, as I've said, but it will show the public that he kept abreast of the times, to the very last."

Speedwell swung gently in his chair for a little before he replied. "Do you happen to know," he asked, "when the book was begun?"

"No." The young man grew impatient. "Nothing has turned up by which it can be dated very accurately. Father never said much about what he was doing at any given time. I make out, however, that he must have done it not very long before he was taken ill."

"He began it twenty years ago. I've been looking up some memoranda, so I can be very precise about that, fortunately."

Grantham carried off his embarrassment with a laugh. "A bad guess of mine, then! I didn't know you had ever seen the thing before."

"In its completed form I haven't. Indeed, until you brought it in I wasn't aware—that your father had gone on with it. He never told me. I saw a few chapters only. He sketched the plot to me orally, I remember."

"Oh, I see."

"Yes. I advised him not to continue. You wouldn't—wouldn't know, of course; but I think some of the difficulties he was facing at the time probably affected the novel. Probably the—I suppose I mean the unpleasant quality in it can be accounted for in that way."

"I think you'll find," put in Grantham, "that people in general won't think any the worse of it for that. The vein isn't so high and mighty, perhaps, as the one he usually worked, but it can't fail to be appreciated. It's unsparing criticism of life that he gives in this, but it can't hurt his reputation to let the world know what he was capable of in that line."

The publisher clasped his hands and looked sadly down the long vista of light oak that was visible through the open door. "I hate to say it," he murmured, almost as if to himself, "but, if any one else had written the book, I should call the picture of life that it gives rather muddy. No—no. Really, it isn't up to the mark, Mr. Grantham, and it had better be suppressed."

"You come back to that every time, Mr. Speedwell, but you must see that there's room for difference of opinion about its quality. Now, Henshaw, for example—I showed it to him. He has a keen eye, and he thinks it one of the finest things father ever did."

"Does he, indeed?" Speedwell's tone was polite, but unenthusiastic. "I wonder whether he may not be—may not be

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misled by the excitement of seeing something new by your father. I took up the manuscript very eagerly, myself, when I thought it was really something new. By the way, it may interest you to know that the story isn't worked out in at all the way originally intended. I have the useless faculty of remembering plots, you see. It's rather a nuisance. The whole thing came back to me as I read."

"That's very interesting," said Grantham. "I suppose he must have dropped the book after he showed you the earlier chapters, and have changed his plan when he took it up again."

"No doubt—that was the way of it. I think, however, he would have done more wisely to keep his earlier plan. It gave some strikingly good opportunities that I missed in reading this." He touched the typewritten sheets on his desk. "The latter part seems to me very weak. But that is beside the question."

"There isn't any question in my mind, Mr. Speedwell." Grantham began once more to play with his stick. "Of course if you don't wish to print the book, I can take it to somebody else. I brought it to you because it seemed more decent to have everything together; but I can find a dozen houses that would snap it up in a minute."

"I am aware of that." Speedwell permitted himself a momentary lapse from his slow suavity. "Otherwise I shouldn't be wasting your time in discussion, you know. I see no reason why any one should publish the book. I hope you'll burn it."

Young Grantham grew white, clearly with anger. "I shouldn't have any right to do that," he burst out; "and, besides, I can't afford to."

"Oh, I'm sorry." Speedwell's voice became instantly sympathetic. Then he hesitated with embarrassment. "But—but surely, your father—" There was a questioning emphasis on the broken words.

"Yes," said Grantham with a little shrug. "The royalties amount to something, and the investments are sound. Only you know what it costs to live nowadays. I have to keep up the little place in the country, and—well—one must have some sort of hole in the wall in town. There's my sister, besides, with her children—she has her share. What's left for my wife and me isn't so much."

Speedwell wrinkled his forehead at this too candid statement. "I see. However, you can't complain that the volume of your father's letters hasn't done well. Personally I have been very much gratified by the sale it has found. You put it together extremely well, to be sure, and the returns have been most—yes, most satisfactory."

"Oh, the letters!" Young Grantham bit his lip nervously. "They haven't done much more than keep my car running, you know. I'm not complaining; I simply wish to show you that I can't afford to let a good thing go by. More than that, how do we know—any of us—that my father wouldn't have printed the thing when he got to it? He always kept things by him a long while, till he was satisfied with them—or disgusted."

"Yes, he had a conscience. That's why—why I find it hard—to believe he would have put this into print. Don't you see?"

"No, I don't see," answered the young man hotly. "Why should he have gone to the trouble of typewriting the manuscript so carefully, or getting it copied—I don't know whether he did it himself—if he didn't intend to turn it over to you?"

Speedwell nodded, as if in assent. "I can't make that out," he confessed, "but I don't feel so sure as you do about his intentions. Moreover, I do think it likely"—he hesitated—"that he would have consulted me before he came to a decision. He wouldn't have forced the book upon us——"

"If you think I'm trying to do that," Grantham interrupted, "you're greatly mistaken. I've given you a chance at it, that's all. If you don't want it, I'll take it away and make other arrangements. I have the right to dispose of it as I see fit, and I've made up my mind that the public ought to have it. I'll take it now."

He rose and stretched out his hand toward the pile of manuscript on the table.

"No—no!" Speedwell rose also and placed one hand on the precious copy, as if to guard it. "Please don't think of carrying it off now. Let us take a little more time to consider the situation. Per-

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haps we shall come to an understanding, after all. I—I wish to talk with Orrington again. He has read it, you know."

"Very well. I'll leave it, if you prefer, Mr. Speedwell. I don't care to have the matter hanging fire too long; but a few days' delay makes no difference, I suppose. I'll drop in again soon."

Holding his head high, young Grantham departed. Clearly he was well pleased with the line he had taken: never for a moment had he allowed the tyrannical publisher to outface him.

When he had gone, Speedwell sat for a few minutes at his desk, quite idle and whistling softly between his teeth. His face grew more and more troubled.

Finally he rose and went along the passage till he came to the door of the little room where his chief literary adviser was sitting. Harvey Orrington was known to a limited circle as the author of two volumes of rather exquisite essays about little or nothing, and as a poet of delicate refinement. He was a very fat man with a dull eye. Just now he was deliberately drumming on the edge of his desk with the fingers of one hand while he turned over some proof-sheets.

"Can you spare me a few minutes?" asked Speedwell, entering and shutting the door behind him.

"Yes. Yes, indeed. I was only wondering what to do about Mrs. Anstruther's punctuation. She'll never learn! This new thing is so full of dashes that you can barely see the words between them. And she resents alterations."

"Oh, let Cabell attend to it. I'll talk with her when she comes in to make a row. I think she's afraid of me. But I'd like to discuss that book of Grantham's with you. Young Bradbury has just been in."

"Riding a high horse? It would be an insult to George Grantham's memory to print that book."

"So I—I argued. Unfortunately, he doesn't see things in that light. He insists that it be published."

"Does he? I hope you told him he was a puppy. Gad!"

"He says he needs the money."

"I dare say he does. But that's no reason for defiling the tomb of his father." Orrington was getting angry. With a swift movement he disarranged the thin veil of hair that swept across his forehead. "He's spoiled—too good to work—that's what's the matter. It's a great pity that men of genius couldn't hire somebody to spank their progeny for them. Puppy!"

"What—what you say is perfectly true, Orrington." Speedwell was unruffled. "There's no use in sputtering, however. What we've got to find is some way of meeting the situation."

"Tell him you'll be damned if you publish it. Throw it in his face. Kick him out of the office."

Speedwell shook his head. "I don't know what—what I should do without you, Orrington, but sometimes—I—I fear you're not wholly practical. You see, young Grantham threatens to peddle the book about if we don't take it. That might make matters worse. Do you suppose we could get it out in some form that would kill it—something very expensive, perhaps?"

"That wouldn't do any good, I'm afraid," answered Orrington, sighing. "It would make all the more noise. In six months we'd have an irresistible call for a cheap edition, and we'd have to print one."

"I suppose so," said Speedwell. "That's one trouble. Grantham is—is perfectly right in arguing that the public would buy the thing. When he says that, what's left for me to say? I'm supposed to be a publisher, not a curator of literary reputations."

"Oh, if you put it that way, what's the use of having a conscience at all? It's a bother. Can't you bribe the fellow?"

"Bribe him? Into suppressing the book? How?"

"I don't know. I'm not supposed to be practical. But if he won't keep the fifth commandment by fair means, he might be induced to do it by foul."

Speedwell was silent for a moment, considering. "I should feel no scruple about doing it, I think," he said after the pause. "Unfortunately I don't know what I could offer him. He wouldn't accept any sum I could afford to pay for the manuscript outright, if I were simply going to burn it."

"I suppose he wouldn't, bad luck to him!" Orrington agreed.

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"I might—I might tempt him with an easy berth here—for a term of years."

"Not unless you wished the rest of us to leave. Oh, I'd be willing to do almost anything to kill that book; I'd give up my place to him in a minute if he could be trusted to do the work. He must have got some taste rubbed off on him from his father, and he has ability. But it would be no good, I'm afraid. He'd play with the job. Of course you might recommend him highly to somebody else—if you've got an enemy." Orrington chuckled.

"I'm too forgiving for that," Speedwell replied. "Besides, the young man knows the value of what he holds; he knows that anything George Grantham wrote is sure of a capital sale. Moreover, he is not wholly ignorant about the business of publishing. He'd prefer, I'm sure, to take his profit without working at all."

"No doubt he would, and he'd drive a hard bargain with you for the privilege of publishing something you'd rather die than print."

"Do you know," Speedwell bashfully surveyed one well-shod foot as he sat cross-legged in his chair, "I'm inclined to think Grantham is telling the truth when he says that he doesn't see anything wrong with the book. We must do him justice. I doubt whether he realizes that it's so bad."

"Humph! Perhaps he doesn't; and if so, I'd better not give up my position. But what then?"

"It's harder to deal with him, that's all."

"Oh, it's hard to deal with him anyhow you take it. I can see that. Unless you can get one of your millionaire friends to make him rich overnight, I don't know how he can be appeased. Give him a plutocratic scorn for literature, and he'd like to keep the manuscript to himself. He'd begin to 'collect' at once. You really think he likes the book, do you? Doesn't see how bad it is?"

"I feel sure he doesn't. No doubt he'd think the same of anything his father wrote. Very loyal of him, but——"

"Let me have another look at the manuscript. Will you?"

"Certainly. I'll send it back at once. I'm—I'm a good deal troubled."

"I'll run it through to-night," said Orrington. "Perhaps something may suggest itself to me if I read it again. Meanwhile, if you think of any way of keeping the wolf from the Grantham motor-car without sacrilege, you'll be doing a magnificent service to letters. I rather like the notion of a publisher's committing bribery to prevent the public from getting what it would buy like hot cakes. It would be a proper theme for a moral tale, wouldn't it?"

"Wholly lacking in plausibility, I'm afraid. It would shatter every tradition to have a publisher appear in fiction except as a low-lived villain." In spite of the difficulties and misapprehensions that he had to face, Speedwell smiled as he returned to his own office.

Late the following morning, Orrington came to him. The poet's heavy-jowled face, usually so good-natured, looked very stern. "I crave audience," he said in a melodramatic undertone, holding up one fat finger. "May I close the door?"

"If you're going to stage a play, perhaps you'd better," returned Speedwell dryly. "The effect—on the younger members of the staff, you know—might be bad."

Orrington did not smile, but closed the door carefully and sat down. "It's about Grantham," he began.

"Yes? So I gathered. Have you discovered that the book is a masterpiece, after all?"

"I've traced the footsteps of the master pretty carefully, but I think we were dead right about refusing it. It would have got us into no end of hot water before we were through with it."

"I fear so. But just what do you mean? Have you found any new reasons for not taking the thing?"

"Reasons? As plentiful as blackberries. We've got to stop it on all accounts. There would be a terrible scandal if it were published."

"Of course, of course," Speedwell agreed. "People would be dreadfully cut up at finding that George Grantham had written anything in that vein. I wish you could persuade Bradbury Grantham of that. I can't."

"I will!" Orrington, in his excitement, almost shouted the promise. "Excuse me. I'm getting corrupted by the

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heroes of the novels you make me read; but I think I can show the young man some things he doesn't dream of. Get him here, and give me a free hand, that's all."

Speedwell frowned slightly. "What on earth is your plan?" he asked.

"I'm not sure whether I'm ready to tell you yet. In any case, I'd like to know whether you've discovered any easy way of buying him off. Do you mind telling me that part of it before I decide whether I'd better give you my idea—for what it's worth? Yours may be better."

"I'm afraid I haven't discovered anything—anything very satisfactory, that is. I did—did have the opportunity of talking the matter over with my friend Van Pelt last night. You know Van Pelt, of course?"

"Only slightly, but I recognize him as a fitting counsellor."

"Very interesting, what he said, I thought. He has always been bookish, you know. Wanted to write, I believe, but was forced very young into banking—case of the rich boy compelled to support the family."

"I understand," said Orrington.

"Well, his first comment was that any publisher who got out posthumous works by a decent author ought to be electrocuted. That didn't help greatly, as I indicated to him. However, that was merely his way of getting up steam. He made me tell him the whole story—very much interested in George Grantham, it seems—has a complete set of first editions and that kind of thing." Speedwell hesitated. He had never caught, for himself, the narrative style.

"But did he give you hints about bribery and corruption? Isn't that the point?" Orrington asked.

"He did, in a way," said Speedwell. "At least, I'm inclined to believe that he worked out the thing correctly. He has seen something of Bradbury Grantham, and he thinks he knows how to make him useful. Possibly he does. His—his judgments are usually very sound. He's exceedingly interested, you see; his feeling about Grantham is positive adoration."

Orrington smiled. "That's good. Did he offer to make the son vice-president of something on the score of the father's books?"

"No-o-o. That is, of course I didn't do more than lay the case before him. Precisely what he had in mind I don't know. We can leave that to him."

"Oh, surely," Orrington agreed. "We'll have to. I only hope that Van Pelt hasn't the megalomania of wealth, that's all. Some rich men get the notion that they can create a new heaven and a new earth with their money. That does very well as a comforting thought, but it doesn't work out satisfactorily in practice. When they try to remake even a little thing like a man, they mess the job; the Jovian fiat doesn't create anything but an echo."

"Van Pelt isn't like that." Speedwell's tone implied reproof. "If you knew him better, you'd realize how modest he is."

Orrington laughed good-naturedly. "So much the better. I've barely met Van Pelt, and I merely wished to discount his possible inadequacy. I don't see, to tell the truth, just what he can do."

"Nor do I," Speedwell answered sadly, "but I have some faith in him. Now, won't you please tell me the plan you have in mind?"

Orrington considered. "I think that perhaps I won't," he said after a little pause. "I will, of course, if you insist on it, but I'm inclined to believe that I'd better confide in no one. My plan, as you call it, isn't really a plan, you see. If it's anything, it's an opening merely."

"You wish me to arrange the pieces for your move?" Speedwell asked.

"Precisely that. You don't mind?"

"Not at all. I can't judge, of course, about the wisdom of the move unless you tell me; but I'm not anxious to take a hand. If you and Van Pelt can save poor Grantham's reputation, between you, I shall call you blessed."

Orrington rose. "Very well, then. I'll be ready to do my part whenever the young fellow comes in. May I keep the manuscript?"

"Please do." Speedwell smiled. "I'd—I'd be very glad never to see it again."

Although Bradbury Grantham had promised—or threatened—to return very soon, it was, as a matter of fact, quite a week before he came into the office. He

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entered, head high, with the evident intention of concluding his business at once and on his own terms. The hint of suppressed excitement that appeared in his carriage and even in the way he shook hands with the president of the company showed his confident expectations. He looked like an alert business man just finishing a highly successful deal. No one need try to thwart him, because he would be prepared against every attack and because he had determined to have his way. Rather handsome and perfectly groomed, he was not essentially different in appearance from a thousand other men at that moment sitting down in a thousand other offices all over town. Speedwell eyed him gloomily.

"I've come in about that book of my father's, of course," he announced.

"Yes—yes." Speedwell spoke with even more than his usual deliberation. "I had—been expecting to see you."

"I've been out of town, as a matter of fact," said Grantham, leaning back in his chair. "It hardly seemed worth while to write. But now I want to get the book off my hands at once. I've given you plenty of time to consider it."

"Yes—yes, indeed. You—you have been very lenient with our delay, Mr. Grantham. I'm—I'm exceedingly sorry that we haven't been able to change our minds. We still think that it would be very unwise to put the book on the market, and we hope you won't wish to do so."

"I told you what I thought about that the other day, Mr. Speedwell." Grantham's voice had a note of dominance in it. He was prepared to triumph. "I feel under obligation to the public to get the thing out without further delay."

"I'm afraid—I'm afraid that we sha'n't accomplish much by argument." Speedwell's comment was timid, almost apologetic. "We appear to hold our opinions strongly, don't we?"

"We do," said Grantham firmly. "Certainly I do, and I've no desire to discuss the question further. If you're sure you don't care to take the book, you might as well let me have it now. I'll make other arrangements at once. I believe, indeed," —he looked at his watch—"that I'll attend to the matter this morning. Will you please have the manuscript turned over to me immediately?"

"It—it—Mr. Orrington still has it in his room, I believe. By the way, he said he wished to speak to you about it when you came. I'll send for him at once."

"That can't do any good," Grantham remarked loftily. "If he wishes, of course I will listen to what he has to say, but I can't give up much time to it."

"We won't—we won't detain you very long, I feel sure. In the meantime I wish to tell you that we have decided to put your volume of letters into the 'Argonaut Edition.'"

So, with grateful tidings, the difficult moments before Orrington came in were tided over. Grantham seemed pleased, but by no means overjoyed. Apparently he had expected no less, and felt satisfied merely that the book and the publisher had done their duty.

Orrington entered hurriedly, bearing the manuscript.

"I have just been talking with Mr. Grantham about the new form we're giving his book about his father," said Speedwell, after greetings were over.

"Yes, very well done," returned Orrington quietly. "By the way, Mr. Grantham, why have you never written anything on your own account?"

Grantham smiled, not without a touch of disdain. "Isn't one writer in a family quite enough?" he asked lightly.

"We—we should welcome another," remarked Speedwell, then fell silent as he noticed Orrington's impatient gesture. He had promised to give his counsellor a free hand.

"I'm afraid the public wouldn't," went on Grantham. "I should be perpetually compared with my father, shouldn't I?"

"You might achieve your father's style." Orrington spoke again, still quietly. "That would be an achievement, wouldn't it?"

"I should say so!" Grantham's laugh was rather forced and unpleasantly bitter. "Nobody could hope to do that."

"Really, Mr. Grantham," Orrington went on more expansively, "I don't know that I've ever had the chance to tell you so; but the connective tissue in that volume of letters that you did is almost up to your father's standard."

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Grantham relaxed a little from his attitude of defiant alertness. "That's very good of you," he said. "I suppose I may have caught something of the manner from being with him, you know."

"No doubt you did." Orrington allowed no pause. "But that doesn't take away from the merit of the performance. I'm speaking of the matter, of course, because I'm anxious to have you suppress this book of your father's and write something for yourself." He nodded at the manuscript which he had laid on Speedwell's desk.

"That's out of the question." Young Grantham resumed his pose of inflexibility. "As I've told Mr. Speedwell, my mind is quite made up about that. There's no use in discussing it. It strikes me that you're being very foolish, that's all. You'll have to put it in the collected edition later, you know, and you'll have to pay for the privilege. I shall see to that."

Speedwell was about to speak, when Orrington cut in. "Are you sure, Mr. Grantham? Things might happen that would make that inadvisable." He eyed the young man keenly.

"I don't know what could happen. If you intend to threaten me with mismanagement of the copyrights you hold, you won't get far with it. I don't know whether you are aware of it, but I'm a lawyer by profession."

"Ah!" Orrington shifted his position slightly. "That makes it simpler. We shall find it easier to come to an understanding, I hope. I wish to ask you again: won't you drop this book and write something for yourself?"

Grantham turned red with anger and started from his chair. "Why do you come back to that?" he asked. "What on earth has my writing got to do with the publication of a posthumous work of my father's?"

"Everything, I'm afraid. Mr. Speedwell says that you excuse yourself by saying you need the money."

"Excuse myself? Why do I need to excuse myself? I don't care whether you like the book or not; other people will."

"Possibly." Orrington's tone was full of mild regret. "But I couldn't forgive myself if I allowed the public to get hold of it. I think you will see that I must prevent its publication at all hazards. I shall do so."

For the first time during the conversation Grantham showed signs of nervousness. He fumbled with his stick and drew out a handkerchief that he immediately crumpled in one hand. He turned to Speedwell. "Really, Mr. Speedwell, I see no point in our prolonging this. If you and Mr. Orrington have worked up some dirty trick between you, I think you'd better go on with it. I can't be frightened by vague threats, let me assure you."

"I—I think you'd better hear Mr. Orrington out," said Speedwell. "Orrington, perhaps—perhaps you'd better be a little more explicit. What have you in mind?"

Orrington smiled. "Apparently I've got to be explicit, but I'd prefer to say nothing more. Mr. Grantham understands what I mean, and what I'd do."

"I understand that you're threatening me."

"I've only to say a word. I'm perfectly sure of my ground."

Suddenly there came into Grantham's eyes a look of fear. "What are you sure of?" he demanded.

"That I have it in my power to prevent the appearance of the book, or to expose your rascality if it should come out. I prefer to stop it right here. I've had considerable experience, Mr. Grantham, and I'm not without a good deal of admiration for you. I don't see how you managed what you've done. I'm sure you could be a successful writer if you'd try."

"Thanks." Grantham's attempt at irony faltered. "When I wish to go in for literature, I'll let you know."

Orrington seemed not to hear. "Meanwhile," he went on, "I strongly advise you to destroy this manuscript." He took the copy from the desk and held it in both hands. "Will you promise me that?"

"Not till I feel sure that you know what you're talking about," said Grantham sullenly. He did not raise his eyes to meet those of the other men, both of whom were watching him intently.

"I can't give you the exact page, but I could come pretty close to it," Orrington replied.

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"Oh, well!" Grantham laughed uneasily and rose. "I can't be so clever as you make out, then," he said.

"Indeed you are!" Orrington exclaimed. "You've gone through a remarkable exercise in technic. I hope you'll take my advice and do something in your own style—something else. I feel sure that Mr. Speedwell would see you through. Wouldn't you, Speedwell?"

"Yes—yes, indeed," said Speedwell, who looked dazed but eagerly interested.

"Fortunately I need not depend on you." Grantham straightened up with some slight return of his former jaunty air. "I have recently gone into business, which makes your decision about my father's book quite unimportant. I have accepted a connection with the Van Pelt interests. If it will relieve your minds, I'm willing to say that I shall make no attempt to publish the novel."

"I congratulate you—doubly, indeed." Orrington held out the manuscript.

"You'd—you'd better let me have the package wrapped for you," Speedwell put in. "I'm greatly pleased that we have come to an understanding, Mr. Grantham."

For a moment Grantham stood irresolute, half-extending his hand toward Orrington as if to take the manuscript. Then he drew back and addressed Speedwell. "Yes, we appear to understand each other. I think I'll leave the manuscript with Mr. Orrington. He seems to prize it more than I do."

With a curt "good morning" Grantham took his hat and went out. When he had gone, the two men looked at each other for half a minute in silence. Speedwell was the first to speak.

"What on earth, Orrington? What have you been doing?" He brushed his forehead with his hand. "I saw that you and Grantham had come to a—to an understanding, but I must confess to being bewildered."

"So am I, a little," Orrington admitted. "Grantham, however, understands perfectly. What I suspect is that he found his father's unfinished story and completed it. Doesn't it look like that to you?"

"Yes—yes, it does. But you seemed very sure just now, while he was here. I thought you must have worked out a complete case against him."

"Oh, I had no doubt of it for myself, but I couldn't absolutely prove it. I had to let him do that; I had to bluff a little. He did an extraordinarily good job with the book."

"But why? He must have foreseen the danger."

Orrington's huge face put on a melancholy smile. "What won't a man go in for when he worships mammon and his motor-car? Grantham wasn't busy—he has never really settled down to the law or anything else, I fancy. He was idle, and he needed the money. Of course it's a pity, with a talent like his! The novel is no good, in one way, but it's a remarkable *tour de force*. It's a damnably clever imitation of his father, and it would sell. I can't tell you, even now, just where he took the thing up."

"But—but you——"

"I first suspected what was up when you said that he defended the tone of the book. That set me thinking. The trouble with it is chiefly in the tone, of course. I'd been puzzled, as you were, by the latter part of it. When I went through it again, I felt sure. George Grantham wouldn't have written it—he couldn't. The conclusion was obvious. Only I do wish that the young man would take seriously to writing. He'd go far."

Speedwell wrinkled his forehead. "I see—I see. He crumpled as soon as he realized that you suspected. Yes; but I don't share your regret that he is going into business instead of writing. He hasn't the stuff in him, no matter how clever he is. George Grantham had the right tone, and his son never could get that."

"I'm not so sure. Forgery has been a temptation to men of letters since the beginning, and they've been reasonably successful at it. Haven't they? The better the plagiarist, the better the plagiarism. I fancy that the Grantham family didn't say all it could in a single generation."

"But think of what he did, and what he tried to do!" protested Speedwell. "I wonder whether I ought not to warn Van Pelt."

Orrington shrugged his heavy shoul-

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ders. "Don't. The young man will run straight; you can be sure of it. I tell you, you don't understand the temptation. There he was, needing money for useless luxuries to which he'd always been accustomed. He was conscious that he could write almost like his father, and yet that he couldn't stand comparison if he tried something independently in the same style. I blamed him at first, but I don't now. At least, I'm willing to forgive him for trying to play the game on us; and I'm exceedingly glad he caved in so easily. What I should have done if he hadn't, I don't quite know."

"I—I feel guilty about Van Pelt. I think we owe our escape partly to him, you know. If Grantham hadn't been afraid of losing this new position of his, I fear he'd have brazened it out and taken the risk. Very noble of Van Pelt, I call it. I'm sure he has arranged it simply because he's a devotee of George Grantham."

Orrington rose lumberingly. "Then you needn't pity him, my friend. I've no doubt, in that case, he will be rather proud to have Grantham's son associated with him. That will be his reward. Besides, he may get the fellow to work. Everybody is satisfied, and we've upheld the integrity of the publishing business by——"

"By—by the skin of our teeth," suggested Speedwell, "as you wouldn't be likely to say in one of your essays, Orrington. You don't mix metaphors in them as you do in ordinary life, but—but you're less practical. In business you outdo me for hard-headedness—sometimes."

Orrington chuckled as he marched heavily down the corridor to his own office.

Masson of Kentucky

THE STORY OF AN "IRRECLAIMABLE VAGABOND" WHO BECAME A POWER IN INDIA

BY FREDERICK PETERSON, M.D.

Formerly Professor of Mental Diseases at Columbia University; Author of "Chinese Lyrics," etc.

MEDICAL men have a special interest in explorers, first because they are in a way explorers themselves in new fields of the human body and new regions of mind and faculty, and secondly because the famous explorers whose works one likes to read either have been physicians themselves or have found it almost imperative to practise medicine among the primitive peoples with whom they come in contact. Occasionally they take a doctor along with them, as did Sir Alexander Burnes in his travels in Bokhara. Winwood Reade, the African explorer, author of "The Martyrdom of Man," was a doctor. So was David Livingstone. On the other hand, Doughty, whose two huge volumes on Arabia Deserta have of late become so popular, had no medical education whatever, but practised medicine nevertheless among the native Arabs, with a few simples and much caution, as one gathers in reading the formidable accounts of his adventures.

Here is the story so far as it is possible to uncover it of an American boy, born with that strange psychological make-up that leads to wandering and adventure, who, following his dream, achieved such great things as to place him among the foremost explorers of the world. But, by some curious fate, he has been lost sight of in the hurry and bluster of these modern days.

I make no apology, therefore, in venturing to present such brief facts as I have

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been able to gather together in the history of Masson of Kentucky, that "irreclaimable vagabond," as Sir Thomas Holditch calls him in the two chapters he devotes to him in his fascinating book entitled "The Gates of India"—a history and description of the regions in and around the only passes between the vastnesses of Asia and the Indian peninsula. For, except in this northwest, there are no gates to the treasure-house through the cloud-covered mountain walls of snow and ice. Through these northwest passages have poured all the invaders from immemorial times—Aryans, Greeks, Mongols, or whatever hardened race among migrating and conquering peoples has sought the mild south and wealth and ease.

I can imagine this boy born (perhaps in 1798) in Kentucky—born with the spirit of adventure among a pioneer people who, amidst hardships, the hostility of nature, the peril of Indians, were cutting farms out of the primeval woods and slowly beginning to build up a civilized commonwealth. These pioneers were adventurous too in going into the wilderness to make their new homes, to hew and plow and plant and build, but this was commonplace adventure, making little appeal to the intellect or imagination. What was it that spiritualized in Masson in Kentucky those homely ambitions that made him reach out into the oldest parts of the Old World? There were no newspapers or magazines or news from anywhere except what came by word of mouth or letters months old. There could have been few books, and yet possibly some well-thumbed copy of Marco Polo came into his hands; or among his teachers, for he must have had some inspiring ones, perhaps was some intellectual exile and wanderer who told him tales of Polo, Genghis Khan, and Tamerlane, Baber, the Arabian Nights, Egypt, Golconda. However it may have been, there is no trace of any Masson family in the historical annals of Kentucky, and we must imagine this American boy, about twenty years of age, making his way slowly, perhaps earning it, on horseback, by boat or lumbering stage from Kentucky wilds to New York, then by slow sail to England; and we know with certainty that he then had four years of wandering and study in England, France, and Russia before he reached Tiflis.

There is no book that tells us about him, no note of him in any of the biographies or encyclopædias, except a tiny note in Allibone's Dictionary of Authors that mentions just Charles Masson, without date or place of birth or death, and the titles of his books: "Journeys in Balochistan, Afghanistan, the Panjab and Kalat" in four volumes, Bentley, London, 1844. "Legends of the Afghans," in verse, 1848. This is all that is mentioned in Allibone. I have, besides the above edition, another edition of the Journeys published earlier by Bentley, in 1842, in three volumes. Aside from what he himself reveals to us of his character, attainments, and doings in these books and in one letter written in September, 1830, by the Resident of the Persian Gulf to the Chief Secretary of the Government of India (preserved in the Documents of the Bombay Secretariat), which sets forth a few things in his life which Masson had told the Resident, we have no data with regard to him, and we have no account of what became of him subsequently to the publication of the last edition of his works, in 1844. I have not been able to find a copy of his "Legends of the Afghans," in verse, published in 1848.

The letter of the Resident of the Persian Gulf referred to says that "an American gentleman of the name of Masson arrived at Bushire from Bassadore on the 13th of June last [1830] describing himself as from the State of Kentucky and saying that he had been absent from his country for ten years, which he must consequently have left when he was young, as he is now only about two-and-thirty years of age." From the same letter we learn that before 1826 he had gone in from Tiflis through Persia and Afghanistan to Sind, and his book begins after this in the autumn of 1826, when he journeys from India via Peshawer to Kabul and Kandahar, in Afghanistan, and back to India. We have no record of the earlier journey through Afghanistan.

During the next four years he seems to have been continually travelling in these regions, though we have no dates between till his appearance before the Res-

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ident of the Persian Gulf at Bushire, in June, 1830. He had reached Bushire from Karachi in India, by sea in Arab craft, and he returned along the seacoast in the same way to India and began farther journeys into Kalat and Afghanistan. We hear of him again spending a long period of time in Kabul in 1832 and 1833 and 1835, and indeed he was in that country for years till 1838, and early in 1840, his fourth volume tells us, he had just dispatched various manuscripts to England for publication and started on another journey from Karachi to Kalat, which lasted into 1841. This is almost the last date we have of any personal news of him, except that the preface of the fourth volume of the second edition of his book is dated London, February 1, 1843.

We establish however that for fifteen years he was a wanderer in those strange lands, an "irreclaimable vagabond" truly, yet a nomad with more than the usual lure of food and self-protection and gain. Whatever may have been the opportunities in those full years of his, since early life he was essentially a student, full of a zeal for knowledge and experience, an educated man, wisely critical of the disturbed political conditions in that quarter of the world, humanly sympathetic with his fellowmen of whatever race, adaptable to all conditions of life, and with marvellous courage to undertake such arduous journeys among countless perils. He had no private means. He travelled in Mongol or Hindoo costume or in rags or practically naked, when robbed of his all by mountain or desert bandits. If he needed a little money he would practise medicine. Sometimes a chieftain or official would make him a present of a small amount of money, a few rupees, but he often refused it. He preferred to go like the natives with perhaps a few coppers sewed up in his clothes. Most of those countless miles which made a network as shown on his own map all over Balochistan, Afghanistan, and Sind he made on foot. He shared the meals and resting-places of the natives, the peasants, the pilgrims, the travelling merchants whom he met by the way.

From such documents as we have, especially his own books, we find that he wrote in an unusually good English style, that he spoke French fluently, that he spoke Persian and Hindi, that he made particular studies of the languages and dialects of the Balochs and Afghans, that he studied thoroughly the histories of these countries and peoples and the works of preceding travellers as far back as the Arab travellers and the routes of Alexander and Nearchus as described by Arrian. He made extensive studies of the political conditions, the military forces, the revenues, trades, agriculture and horticulture, religion, the manners and customs, ethnology, the natural history, including quadrupeds, birds, insects, amphibia, botany, geology and mineralogy, the data of which are brought together in his books. He made elaborate researches into the archæology and geography of these regions.

He was a careful collector and investigator of coins and sent some 30,000 coins to the East India Museum in London which he had found himself or come upon in his travels. Perhaps his chief interests might be considered to be archæology and numismatics. He could draw very well, and the first three volumes of his journeys are illustrated by some twenty drawings of cities, landscapes, ancient monuments, and the like. It is amazing what this young Kentuckian accomplished with the obstacles he must have had to overcome, and his books are far more interesting and romantic to read than those of Doughty. Perhaps the chief fascination in Doughty is his extraordinary style, Biblical in its character with much use of archaic words, parentheses, and involved sentences. It reads more like an epic poem than a record of observation and travel, even though its geographical and ethnic data afforded great help to the English in their Arabian campaigns.

Sometime in 1835 Masson accepted a proposal from the Indian Government to act as British agent and to keep them informed as to affairs in Kabul, but becoming dissatisfied with British governmental methods he resigned three years later a position which he called "disagreeable and dishonorable." He had nine years' intimate acquaintance with the Afghans and saw with consternation the way the

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ignorant and foolish officials of the Indian Government were beginning to muddle up affairs between the two nations. Holditch says apropos of this that the Indian Government officials at that time were but amateurs in their knowledge of Afghan politics compared with Masson, and that much of the horrors of subsequent events might have been avoided could Masson have been admitted freely and fully to their counsels. Thus came the first Afghan war, with its complete destruction of the British army (1838–1841). The Oxford History of India tells the story and says of Lord Auckland, the Governor of India, that nobody would have "supposed it possible that he would drag the honor of England in the dirt and expose India to the most shameful humiliation she had ever suffered."

In the preface to "The Gates of India" Holditch says: "My excuse for giving so large a place to the American explorer Masson, for instance, is that he was first in the field at a critical period of Indian history. Apart from his extraordinary gifts and power of absorbing and collating information, history has proved that on the whole his judgment both as regards Afghan character and Indian political ineptitude was essentially sound."

In the two chapters devoted to Masson he gives him much praise. He says: "There was at least one active European agent in the field who was in direct touch with the chief political actors in that strange land of everlasting unrest, and who has left behind him a record which is unsurpassed on the Indian frontier for the width of its scope of inquiry into matters political, social, economic, and scientific, and the general accuracy of his conclusions. This was the American, Masson." Elsewhere he says there is a peculiar value in the records of this traveller, that they are as valuable now as they were eighty years ago, and that no narrative of adventure that has ever appeared before or since in connection with Afghan exploration can rival his for interest. "Nothing seems to have come amiss to his inquiring mind. Archæology, numismatics, botany, geology, history—it was all new to him, and an inexhaustible opportunity lay before him. He certainly made good use of it." "He was a wide observer and must have been the possessor of a most remarkable memory. He was indeed a whole intelligence department in himself." "As an explorer in Afghanistan he stands alone. His work has never been equalled."

It was a long way in those days from Kentucky to Afghanistan, and one wonders what burning fires of imagination led this mysterious and unknown youth from the crude and rough borders along the Ohio River to the magic banks of the Indus and Oxus to achieve there fame and a great name, even if for a moment, in the century he has been forgotten.

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Boys and Poetry

BY MATTHEW WILSON BLACK

SOME weeks ago there came to my theme-littered desk a letter bearing the superscription of a "cozy" little "art bookshop" located down on quaint Camac Street, a romantic byway which does for our city what "The Village" might, but does not, do for New York. I knew the charming proprietress, and I knew what the letter contained: an invitation to "give a little talk" to the "patrons of my little shop" ("your message about such and such a book or so-and-so, the new novelist, would fit in *so* nicely"). My reflections, as I slit the envelope and read its contents, were mildly cynical. Public lectures—giving them and going to them—are a literary weakness of present-day America. They have been the intellectual ruin of wiser men than I; and besides, I was too busy to sally forth to fill in the hour before tea, unless I found an opportunity to be really helpful on some subject that was near to my heart.

"If," was my answer, "you are interested in either of the things I care about most in all the world—boys or poetry—I shall be glad to talk."

Her reply was prompt and also stimulating. "Why not talk about both together? I shall invite a hundred poetry-lovers, teachers, older brothers and sisters, parents who are continually asking, 'Can't you give me something that will get my William or my Ethel interested in poetry?' I do hope you can tell us something encouraging and make some helpful, practical suggestions."

Well, after six happy though hectic years spent teaching literature at a large university, I could and did. The hundred devotees, or a percentage of them large enough to assure me that the subject was to them a live one, assembled. I talked earnestly, but cheerfully, for I have a deep and abiding faith in poetry and what it can do. It is my way of saving souls. But, as so often happens, I received from the subsequent discussion more than I gave. I came away with impressions which have kept me thinking about this significant and fruitful puzzle ever since. Incidentally I have been wondering whether my audience, in interest and in point of view, were not typical of a hundred similar groups in other cities.

Above all else, they seemed to me to exaggerate the hopelessness of the situation. "The weak point in your armor, if I may say so," challenged one man, a dramatic critic on one of the papers, "is that you talk as though boys read poetry. As a matter of fact, scarcely any one reads poetry, or even buys it. The poetry alcove in a bookstore is about the one spot in our whole civilization of stone and wheels and collective mediocrity, where a man can be sure of being quiet and alone." "I don't know what America's coming to," said a woman. "We have ceased to dream dreams. When I think of what 'Pippa Passes' meant to us! And my son and daughter *will* not even read it." And there was general agreement. Some one quoted solemnly, "Without vision the people perish." And, "Frankly, none of my friends, either boys or girls, ever read a word of poetry," cried a girl, to cap the climax.

Of course, it *is* undeniably true that poetry is less widely read to-day than it was, say, a hundred years ago. Times have changed when one is asked to appear before a group of reading people, cultivated people, and talk to them *optimistically* about literature in its rarest, its quintessential form. Suppose for a moment the little bookshop had been in one of the byways off Fleet Street in London just a century since. Suppose my audience had been ladies in poke bonnets, in elbow gloves, and little heel-less slippers tied on with narrow ribbons; and gentlemen in pantaloons, swallow-tails and double-breasted waistcoats, bea-

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ver hats, side-whiskers, with long hair curling over their stocks. Suppose that they had driven in from the West End of London, deserting the Ring and Ranelagh for an hour, to listen to an obscure don of one of the universities on the subject, "Poetry for the Young."

How different my task would have been! I should have warned them that the young of London were poring over books of verse at the expense of their health, if not also of their morals. I should have picked my way amid a perfect host of popular, famous names, warning, deprecating, recommending. If there were a moment for gossip, I should doubtless have remarked the sale of Mr. Crabbe's copyright for £3000 (a sum no doubt equal to $50,000 in present money value. Can any one mention a poet save Kipling whose copyright is worth that to-day?). I might have mentioned the rapid sale of the edition de luxe of Sir Walter Scott's metrical romances, of Lord Byron's most immoral "Don Juan" or any of a multitude of other "best-sellers." But ever and anon, the burden of my discourse would have been that the young people of London must learn to pick and choose among the host of poets they read, and that cricket must not be allowed to suffer.

Certainly, it is not so with us. The impecuniousness of poets has become a stock joke, with humiliating examples on every hand.

But it is easy for facile teacup pessimism to paint us—far more benighted than we are. The comparison between London in 1825 and America in 1925 is utterly unfair. The just parallel, which is that between America in 1825 and America in 1925, is vastly more encouraging. Besides, fashions change. The host of writers, the host of readers, the high financial rewards that used to follow poetry, have been diverted to the novel and the short story for a time. Yet one does hear of dozens of young people in every large city who not only read poetry but write it. And there must be a proportionately greater number whom one does not hear of. Generally speaking, my guess is that there are perhaps as many people reading poetry as there ever have been, *but no more*. And with the spread of education, we have a right to expect that there should be many more. Certainly at no time have there been so many otherwise civilized young people who are not interested in poetry.

What shall we do about them? Let them go their unenlightened way? Decide that they aren't worth saving? Not while there live any with the hearts of missionaries, the zeal of crusaders, who believe, as I do, that the awakening to poetry is an event in a boy's or a girl's emotional life, a landmark in the formation of character, second in importance only to religious conversion, very similar to it in kind and in the depth of its effects, and very similar to it in suddenness and unexpectedness. It is a phenomenon which I have been privileged to witness intimately, only perhaps half a dozen times. But no young minister burning to save souls could feel one whit more tender or more proud toward the young enthusiasts in his confirmation class than I have felt and feel toward these young converts to poetry. It is an experience beautiful to watch. The surprised delight in the eyes of a boy who has "got it" is reward for no matter how many years of apparently fruitless striving.

Their expression of what they feel is crude enough; thank the Lord, they don't become critics overnight; one doesn't mind their inarticulateness, still less the refreshing naïveté of their explanation of how it happened; for these only show how genuine the experience has been. I remember a certain fresh-faced lad who came into my rooms one evening to borrow a book. I asked him what kind of book—he usually wanted something funny, like O. Henry or Leacock. It appeared that he wanted a book of poetry. I looked at him in surprise; I had had a try at him already and had produced what seemed to me to be less than no effect; he had said somewhat proudly that he never read poetry. And now he wished to borrow a volume of it. I said: "Why, Stevenson, man, what's happened to you? Are you in love?"

He brushed this suggestion aside. "No, nothing like that, sir. I'm off women. But the other day in Doctor Felton's course, he was readin' along from a man named Blake, or something like that,

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something about a little child, and a fellow playin' the pipes, and a lamb, and something about a tiger too, I think. Well, anyway, I wasn't paying much attention, and then all of a sudden Doctor Felton's voice got husky, and I looked up an' saw there were tears in his eyes. But the funny part of it was, he looked so darn happy all the time.

"So after class I got to thinking about it, and I said to myself, 'Say, if that stuff can make an old hard-boiled egg like Doctor Felton cryin'-happy, it must be strong stuff.' So I got the book out of the library and got to readin' some of it myself and I'll say it's great; gee, it sure is great."

Another returned my copies of "Modern Love" and Noyes with the following outburst: "I say, sir, here are those books of poems you lent me. Thanks ever so much." A pause; then: "I say, sir, I never could see much in the stuff. And I can't get much out of this man Meredith, yet; but say, Noyes, he's great. That one about the fellow that gallops up to the old hotel at night—gee, it's *great*. Have you got any more by him?"

The word "great" is all his critical vocabulary. But it is enough. From that on he was an easy victim.

"What happened to these young men afterward?" some one might ask. "Did their interest last through the football season? After all, it's not much of a triumph to get any one to respond to a few childlike lyrics of William Blake, still less a narrative romance like Noyes's 'Highwayman.'"

My point is that the start is everything. Once break down that fright which many right-minded boys feel when confronted with verse, *once* let them feel the thrill of words, and you have given them a spiritual treasure which they will never altogether lose.

As for these two young men, they were students in our School of Commerce and Finance, embryo business men. Nothing happened to them, as far as any one could see. They didn't give up their business course to change over into the arts department and devote themselves to literature. But in the two years that have passed, they *have* gone on reading poetry. They have taken all the courses they could get in which the reading of poetry is a feature. They still come around to see me and talk about something they like—much of it still bad, but improving in taste. But what is more than this, I know, I can see, that they are *happier* and finer for the experience. I think they will be better citizens for the ideals they are absorbing, better business men because they will have more imagination; they will be nicer to their wives and a thousand times more interesting to their children. I can't say more than that; but I wonder if that is not all there could be to say.

Exceptional boys? Not at all. Yet to reassure the reader that we have in mind the same "Young People" let me describe a typical American youth of the sort one hopes to reach, as I meet him by the hundred every year. He is, let us say, about twenty, and in one of his first three years at a college or university. He plays on one of the teams, and if you could see him when he is alone in his room, you would observe that he is proud of his mighty arm and chest muscles and studies them from different angles in the mirror. He has only recently begun to plaster down the rebellious hair that used to make him so cunning when he was a boy. For the first time he is secretly wishing that he had practised when, as a mere kid, he was having his music and dancing lessons—though that is an admission that you will not easily get out of him. His mother is encouraged, though, about his clothes. He is beginning really to take notice of what he wears. In fact, he is becoming a bit of a dandy. The shape and angle of his hat are matters of tremendous moment, judging by the amount of time he spends adjusting them. They are things with which no mere woman can tamper any longer. His suit is of tweed, with belted jacket and trousers moderately bell-shaped at the bottom. His shoes are enormous, tan, with thick soles and intricate (hence "trick") perforated decorations on the toes. He wears a muffler which calls to mind Mr. Hergesheimer's book, "The Bright Shawl."

Mentally, he has retained from the first five years of his schooling the three

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R's; less from the second five years; little from the third five years. He is, however, an authority on one or more of the following subjects: the viscera of an automobile; radio; the sporting page of the newspaper; the personnel of the comic strips; moving pictures; dancing. He reads more than you think: magazines, a few novels, but no poetry.

Psychologically, his most striking trait is apparently a profound and lasting cynicism. For you must know that this man has *lived* and suffered, and learned. He has spent a whole week's allowance on a girl, and then two nights later she danced four times with that snake, Joe West. It follows that all women are false. A prof. has posed before his class as an authority on drama and then one day when they asked him something about Al Jolson, it turned out that he thought Al Jolson was a prize-fighter! And anyhow half the things that profs. say are matters of opinion, just purely matters of opinion. (He likes phrases like "matters of opinion.") It follows that all education is bunk, which one submits to perforce, but is not deceived by. All profs. "sell hokum."

Toward poetry his attitude is simple and logical. He has tried it, and there's nothing in it. Stories are all right—there's something doing, action, excitement in them; essays too, for you can sometimes figure out, if you have to, what "the bird is trying to prove." But this poetry stuff—all about nightingales and flowers and stars, and guys playing mandolins with long necks—is a lot of fairy-tales and sweet nothings; a lot o' nothing dressed up in a lot o' words.

If you press him, he will add that he can't have the other men taking him for a softy. Nobody but greasers go in for poetry and all that kind of hooey—literature and stuff. Greasers and a lot of sentimental women! Heh! (His sister is startlingly like him in this and many other ways, save that she may cherish in secret a love for the very things she affects to scorn. And who shall say that the boy does not do even this?)

You recognize him, I hope. He sounds pretty impervious. But he really isn't. He is not as easily susceptible to poetry as he was at twelve, let us say. He has developed a number of other materialistic, alluring interests, of the kind I have mentioned—tangible things that he can play with. And he has developed a kind of protective shell against idealism. But he is by no means as hardened as he appears. There is nothing yet which a determined, tactful, and well-equipped missionary cannot penetrate. And underneath he is still a living mass of undirected enthusiasm, just as fine, just as ductile as ever, just as receptive of real poetry if some one can bring it to him.

But I have mentioned a crucial point. Whence has come this protective shell? What is it in his experience between five and twenty that tends to close up those avenues of his soul by which beauty expressed in words can reach him?

First of all, it seems to me, the periodical-reading which he does for himself creates in him a false notion of what poetry is. One day, after finishing the adventures of the Gumps and exhausting the sporting-page, he has a few moments on his hands and he leafs through the rest of the paper. He sees a half-column of something which by its ragged, broken-up appearance he recognizes as verse. A feeling of virtue surges over him. His mother and his teacher are always telling him that he ought to read poetry. He will read it. And what does he read? Probably something like this:

THE LITTLE GIRL WITH A BROKEN NOSE

Poor little girl with the broken nose,
Wondering why all the attention goes
To the baby now, and why daddy's knee
Isn't all yours as it used to be!
Oh, it's all so strange and it's all so queer,
You used to have all of the love, my dear,
And now there's another to claim a share
And somehow it doesn't seem just quite fair.

There is very little here for a boy's spirit to lean upon.

He may even chance upon one of the more literary magazines, which he picks up from the library table, and there he finds too often verse which is merely pale, anæmic, pretty-pretty.

What wonder, after a few such experiences, that he comes to the conclusion that poetry is a trivial thing, propagated by and for—to use his own phrase—"a lot of sentimental women." What wonder that he concludes that it has no place

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in his life present or future? Jack is by no means lacking in hard penetration: and he feels, as any hard-penetrating person would, that if this is poetry, he not only doesn't need poetry, but is better off without it.

It seems to me, then, that one of the missionary's first duties is by a series of judicious and tactful allusions made over the newspaper or the magazine while he is around to hear—never direct, never so far as he can see, aimed at him—to stigmatize such filler as the trash that it is, and so break down the confusion between sentimentality and poetry.

Another layer in this protective crust was added when he *studied* poetry in school—to say nothing of learning "The Chambered Nautilus" as a punishment. Poems, masterpieces, have been picked to the bones in his bored presence, to serve an entirely different end from that of inculcating a love of poetry. He has had to look up all the old words in that first true English nature lyric, the prologue to the "Canterbury Tales"; he has learned what a "loud bassoon" is. A story has been going the rounds of college English departments about a boy who when asked to identify Milton's "L'Allegro" finally produced the information that that was the poem in which you had to look up Calliope. Poetry had become synonymous to him with the juiceless, uninspiring labor of looking up forgotten goddesses and mediæval nouns. Our universities are full of these graceless, unwilling little pseudo-pedants.

One of them who discouraged me recently was a girl, by the bye. I had asked her personal reaction to a wonderful old tale of chivalry and magic in which a huge knight, with a beard as long and green as a bush, rides into King Arthur's glamorous court, has his head severed by a sword-stroke, picks up his head, holds it facing his adversary and challenges him to a meeting one year hence. What, I asked her, in effect, do you think of *that?* Her personal reactions of wonder and delight were somewhat as follows: "'Sir Gawain and the Green Knight' is a non-alliterative English metrical romance, written by some anonymous contemporary of the great Chaucer. There has been considerable discussion among scholars as to the date of this great work, which can only be determined by delicate turns of dialect and internal allusions, but *in my opinion* it was written about 1370, in the West Midland dialect, etc., etc."

Well, poetry was made to be read, and enjoyed, and thrilled to, not studied. Equally unfortunate is the boy upon whom some misguided pedagogue has thrust a knowledge of those profound and terrible mysteries, the iambus, the dactyl, the trochee and the anapest. There is no help in handbooks, no meat in metre!

And then there is the system of writing what are called reading-reports. Don't ask a boy to tell you what he has read, at least at first. Don't ask him to write anything about it. The report system is a most unfortunate but happily temporary feature of high-school and university literature courses, in which there are so many people that it is impossible to learn of a student's capabilities in any other way. It will disappear as the institutions enlarge. Meanwhile, nothing could be more unfortunate than any attempt to carry it into the home, under any guise whatever. Not only does it outrage that sense of delicacy with which a boy of twenty regards the strange new impulses that poetry rouses in him; but the results themselves are bound to be disastrous. He *can't* do it. Literary criticism is an art in itself, and an art that by no means follows upon the instinctive, primitive appreciation we are trying to stir. I, who read over a thousand of these papers in a year, know whereof I speak.

Still another thing that the object of your proselyting must be carefully guarded from, is definitions of poetry. Too many of them are on a plane to which he cannot mount, ethereal, moonlit, pools-at-even, evanescent, misty—the "Ah-h-h, poetry!" kind of thing.

Even the definition given by Dr. Watts-Dunton in the "Britannica" would go far, in fact, toward confirming him in the notion that a poet and, to a slightly less extent, any one who is interested in poetry is, in his words, a kind of "nut."

No study of poetry, then, no bewildering definitions, no ultra-modern experiments: all that is necessary is to bring the young person and poetry together, without any third factor of whatever kind. I mean, put poetry of a certain kind where he can get it, in your library, in his room,

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and it will be its own answer, win its own victories.

The only question is: What poetry shall we begin with? Remember, the start is everything. Please, kind reader, do not say to yourself: "Why, what is the man thinking of? We have standard editions at home of every great poet from Shakespeare and Spenser down—Keats, Tennyson, Shelley, all of them, and I've just begged our Henry to read them." Please do not say that. I do not mean the Classics. You do not feed a starving man meat. And you do not send miles away for a basket of humming-birds' wings.

There is need, then, of a new anthology of a sort never collected before, a "Youth's Anthology," a selection for Jack and Jill. Anthologies, to be sure, we have a-plenty. But they are for the exceptional boy; the thing has never been done, I think, for the average boy. And so far as I have analyzed the type of poetry which belongs in this new, this useful book, I shall indicate it here.

First of all, our anthology will include only poems with a strongly marked rhythm. Alexandrines and hexameters must come later; free verse, too. I had a striking example of the power of rhythm in one of my classes not so long ago. It was drawing near the glad hour of twelve, for which the sufferers longed, not only as they long for the end of every class, but with the cumulative suppressed animalism of a long morning plus the gnawings of hunger. Worse still, it was hot. And I had miscalculated my time, and found myself with but three minutes in which to read an illustration and point a moral. With a bland unawareness of their anxious faces, a deaf ear to their shuffling feet, I launched into the illustration. It was Alfred Noyes's "Forty Singing Seamen." I feared the worst, for I read poetry at least as badly as most people.

> "Across the seas of Wonderland to Mogadore we plodded,
> Forty singing seamen in an old black barque."

The swaggering, sea-legged swing of it caught me, as it always does. And, to my delight it caught them too. The note-books stopped slapping, the uneasy movements ceased, the anxious look faded from the faces before me. The thrill of their edified silence carried me on until I had read it all—a matter of at least ten minutes. Eight after twelve and they never moved a muscle, forty hungry freshmen on the hard oak seats! I must write to Mr. Noyes about it, I think.

Swing, then, the pieces of our anthology must have. And now for the content: the requirements are, briefly, three. It should be poetry of our own time, or near it, not only because we must eliminate the intellectual distraction of notes and explanations, which the boy understandably detests, together with all the other apparatus for studying poetry before he loves it, but also because the Classics are too big for him as yet. Second, it should be poetry that deals with life, and not with dreams—Hardy, not de la Mare; and poetry which deals with life dramatically—kinetic, or potentially so, not contemplative, introspective. And even out of this I would select: poetry dealing with emotions which the boy has felt and feels.

This last is the real key to the difficulty. Poetry is bound up with emotion, and the boy's emotional range is limited. How can he understand or like what he does not feel, never has felt?

For the matter of that, let the maturer lover of verse call honestly to mind how much of the great poetry was really, instinctively, his the first time he read it; how much of it brought the exultation of seeing what he felt as strongly as the poet, put for him into beautiful words—how many of the lines he could shout aloud with conviction, with passion. What a lot of literary hypocrisy we should clear away if we all confessed the truth! Let me admit, for example, that when I read Wordsworth for the first time, only the Lucy poems, and two sonnets, especially the one beginning

> "I am not one who much or oft delight,
> To season my fireside with personal talk—"

and the other:

> "The world is too much with us; late and soon,
> Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;"

hit me at all. These, and these only, represented the part of Wordsworth that was strongly, inescapably mine at first.

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Of Byron, I found myself written in a few passages of proud, bitter egotism in "Childe Harold." And so with the rest. I aspire to the "Ode on Intimations of Immortality" just as I aspire to "The Skylark" and "The Nightingale," and "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty." I can rise to them while I am reading them, but afterward I come back to earth with a thud. Some day I hope I shall possess them all. But when that time comes, I shall be a different person from the person I am now.

Let each of us apply that test, if he dares, to his own reading of poetry, and then let us apply it to our selection of poems for boys and girls. I have often thought that the proverb, "Hitch your wagon to a star," makes no mention of the length of the rope. A proper humility about one's own appreciation of poetry does much to prevent the error of the forcing-house in this delicate task.

But no such vague analysis can lead one unerringly to the proper selection. Nor is it possible, I think, to render the analysis more exact. Let me set forth with due hesitancy a few of the poems which seem to me to belong in "Youth's Anthology" because I have seen them, in classroom and study, have their high way with boys and girls:

Masefield's "Dauber," and "Biography." In the latter, the description of London nights spent in glowing talk with his friends and the passage which tells of the boat-race are precisely in the right key. It is a strange youth who is not moved by them. Of Noyes, "The Barrel-Organ" and the "Highwayman," "A Victory Dance," and for youngsters of a scientific bent, "The Watchers of the Skies" and "The Torch-Bearers." As many as the book will hold of Rupert Brooke, Joyce Kilmer, Alan Seeger—all the gallant young group of war poets, English and American. "Savage Portraits" of Don Marquis. The title-piece of Mary Dixon Thayer's "Songs of Youth." Many of Kipling's, which are sure to catch lads who are fond—as hundreds of them are—of Robert Service. Service himself should by all means be liberally included. And so, carefully, on. Nothing more fatuous could well be imagined than any attempt here at completeness. A hundred others come to mind. I put these first, as songs against whose appeal few boys are proof. Nor need the older nor the gentler poets be altogether neglected. That simple little sonnet-drama of Michael Drayton's,

> "Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and part,
> Nay, I have done, you get no more of me. . . ."

the serenity of "My mind to me a kingdom is," the manly sweetness of "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?"—these are examples out of hundreds which are completely within youth's scope and are perennial in their appeal.

One thing the reader will notice about my choices is that the poets are all men whom youth can respect. The schoolroom presentation of the lives of the bards leaves many boys with a notion that in their private life they were either sissies or rakes, or both. They listen in wide-eyed enlightenment to the tale of how Noyes threw the batman downstairs; of Ben Jonson killing his man in single combat on the plains of Flanders; of Keats expelled from school for pugnacity. The boy must be made to see that a poet may be very much like himself before he can respect him. But choose white souls like Masefield, Kilmer, Brooke, for deep down in his heart the boy is pretty much of a Puritan. Above all, tell him the story of Rupert Brooke. I have told it many times, and have yet to find a boy unmoved by it.

This, then, is my advice. Am I a Jesuit? Am I palming off the little gods and forgetting the big ones? Is the reader worried about the Classics and the young person? I can only say again, unstop his ears, and after that he will not wish to close them. He will listen for all that his soul can catch of the beauty of words.

But let the apostle not forget that he himself must be the thing he wishes his proselyte to become. He must steep himself in the great things of all the ages, make them his own. For the young person is quick to detect any but the sincerest and richest enthusiasm in those who try to lead him. Poetry must be a necessity to you before you can make it desirable to him. To such a missionary nothing is impossible; and of a surety the fault is with us and not the rising generation, if we fail to pass on the torch.

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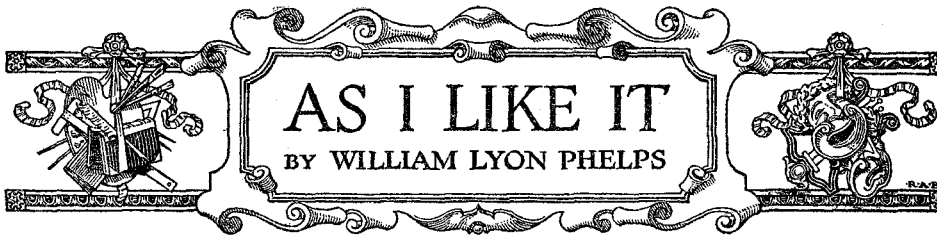

IS it possible that there is any connection between the United States "crime wave" and the flood of detective novels? There is certainly a tidal wave of crime. An admirable editorial in the New York *World* for August 4 is headed *Had your little murder to-day?* and ends *what to do, and do it?*

As it seems probable that the third decade of the twentieth century in America will forever be memorable for its daily list of murders, so I cannot remember a time when current fiction was more heavily spiced with crook novels. The proof that these are works of fiction is not in their strangeness, but that in every instance the criminal is caught and properly dealt with; whereas in actuality he is not often apprehended, less often convicted, and conviction may mean little or nothing. I dare say an insurance company would be mathematically justified in taking on any one who was under sentence of death.

Here is a list of novels published within the last few months, that I will guarantee as thrillers; there must be thrice as many I have not read. In addition to "The Three Hostages," "The House of the Arrow," "The Locked Book," "The Monster," "A Voice from the Dark," "Thus Far," which I have previously mentioned, and which, although of British origin, are selling sweetly in America, there are "The Mystery of the Singing Walls," by W. A. Stowell, "A Midsummer Mystery," by Gordon Gerould, "Darkened Windows," by Cornelia Kane Rathbone, "The Red Lamp," by Mary Roberts Rinehart, "The Black Magician," by R. T. M. Scott. In addition there is a stirring tale by a new author, Rufus King, called "North Star," wherein the detective is a dog—and those who love both excitement and dogs will have a feast.

Of the list just given, "The Red Lamp," by the well-beloved Mrs. Rinehart, is perhaps the most ingenious, she being a specialist in ingenuity; it is if anything too complicated, for I stopped occasionally to look back and reassure myself on identities, as one constantly does in reading an Elizabethan play. In addition to crime, Mrs. Rinehart gives us spiritism and ghosts. I never saw a ghost, but many intelligent people have believed in them, William De Morgan, for example.

But if "The Red Lamp" is the most ingenious, "The Black Magician" is the most thrilling. It is a delectable dish, with the ingredients kindly mixed.

I enjoy reading sleuth-books, though I have not read so many as G. K. Chesterton or Count Ilya Tolstoi, both of whom, I believe, always carry one in the pocket.

To turn from the pursuit of crime to the pursuit of something yet more elusive, Truth, let me recommend a small volume called "Can a Man Be a Christian To-day?" by William Louis Poteat. The author is a botanist and President of Wake Forest College. I wish I might study both botany and religion under his direction, as he has the gift of lucid exposition. This is a talking book, consisting of three lectures which Doctor Poteat was invited to deliver at the University of North Carolina. The three lectures are called, respectively, "To-day," "Baggage," "Peace."

The real advance in Christian thought to-day consists in going back—going back through the accumulated baggage of theology, dogmas, creeds, and rituals, to the Founder of Christianity. It has never been easy to be a Christian; Browning thanked God that it was very hard. Doctor Poteat does not ask if it is easy or hard; he asks if it is possible. And after a candid examination of both scientific and spiritual truth, he answers in the affirmative. There are hundreds of thousands of honest young people who are in perplexity, and who would like to have an intellectually respectable religion. They will find illumination in this little book.

It is commonly said that the youth of

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to-day are indifferent to religion; but my observation seems to indicate that they are more indifferent to science. How many of them, unless they are forced to do so, read through a scientific book? In general conversation, is it science or is it religion which is the more frequent topic?

Those who admired Doctor Frank Crane's popular confession of faith, "Why I Am a Christian," will enjoy Bruce Barton's "The Man Nobody Knows," which is also written in colloquial language. It is an attempt, by an expert in this field of business, to advertise the manly virtues and the "psychology" of Our Lord in his dealings with men. It affords one more illustration of the range of appeal made by the most interesting personality in history. I imagine that Mr. Barton, who is an able, energetic, successful man of business, cannot patiently endure the common spectacle of seeing the most interesting of all persons the subject of so many dry sermons. Ministers have the most appealing thing in the world, and they often advertise it clumsily. He will show them not only how to do it, but will show them how He did it.

It will not hurt any minister to read this book; and there are no persons who are more willing and eager to learn than ministers of the gospel. It is strange that their enemies represent them as opposed to knowledge, whereas the members of no other calling or profession make such sacrifices to give their children an unhampered education.

Still another presentation of the central truth in the Christian religion is to be found in A. S. M. Hutchinson's new novel, "One Increasing Purpose," which, by the time these lines are published, should be at once delighting the public and enraging the critics. It will enrage the critics because of the idiosyncrasies of its literary style, and because of its evangelical fervor. Instead of making religious people dull and disgusting, he actually makes them attractive. He will never be forgiven for this. It will delight the public because it is, first of all, an interesting story: because its characters, especially the three brothers, are impressively real; because it comes from a personality so rich in humor, sympathy, loving-kindness, and ideality that one is often reminded of De Morgan and Dickens. The youngest of the three brothers in this novel is a kind of Great-heart, leading pilgrims toward the Celestial City; in his capacity to understand sinners and to unshackle them he recalls the author's Mark Sabre, and the youngest of the three Karamazov brothers.

In Mr. Hutchinson's preceding novel, "This Freedom," the story came to grief through a temporary eclipse of the author's sense of humor, which here emerges brighter than ever. I feel sure that either Mr. Wells or Mr. Bennett would have been glad to write the chapters about Stupendity.

Mr. Hutchinson takes religion seriously; he seems to think that Christianity should reveal itself in daily living. But he does not take himself too seriously, and he does not take his adverse critics seriously at all. He himself appears in his own story as the popular writer "B. C. D." Here is his own description of the Super-famous novelist (Part I, Chapter XX):

> The habitual look of this remarkable man —a youngish-looking man wearing rimless spectacles—was the look of a man in imminent peril of at any moment being arrested; which, in the considered judgment of the great majority of those literary critics and intellectuals who together form the eminent and redoubtable Bodyguard of the glorious heritage and traditions of English literature, he not only deserved to be but, as they said, if literature were properly appreciated and protected in this country, would have been long ago. . . . The primary offence which caused this trogloditish yet universally known individual to warrant arrest was of a double order. It reposed first in the injurious fact that the novel, "The Road Home," which had brought him fame had not brought him fame by order of the Bodyguard (who had indeed either ignored it or perfunctorily dismissed it until they discovered it to be running like a pestilence among the common people); and it reposed secondly in the insulting fact that his novel sold in more hundreds of thousands than any modern novel had hitherto sold or than any novel not written by a member of the Intellectual branch of the Bodyguard, or not issued under the direct patronage of the Critical branch of the Bodyguard, had any right, reason, excuse, precedent or permission to sell.

His adverse and pompous critics have not succeeded in removing his head, nor

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has his popularity with readers turned it. B. C. D. is speaking (Part IV, Chapter I):

My intention is, as also I have said, when it comes for me to cut the painter and put out to sea, to leave this record behind me for the purpose that whoever comes to write that man's chronicle may have it, not to use in what is I am afraid and despite all my efforts my characteristic style, but to work upon and gather what he may. . . . For my own share I have this—that though in my passage here I have done no more than earn a little specious notoriety, to be shovelled back to me with the earth and left there with me when they cover me in, etc.

Every one knows how difficult it is to persuade a good man to become a candidate for political office; naturally enough, he does not like to leave a congenial occupation and the happiness of the domestic circle, to become a target for abuse and slander and ridicule. Something has recently happened in England which is going to make able and virtuous citizens even more reluctant. If there was one man in the nineteenth century whose private life seemed to be above suspicion, it was Gladstone. But now, after he has been in his grave nearly thirty years, a book appears (see *Time*) in which Gladstone is accused of being a sensualist. If a man of Gladstone's character is not safe from posthumous attack, what is going to be the fate of ordinary citizens?

J. A. Spender, in his admirable work, "The Public Life," said: "Nothing served Gladstone better with the mass of his supporters than the well-founded belief that he lived seriously in private as in public." Gladstone made so many enemies, especially after 1886, that if it had been possible to find a stain on his private character, his foes would have published it—how they hated him! In 1889 I was talking with Professor J. P. Mahaffy, of Dublin. I thought it strange in Great Britain that political animosity should destroy personal friendship. "Why," he replied, "Gladstone and I used to be the best of friends, we had hours and hours of intimate conversation. But if I saw him on the street to-day, I would not greet him or notice him." And he gave as his only reason Gladstone's attitude on Home Rule. If he had known anything against the private character of the great statesman, he would have mentioned it, for he spoke with fury. Furthermore, in the same conversation, he said that Parnell's irregularities with women were well known, and this was before the public scandal.

In the anonymous book, "Uncensored Recollections," whose author does not hesitate to publish much racy gossip, Gladstone is treated with respect; if there had been any irregularity, it would surely have been set down. Both Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone attempted to save many of those wretched women who are so sentimentally called daughters of joy. Gladstone never hesitated to risk his reputation if he could do any one of these creatures any good; and his wife not only knew of his efforts and approved of them, but shared them. In one of the few idealistic pages in his cynical autobiography, the author of "Uncensored Recollections" writes:

But speaking of the Prince of Wales (later Edward VII) and his tender sympathy and care for all who were in sorrow and his exquisite tact in expressing that sympathy, leads one naturally to think of the incident of his stooping and reverently kissing the hand of Mrs. Gladstone as she stood in her great sorrow by the grave of her illustrious husband at the funeral in Westminster Abbey. I think that there can be no doubt that Mrs. Gladstone—"Aunt Pussy," as she was lovingly called by her near relations—may safely be taken as the most perfect type of an English lady that the nineteenth century can show us. . . . She was beautiful when I knew her—beautiful in the late autumn of her life; but that was as nothing compared to her charm of manner, delightfulness of disposition, and the noble qualities of her tender heart. I have heard, from persons well acquainted with the fact, of this sweet refined lady dressing herself shabbily and going out at night to talk to and help (never, of course, in a patronizing way) the poor girls walking Piccadilly; cheering them, sympathizing with them in their utter desolation, made all the more pitiful by the powder, paint, and smiles with which they strove to hide it. I could tell many tales of the almost countless acts of Christian love performed by stealth (and in many cases even unknown to the Grand Old Man) by this—in the highest and best sense of the term—*grande dame;* but as they did not come within my personal knowledge, and as they are almost too sacred to find place in a book of gossip, I will say nothing. But I

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repeat that as a perfect type of sweet, pure, tender, refined, loving English womanhood, Mrs. Gladstone stands unrivalled; and it was knowing this, that the Prince so reverently kissed her hand in the Abbey.

Attacks on Gladstone's private character could do no harm if it were not for the lamentable fact that so many human beings eagerly swallow slander. The two modern statesmen who should be in this regard as safe from insult as nuns—W. E. Gladstone and Woodrow Wilson—have now both suffered defamation. It is strange that those who are sceptical about so many things should in this respect show such credulity. But there are people who love to spit on statues.

The words of Stephen Phillips on Gladstone would also apply to Wilson:

"Yet not for all thy breathing charm remote,
Nor breach tremendous in the forts of Hell,
Not for these things we praise thee, though these things
Are much; but more, because thou didst discern
In temporal policy the eternal will;
Thou gav'st to party strife the epic note,
And to debate the thunder of the Lord;
To meanest issues fire of the Most High."

To Americans generally and to the inhabitants of Brooklyn particularly, I recommend an autobiography by John Raymond Howard, called "Remembrance of Things Past." Mr. Howard is eighty-eight years old, and, having spent most of his life in the publishing business, has an accurate sense of what contemporary slang calls "news values." It is curious to read of his conversations with Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who died in Florence sixty-four years ago; with Abraham Lincoln, Secretary Stanton, and other famous folk. His two heroes are John C. Frémont and Henry Ward Beecher; the reader will become intimately acquainted with both. (I remember that I thought Frémont almost prehistoric, when I saw him in 1884. Mr. Blaine made a short speech in New Haven, and then introduced the first candidate of the Republican party).

Mr. Howard's fourscore-and-more years have not been labor and sorrow, but labor and happiness. I fear he is an incurable optimist. He is a fine representative American citizen; one who knows the world of business, one who has travelled abroad, one who loves art, music, and letters, one who loves his wife and family, one who goes to church, reads his Bible, prays every day, and says grace at meals. He is the kind of man of whom Robert Benchley spoke so approvingly and affectionately in his excellent dramatic criticisms in *Life*—the kind he saw all around him at a Gilbert and Sullivan revival. Such men are the salt of the earth.

Students of human nature will find it instructive to turn from the record of a sturdy, alert, sound-hearted man like Mr. Howard to the Boswellian records written down by J. J. Brousson, called "Anatole France Himself," where everything that Mr. Howard admires is laughed at by the French academician, and where everything Mr. Howard would find detestable is held up to admiration. Brousson has not only written down his records, he has written down his hero, who appears, with all his wit, as a rather slimy old lecher. It is entertaining to read, in the translator's preface, that the publication of this book in France has had a "beneficial effect" on the great man's reputation.

What I should like to see would be the expression on the faces of the awarders of the Nobel Prize while they peruse this vivacious volume.

I greet with cheers a scholarly work that has been awaited eagerly by every student of English literature—the Oxford Jonson. This complete critical edition will appear in ten volumes, of which the first two reached me yesterday. The editors are C. H. Herford and Percy Simpson, and these two volumes are perhaps the most interesting. They are called "The Man and His Work," and consist of a biography of old Ben, some hitherto unpublished letters, the Conversations with Drummond, many gossipy fragments, legal and official documents, a list of books in Jonson's library, and Introductions to all the plays and separate works. Every one interested in Elizabethan literature should become familiar with these Oxford editions. There have already appeared in complete form, "Thomas Kyd," edited by F. S. Boas; "John Lyly," edited by Warwick Bond; "Robert Greene," edited by the late

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Churton Collins; and Tucker Brooke is hard at work on the "Marlowe."

It would be difficult to find in the annals of the drama a more interesting personality than Ben Jonson, and less interesting plays. With few exceptions, his dramatic works are appallingly tedious.

The most inspiring lecturer on literature I ever heard was R. G. Moulton, for many years professor at the University of Chicago. When he first came to this country from England, he selected three of the worst of Jonson's plays, and delivered a lecture on them that held the audience breathless. I thought if he could create a soul under those ribs of death, what would he do with an enlivening theme? Well, he gave sufficient evidence in later years, when he lectured on the Bible, William Shakespeare, and Robert Browning.

In the year 1911, when a story called "The Prodigal Judge" appeared, the publishers offered a prize for the best published review, and I was selected as one of the three judges. The other two voted for the New York *Evening Post* reviewer; I voted for a journalist named H. L. Mencken, whose critique in the Baltimore *Sun* seemed to me the best. To-day I am glad to say that of all the reviews of Harvey Cushing's biography of Sir William Osler, the best I have seen is by the same H. L. Mencken, in *The American Mercury* for August. It is an admirable, appreciative, discriminating essay.

Those who imagine that only trashy books are best-sellers should observe that Dr. Cushing's biography, a huge, expensive work in two volumes, went to a second printing of five thousand copies within a few weeks of publication, while in Great Britain it is also selling swiftly. Upon my congratulating Dr. Cushing on his book, on its sale, and on Mr. Mencken's review, he wrote me:

> I am not at all proud; I am merely surprised; and as W. O. would say "I am wearing the same sized hat"—even though I have just heard to-day from the Oxford Press that they are getting ready for a third five thousand. My real business is to take brain tumours out of people's heads, and my next, which you will not care to review, will be published this fall, on a Classification of the Gliomata. . . . After all, what *is* a good biography? I wish you or Strachey or someone would discuss the matter. Certainly it was no time or place for me to attempt what is called an interpretive sketch of W. O., though that is the kind of thing people seem to expect in these days. But don't you think it astounding that a long chronological story such as I perpetrated, hoping that it might reach a few medical students, should without any previous advertising have gone into a second impression of five thousand inside of six weeks? With my possible readers in mind, I felt that it was better to let Osler's story gradually unfold, rather than merely to touch on some of the high points which would have left no special impression; in other words, that people who wanted really to get at Osler would have to give a little time and do a little work themselves and not leave it all to the biographer. It is astonishing to me that so many people in these busy days would be willing to give the time necessary to read such a big and somewhat old fashioned kind of biography. All of which shows that there are more people in the country who read than I had supposed.

Stepping blithely into the precincts of the Faerie Queene Club comes the dramatic critic Walter Prichard Eaton, holding his sister by the hand:

> *I* once read the "Faerie Queene" all through, and not as a stunt, either. I was about ten or eleven, and I liked it. . . . Speaking of stunts, though, my small sister once read the "Faerie Queene," "Paradise Regained," "The Excursion," and a translation of "Jerusalem Delivered." She emerged none the worse for the ordeal.

From the tiny republic of Andorra three college professors send me the following poem, accompanied on the reverse side of the card by the only picture of Andorra I have seen:

> "Three budding professors out for a
> Long tramp through the realm of Andorra,
> From this marvellous hilly
> Landscape send to Billy
> Their best from the Hotel de Torra."

Signed by A. R. Bellinger, R. S. Bartlett, C. W. Mendell, the last-named being dean-elect of Yale College. How I wish I might now found an Andorra Club! But unfortunately no club can be founded in this department unless I am president of it; and I cannot even belong unless I

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have visited the place clubably immortalized. I will say, however, that this marvellous poem from three jolly troubadours will turn the eyes of one hundred thousand intelligent people toward the Pyrenees.

Another member of a college faculty, Alexander Witherspoon, writes:

I wonder if you have a Bemerton Club, after the similitude of the famous Fano Club? If so, I should like to make application for membership. I walked out to the little village from Salisbury one day last summer, and paid my respects to the memory of George Herbert. George Herbert's little church at Bemerton is in need of an organ—that is the first fact in the case, and the second you will already have surmised; the members of the poor little congregation are unable to purchase one. They have within the last year or two spent all their pence in repairing the church, but have not the wherewithal to buy an organ. This was told me by a delightful elderly couple, Major and Mrs. Fisher, of the Hermitage, Bemerton, who took me to see the church, and afterwards to tea with the present vicar, in the garden of Herbert's rectory just across the way from the church. . . . A small organ would be all that is necessary or desirable, the church itself is so tiny. I offer the suggestion for whatever it is worth. If, in any of the numerous ways open to you, you see fit to mention the matter, Bemerton Church would, I am sure, be very grateful. And I can hardly think of anything which the Sons of Donne or other American readers of Herbert might do which would be at once so gracious and so inexpensive.

I visited Bemerton Church in 1900, and did homage to the sainted memory of the poet George Herbert, who died in 1633, and whose biography by Izaak Walton is an impeccable classic. I will receive, acknowledge, and forward any sums sent to me for the purpose of placing a new organ in this church, where the life of the seventeenth century rector was as harmonious as his verse. George Herbert loved music, and used frequently to walk to the cathedral at Salisbury to hear it; that his spirit will be pleased by the gift of a new organ to his own church is apparent from his poem, "Church Music":

"Sweetest of sweets, I thank you: when displeasure
Did through my body wound my mind,
You took me thence; and in your house of pleasure
A dainty lodging me assign'd."

Miss Beulah Strong qualifies for membership in the Asolo Club by sending me a postcard picture of Duse's tomb; from the granite slab there is a marvellous view. Every day some one places fresh flowers in tribute to the famous actress. (Not far away reposes "Pen" Browning.) Other new additions to the Asolo Club are Eric Foederer; also Mrs. Robert Carmen-Ryles, of Philadelphia.

Miss Hortense Metzger, of New Haven, joins the Asolo Club with the following postcard ditty:

"Asolo—that place of magic!
Not to have seen it would be tragic."

She informs me that the Grand Hotel Eleonora Duse has not yet begun to materialize.

In a later postcard she enters into the more exclusive Fano Club, which is also enriched by Henry T. Rowell, a punditical member of the senior class at Yale, and by two of Father McCune's New York parishioners, Constance A. Jones and Helena Paul Jones, who commemorate the fact that they have followed their rector and Professor Tinker thither, in these stirring lines:

"To be in Italy and not see Fano?
McCune and Tinker once cried 'Ah, no!'
So what could good Ignatians do
But follow in their footsteps too?
And following, as you will see,
Our minds are filled with poesy.
And if the merest mortal dare
Her own poor efforts to compare,
We think we sing a better tune
Than either Tinker or McCune!"

From a remote part of the world, namely, Stevenson's grave on the mountain-top at Samoa, comes a picture postcard from Paul Fenimore Cooper, great-grandson of the novelist. It is a graceful return for the homage done Cooper by Stevenson in his prefatory poem to "Treasure Island." Mr. Cooper writes: "I think this club should rival your Fano Club. I had the good fortune to be at the grave during a most glorious sunset. It is a beautiful spot." I wish I were eligible, for in these days, when both Stevenson's character

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and ability are attacked, I remain an ardent Stevensonian. The strange thing is that every person who attacks announces that he is displaying both courage and originality; whereas the stones are flying so thickly from all quarters that R. L. S. may become a saint, after all—St. Steven. Meanwhile millions of readers, who care nothing for the envy and malice of less successful authors, continue to read the stories, essays, letters, and verses of the great magician.

James R. Bettis, of Webster Groves, Missouri (beautiful St. Louis suburb, he says), nominates for the Ignoble Prize, the word *coworkers:*

> Probably it is my fault, but I cannot see it in print as anything but cow-orkers. It appears to my eye to divide naturally that way. Could any word be more abhorrent to ear and eye, or more entirely without meaning? I am not sure that it is worthy of a place in your limbo, for to my mind—I have just got to say it—"it's not worth hell-room!"

Well, the famous seventeenth-century divine, Doctor South, used the expression "coworkers with God," which I am sure did not refer to the sincere milk of the word. Did you know that South accused the Dean of St. Paul's of tritheism?

George M. Payne, the accomplished literary critic of the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, nominates for "Bishop" Phelps's Ignoble Prize:

Slogan of the defeated: "We are just beginning to fight."
The reviewer who says, "Whether you agree with him in all respects . . ."
All first novels which have to be "let down" carefully.
Machine-made detective stories.
Caricatures of authors.
Books with uncut leaves.
The author who writes a "humorous" account of his life, doings, and appearance.

There are two oft-reported historical events the accuracy of which I have never been able to discover. I cannot find out whether Paul Jones announced he had or had not begun to fight, though I feel sure his adversary had no doubts on the matter. The other refers to Sir Philip Sidney. Was it wine or water he passed along to the rookie, with the famous "necessity" comment? On this highly important question, the history-books split about even.

History has been bowdlerized more than literature. Professor W. G. Sumner, commenting on Ethan Allen's "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," told us undergraduates that what he really said was, "Come out of there, you G— d— old galoot!"

From that delightful intellectual haven, the Faculty Club of Berkeley, California, where I spent many happy hours in 1908, Clay MacCauley writes me with reference to *vidience:*

> A talk I had some years ago with friends in Japan. We wished to help our Japanese friends in getting hold of really expressive English terms in their appropriation of our language, and among other things this "movie picture" problem was talked over. We did not think of *vidience* or *optience* as a satisfying invention; but we did talk quite favorably of some derivative from the verb *spectare*, "to look at"; and proposed to offer *spectance* or *spectarence* as the name for a group of spectators or auditors. There, then, are three good words with which to meet an evident need—*vidience, optience, spectance.*

Here is British comment. The Liverpool *Post and Mercury* for August 4, after saying that a word like *vidience* or *optience* is needed, and that for many years the English have been resorting to "all sorts of odd dodges to get over the difficulty," adds:

> But Americans are different. Over there, when they see a hole in the language they fill it up. In the Eastern States they have begun to use *vidience* to describe a gathering which has collected to see something; and in the Middle West the word *optience* for a movie assemblage is already in currency. Professor W. Lyon Phelps, of Yale, . . . is, of course, at liberty to draft any word he likes into his own vocabulary, but he must not, as he does in SCRIBNER'S this month, give it "a hearty welcome into the English language." Who gave the English language into the custody of Professor Phelps? Who has ever sanctioned its being opened for new admissions with a Yale key?

I took the English language into my custody, because I found in the new books

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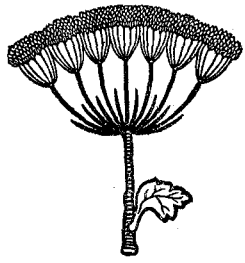
so many arresting phrases. I give to that excellent journal, the Liverpool *Post and Mercury,* a hearty welcome into the list of supporters of *vidience* and a hearty welcome into the English language its pun on Yale.

I am writing in my summer home, at Huron City, Michigan, situated on the thumb nail of the State, on the shore of Lake Huron. This was once a crowded, turbulent lumber town, of the kind so often described by Stewart Edward White. The forest fires of 1871 and 1881 transformed the countryside from a timber to an agricultural district. To-day Huron City consists of a half-dozen farmers' houses, one store, one disused skating rink, one schoolhouse, one community house, one church. We have no railway, no postoffice, no telegraph, no gas, no electricity, and in my house there is happily no telephone. I could live in contentment without once stepping outside of house, garden, and the links at my front door. I have heard that another Baptist, John D. Rockefeller, is the only other American who owns a links. Well, if you take his money and my money, and put them together, it makes a very large amount.

In the Methodist church here adjoining my garden I preach every summer Sunday afternoon to the finest of all audiences —the farmers and their families who drive hither from miles around, and the "resorters" who come from Pointe-aux-Barques (seven miles) and Harbor Beach (seventeen miles). Edgar Guest is at the Pointe, and Henry Ford at Harbor Beach, but I have not seen the latter among my flock, although the well-beloved poet is a faithful attendant. Our church realizes the dream of unity. Last week in the congregation were five Methodist ministers; while among the lay brothers and sisters were Fundamentalists, advanced Modernists, Latter Day Saints, Christian Scientists, Presbyterians, High Church Episcopalians, a few Jewish friends, a famous Swedenborgian, a red-hot Unitarian; at the organ, playing evangelical Methodist hymns, was a stanch Roman Catholic. We are fighters, but we are not such fools as to fight each other.

In recent issues of this otherwise excellent magazine, I have shocked some worthy souls by puns. The fatal tendency I inherited. When I was a child, there was a certain man of God who used to shout in the pulpit and emphasize the shouts with athletic gestures. One day he banged the Bible so fiercely as to tear off both covers. "The word of God is not bound," quoted my father.



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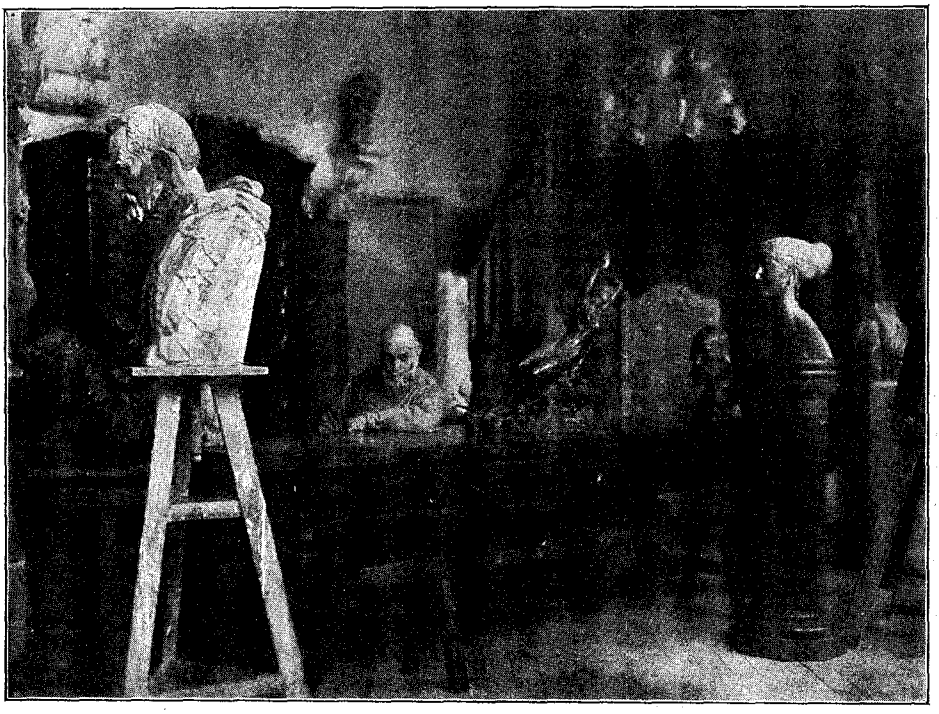
THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ



Bourdelle in his studio.

AT about the time that these pages see the light an exhibition at the Grand Central Galleries will afford an interesting opportunity to the student of plastic art. It will expose practically at full length the work of the French sculptor, Emile-Antoine Bourdelle. This has not been left altogether unknown in the United States. A few pieces have passed into private collections here, and at the Kraushaar Galleries, in New York, Bourdelle has more than once been brought into the foreground. But the impending exhibition to which I refer, one of fifty or sixty examples, will be the first of a really comprehensive nature to introduce to us the hero of the most portentous cult in modern sculpture since that of Rodin. More than Maillol, more than Epstein, more than Méstrovic, Bourdelle has something of the status of a *chef d'école*. There is at least one wing of French criticism that hails him as the renovator of an art. He is indeed a renovator, a man of great constructive gifts. But appreciation of him is only the more likely to be sympathetic and just, if it avoids the ecstatic note and seeks the truth regardless of the importunate acolyte.

I venture this word of warning because as a matter of fact Bourdelle's fine character as an artist is easily misapprehended if we allow it to be cloudily obscured by the rhetoric of his enthusiasts. The gush that used to be written about Rodin is now written about him. That divine instrument, the French language, treacherously lends itself to the improvisation of dithyrambs at once beguiling and misleading. As an illustration of the hifalutin into which some of Bourdelle's compatriots have been lured I may cite a characteristic

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passage from M. Marcel Pays. Speaking of the sculptor's drawings, he says:

Des dessins, en série, constituent de véritables épopées mythiques ou mystiques sans texte. Leur puissance d'évocation est telle qu'il semble qu'elles accompagnent de chants Homériques ou Virgiliens inconnus ou de proses liturgiques oubliées.

It is pretty, isn't it? But when you come to look at the drawings you feel like saying *Épopées, non-sens!* It is curious how fond the Frenchman has been, at all events since Napoleon's day, of an *épopée*. Give him the least occasion for critical fervor and he makes an *épopée* out of it. Bourdelle's drawings are good drawings. They are not, on the other hand, howling masterpieces. On their precise significance, however, it is not necessary to pause at this point. The danger latent in the talk of the unbridled eulogist having been indicated, the next step in an approach to Bourdelle is one toward understanding of the conditions in which his art arose.

Head of Apollo.
From the sculpture by Bourdelle.

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THE origins of French sculpture are peculiarly racy. They date from the Middle Ages, when the stone-workers, collaborating with the cathedral-builders, enriched architecture with images and decorations having to this day a tremendous eloquence. The primitive emotions their carvings embody are expressed with a craftsmanship that seems simple until you realize how consummate it often is, with what subtlety and beauty it interprets religious ideas. In the process of time that simplicity was lost, and, with it, the largeness, the breadth, sometimes reaching to positive grandeur, which belonged, paradoxically, to a naïve epoch. The Renaissance endued French plastic art with a sophistication that has prevailed ever since, and the eighteenth century gave it an academic seal which in modern times seemed destined never to be broken. The tradition upon which the great name of Houdon shed so glorious a lustre has been apparently an inviolable possession of the school. Yet every once in so often some individuality has pushed forward, too robust to be content with that correctness, that polish, that elegance, which came to be especially characteristic of French sculpture. Rude was too ebullient a type to obey all of the old laws. Carpeaux, himself all for grace and charm, had nevertheless too much animation in his genius to subdue the movement in his works to the serene measure of an earlier régime. But in the more specifically modern school, the school in which the practitioners of our own time touch hands with the Houdon tradition, the academy has set the pace, and the representative figure is that of Paul Dubois. So pure was his ideal of beauty, so masterly was his workmanship, so distinguished was his style, that it is tempting to regard him as conclusively validating a tradition. But, as I have just remarked, the academic hypothesis will always find its challengers and from the

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ensuing clash new forces are often generated. Rodin was one of these. He drove straight at the truth of life, and so long as he was faithful to it he did things having a justly revolutionary character. Unfortunately, his facility as a modeller ran away with him, and a good deal of his work is of dubious value. In his intensely individual way he gave himself up to that same technical virtuosity which has betrayed so many of his academic contemporaries, and if he has helped modern sculpture he has also hurt it. Avoiding the technician's pitfall, Bourdelle is another such renovating force as was Rodin. Less disposed to decline upon mannerism, he brings to bear upon the sculpture of his day an influence more central, more organic.

Herakles.
From the sculpture by Bourdelle.

HE was born at Montauban in 1861, the son of a cabinetmaker, under whose roof it was natural for him soon to turn to the carving of wood. I do not know the exact age at which he was formally dedicated to an artistic career, but it must have been when he was very young. He went to the École des Beaux-Arts at Toulouse, not very far away, on a purse supplied by the municipality. In the old southern city he disclosed such ability that in due course he was sent, on public funds won in competition, to pursue his studies in Paris. There he entered the *atelier* of Falguière, master of a veritable host, the man who "formed" scores of the plastic talents of his time. Bourdelle had no intention of losing himself in

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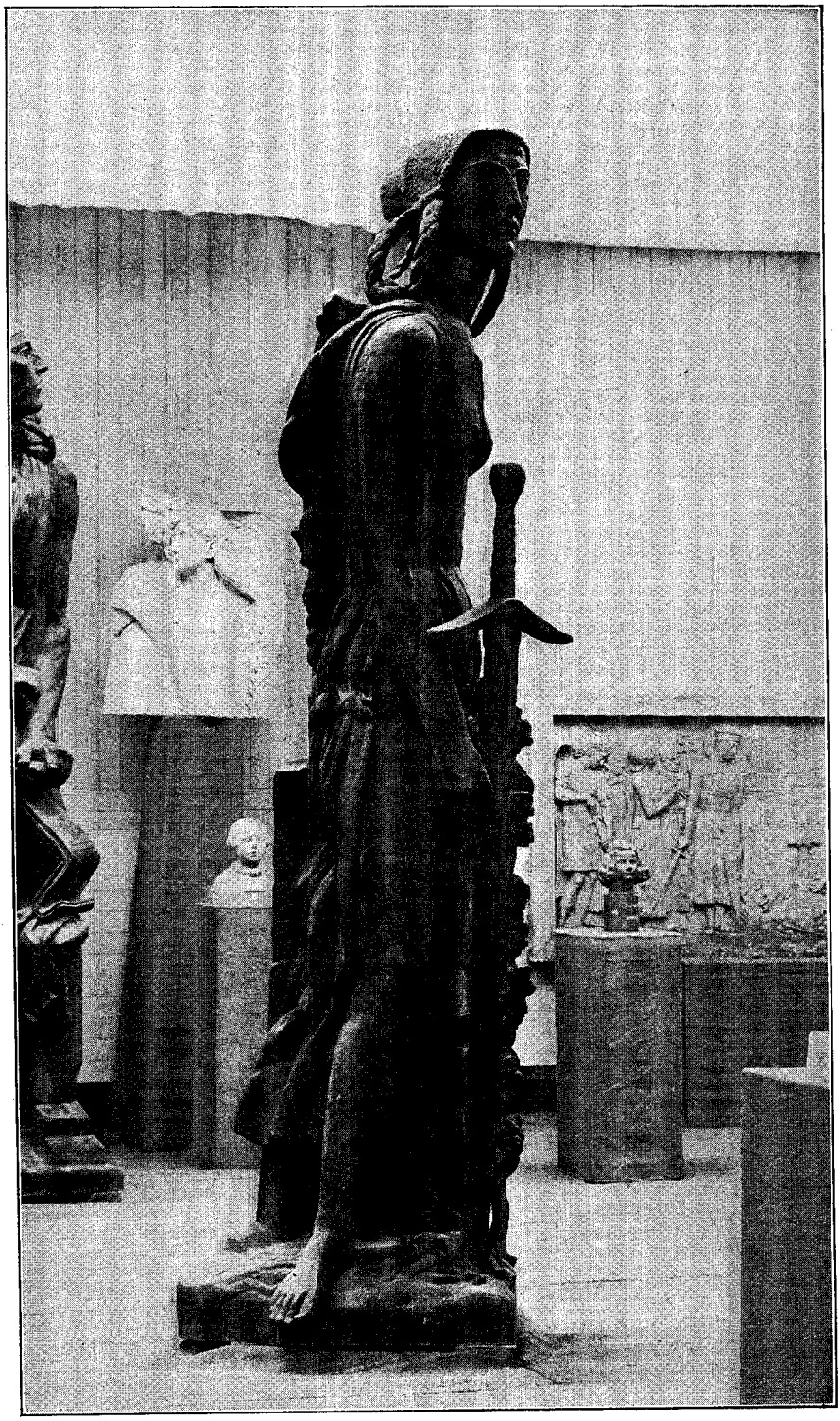

La Victoire.
From the sculpture by Bourdelle.

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a crowd. He stayed with Falguière for hardly more than a month and then enlisted with Rodin. He appears to have made extraordinary progress with that master. M. Pays says that he became Rodin's favorite pupil and then his "collaborator." Afterward, on the occasion of an exhibition which his junior made at Prague, Rodin wrote to the organizers:

> Bourdelle is a beacon of the future. I love his sculpture, so personal, so expressive of his sensitive nature, of his fiery and impassioned temperament. And I find in it a certain delicacy which is proper to the strong. Impetuosity is the characteristic of the talent of Bourdelle.

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THERE was a charming accord between the two, and it is the more admirable because it was based on mutual respect, without any tincture in Bourdelle of that emulous sympathy which ordinarily is aroused by a master in his pupil. It never crossed the young man's mind to imitate Rodin. Neither, by the way, was he susceptible to an influence that must have been all around him in his youth. Born in the town that gave Ingres to the world, he grew up to make a bust of him, but he remained absolutely indifferent to the Raphaelesque elements in the painter's genius. He was himself too vigorous, of too realistic a tendency. The bust is superb. I wish it could be substituted for the bronze by Etex that forms part of the memorial at Montauban. Bourdelle conceived Ingres as every attentive reader of the biographies must believe that he was, a solid, weighty, powerful, thoroughly human creature, the very antithesis in his strong, dictatorial habit of the superfine delicacy which marks the pictures and drawings. Yet Bourdelle doesn't miss the more elusive fineness of his man, either. With moving penetration he makes you feel behind the rude physiognomy the rare and elevated spirit that governed Ingres. This is our modern master's unique gift. When a new artist comes into view it is natural to ask about his technique and his style. With Bourdelle you fasten at once upon the soul of his art, upon the imaginative, spiritual elements which vitalize it. It is his inner

Anatole France.
From the sculpture by Bourdelle.

quality, I think, which will most aggressively awaken interest in the forthcoming exhibition.

A statue or a bust by him is a true and, indeed, a convincing embodiment of an idea or a personality. His "Head of Apollo," done in 1900, is not a reminiscence of the classical types in the museums but an authentic conception, clearly, and, as it happens, very persuasively, a creation of Bourdelle's mind. There is nothing conventional about it. It is not a scholar's *pastiche*. Perhaps it is not, either, the product of a strictly poetic inspiration. But for my own part I feel that inspiration, of a sort, was there. He may have been merely lucky with his model, but, even so,

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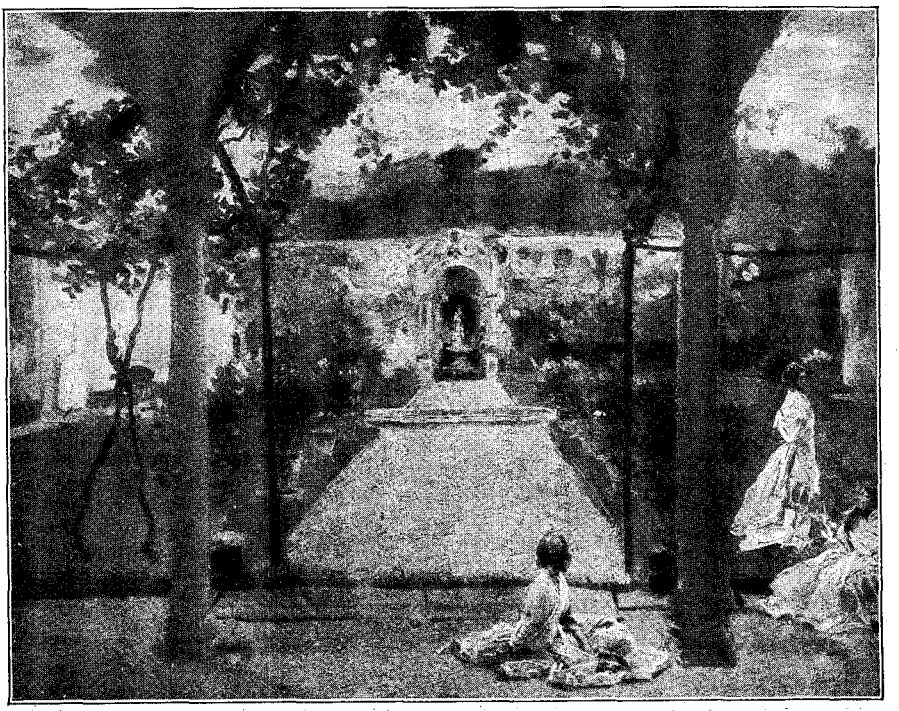
he invested the head with something that proceeded from himself and from himself alone. It is the same with the romantic "Beethoven," which belongs, I believe, to the same period. He is said to have made countless studies for it, and it has the earmarks of a deeply pondered, emotionally and thoughtfully created thing, a thing evolved from within. There can be no doubt of Bourdelle's escape from Rodin's sometimes enchanting but sometimes very specious impressionism. If he keeps his eye on the object, and he undoubtedly does that, he has an even livelier concern for his idea of it. We shall see the point magnificently demonstrated if we see in this winter's exhibition the busts of Ingres and Anatole France and certain of his mythological and symbolical figures. The famous "Herakles" is an amazingly suggestive representation of the mythical hero. The four flanking statues for the General Alvear monument at Buenos Aires have the same power to touch the imagination, they have the same poignancy as of attributes made manifest. "La Force" *is* force. "La Victoire," a tall, slender, even meagre, figure, gives you an idea of victory curiously new and beautiful after the throngs of vapid stereotypes in bronze or marble with which the earth is cumbered. I am unmoved by the equestrian group making the central motive of this monument. The charger is handsome without suggesting for a moment what M. Pays asserts, that it rivals the "Colleone" of Verrocchio. But the subsidiary figures to which I have alluded are characterizations of the first rank, the works of a sculptor who has something to say.



At Torre Galli, Florence.
From the painting by Sargent.

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HOW does he say it? He is a past master of craftsmanship and handles his material with an easy, firm touch. He is, I may add, very adroit in all the mediums, marble, bronze, terra-cotta, and wood, and he works with a loyal feeling for the genius of each. *Ne brusques pas la pierre*, he is quoted as saying to his pupils, *et ne tourmentez pas le bronze. C'est un crime de lèse-sérénité.* Still he is, himself,

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none too suave, but, on the contrary, a broad, bold modeller. It is one of his great virtues and, in my opinion, an immense relief from the melting modulations of Rodin. Those not infrequently slide into the void of prettiness. Bourdelle could not be pretty if he tried. Is he, then, markedly beautiful? Yes, in an austere, archaic way, with a trace of the large and noble simplicity of those masters who lie behind the ripest period of Greek art. He is strong on the architectural relations of sculpture and in some notable reliefs of his we see how he rather more powerfully than gracefully fuses line and mass into unity of design. The architect Peret gave him an opportunity to decorate the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées which turned out to be one of the great productive moments of his career. His panels of dancers are veritable decorations and within their arbitrary confines he handles form with impressive flexibility, truth and dignity. He has unmistakable mobility, too. Rodin's phrase is very happy—"Impetuosity is the characteristic of the talent of Bourdelle." You feel it in his compositions given to the dance, or in his "Herakles," a kind of pulsing life communicated to his work by the whole force of the artist. You feel it, for that matter, even in the figures, like those of the Alvear monument, which are in repose. They, too, have felt the impact of the life-giving spark.

Claude Monet Painting by the Edge of a Wood.
From the painting by Sargent.

How naturally they lead me far from questions of style and technique! That is Bourdelle. He detaches you from consideration of the means that he uses and causes you to think only of his end. His technique, if I must pedantically characterize it, is that of a French craftsman with Parisian cleverness and arid "finish" left out of his system, simple, broad, honest, nearer to archaic methods than to those of the sophisticated eras. His style is not so much original as it is unconventional, with something of the antique hanging about it, and, occasionally, a faint hint of things Byzantine or of the mediæval *imagiers*. It has power in it, a sense of a spacious, virile world. It tantalizes and baffles me a little. I don't quite

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feel that it is, as a style, one marking him as of the race of the great masters. He never seems to me one of those utterly affirmative, new, and full-rounded men of genius such as I know when I am in the presence of the "Gattamelata," or the Medicean tombs, or that astounding "Well of Moses" at Dijon. But of genius he has, beyond all peradventure, his share. Unquestionably, as I said at the outset, he is a renovator. Let the reader who doubts this look, without waiting for the exhibition, at the handful of illustrations from the artist in these pages, and then let him send his memory back to the accomplished but hard, hollow, and shiny sculpture characteristic of the Salon. He will be bound to admit, I maintain, that Bourdelle, if not himself a prodigious master, is, at any rate, the harbinger of better things.

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I CANNOT forbear making some allusion in this place to the great artistic sensation of the summer, the Sargent sale at Christie's. It disposed of more than two hundred of the paintings, studies, and drawings left in his studios and aroused phenomenal competition. At the first of the two sessions, the one devoted entirely to his own works, something over $700,000 was realized. Collectors and dealers from all over the world were present, and from the very start they showed that they were willing to go to any lengths to obtain souvenirs of the master. The bidding began at the rate of $1,000 a minute, and it was kept up at the same extraordinary pace. "San Vigilio," a Venetian scene, fetched £7,350. "At Torre Galli, Florence," was sold for £6,930. At the second day's sale even a copy, after Hals, brought almost as much. In short, the sale smashed all precedents so far as they have concerned the works of a modern master. It was a sweeping posthumous triumph, a perfect demonstration of the thoroughness with which Sargent had established himself as the greatest painter of his time. Incidents were not wanting to show more than private recognition. Just before the sale Sir Joseph Duveen bought out of the collection one of the most interesting things it contained, the study that Sargent had made for that early full-length of his which was such a landmark in his career, the "Madame Gautreau," now in the Metropolitan Museum. The study was purchased for presentation to the Tate Gallery, in London. The artist's sisters also retained another work, "Claude Monet Painting by the Edge of a Wood," to give to the National Gallery.

When the Wertheimer portraits were lodged in the National Gallery several years ago there were peevish outcries in some British quarters against the honor thus paid to Sargent, and the sale of course led to a revival of these jealous stupidities. There were some owlish shakings of some sorrowful heads, and there even bulged into the subject one sprig of Continental royalty who was quoted in the dispatches as gravely expressing the opinion that in ten years the prices fixed at Christie's the other day would be appreciably lowered. These discordant notes in the general chorus would hardly require attention if it were not that they are symptomatic of certain elements in current criticism which need explanation. It is not altogether surprising that our American master should evoke disparagement both in London and Paris. National pride is sensitive, and it is doubtless hard for the French and English to admit that they have had no technician in Sargent's time to challenge his pre-eminence. But the most persistent carping against him has developed in the modernist camp. The envy characteristic of mediocrity has been reinforced by the hatred among men who do not know how to paint for the man who did know how. The meanest and most spiteful animadversions upon Sargent have come from modernistic oracles. The reader will do well to remember this when he encounters the contention that Sargent was not a great painter; he should look carefully to the credentials of the malcontent. We are likely to have, by the way, more than one book about Sargent. An official biography is fairly certain to appear, and in the meantime Mr. W. H. Downes, the former art critic of the Boston *Transcript*, has been working upon a volume which is marked, I believe, for early publication.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section

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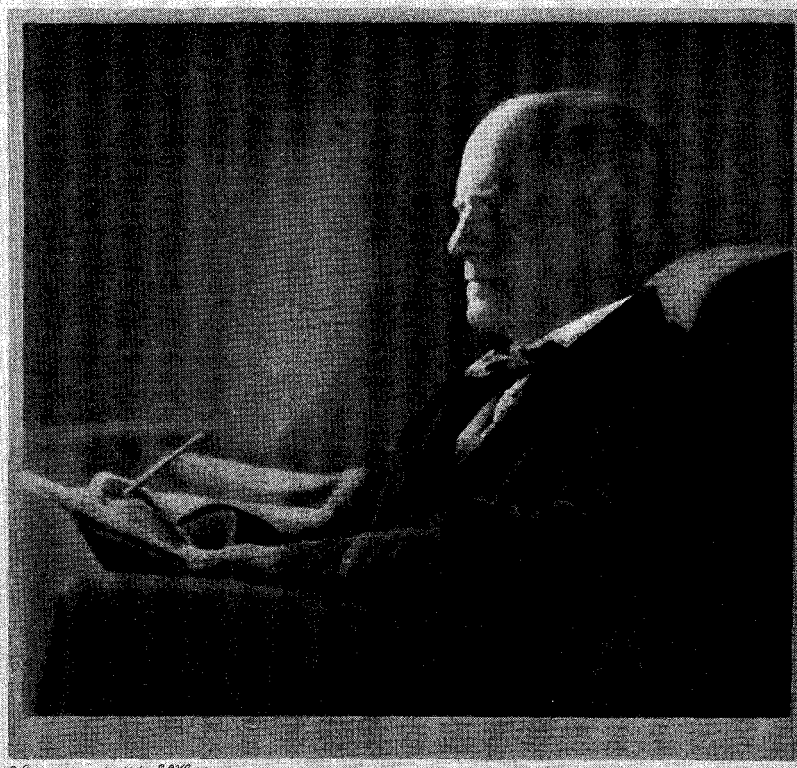

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John Galsworthy

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